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THE MIRAGE OF TWO BURIED CITIES.

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples.*

EQUESTRIAN MARBLE STATUE OF M. N. BALBUS.

THE MIRAGE OF TWO BURIED CITIES.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER HORNE, M.D., F.R.S.E.

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TO MY WIFE.

"Take, Madam, this poor book;
For though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness."

TENNYSON.

PREFACE.

FOUR years ago a *brochure* was published entitled *The Buried Cities of Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii.* The very favourable reception accorded to it, and the circumstance that the edition then issued has been exhausted, have encouraged me to revise it, to fill in certain *lacunæ*, and to extend it, until it has grown into what is practically a new and much larger work.

As to the new title, the captious critic may say that a "bull" has been perpetrated; for how could there be a mirage from what is buried? The reader will realize that I have used the word "mirage" purely in a figurative sense; as the traveller sees the glimmer of cool water and the tall columns of the palm rising in the midst of the African waste, so, I trust, may the reader, as he passes through these pages, behold the bare ruins of which I have to speak clad in a semblance of their former brightness and beauty. A mirage, though it be mocking, is yet a true representation of that which does exist: therefore I hope that I may be able in like manner to conjure up a vision—true, if sometimes blurred—of that which once lived.

With many a noteworthy precedent before me, I have not scrupled, as far as my subject needed, to extract a number of instructive and interesting passages from the most trustworthy sources of information; as Montaigne said, "I make others say for me what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot so well express." I have endeavoured where possible to give my authority;

especial acknowledgment must, however, be made to the works of Rolfe, Boissier, Inge, and that most delightful novelist Lord Lytton.

Can anything new be said of Herculaneum and Pompeii? Is there any notable fact that has not already been pointed out with regard to the cities which for a hundred years have occupied so many gifted minds and pens? To set forth what is fresh or almost unknown is perhaps somewhat difficult; yet as each man looks at things from his own point of view, and as no two men have exactly the same literary refraction, my excuse for venturing along a path so well worn will, I hope, be accepted. My aim has been to apply that which is already known; as Browning says,—

> "To shoot a beam into the dark assists
> To make that beam do fuller service."

Although the history of the period which I have traced has never, so far as I am aware, been written from precisely the same standpoint as that which I have chosen, I have for the most part been moving over familiar ground, which has often been ably investigated. Any originality, therefore, that may be found in this work must lie, not so much in the facts that have been gathered, as in the manner in which they have been grasped and in the significance that has been ascribed to them. By the selection of such points, and by emphasizing the details of Roman life at a period of its most civilized activity, I have endeavoured to animate my materials so that the domestic usages and practices of the gay inhabitants of these Campanian cities should be made more patent to modern inspection. The vision may be rapid—a succession of glimpses merely, broken, faint, and imperfect as they needs must be; nevertheless, I venture to hope that I have faithfully described, and at times, with the aid of others, minutely depicted, some of the actual surroundings, and reproduced in some degree the very atmosphere of their social life. If the account does not present all sides of Roman life in due propor-

tion, the insufficiency of the sources of information available must be held in large part responsible.

In no sense is this a guide-book ; I lay no claim to be anything beyond "a mere tourist," who visits his quarry with his eyes open, and who notes what he reads ; I write for those who have "half-hours of leisure," and who have no time to do more than grasp the salient points which tell their story succinctly, quickly, and impressively. Personally, the preparation of the work has been a labour of love ; the romance and poetry of my theme have charmed me and afforded me infinite pleasure. Taken up, as it has been, often at long intervals, as a relaxation from professional work, I am fully conscious of the inequality of style and occasional disproportion of composition.

J. FLETCHER HORNE.

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THE

MIRAGE OF TWO BURIED CITIES.

CHAPTER I.

VESUVIUS AND ITS ERUPTIONS.

"About these places rises Vesuvius, well cultivated and inhabited all round, except at its top, which is for the most part level and entirely barren, ashy to the view, displaying cavernous hollows in cineritious rocks, which look as if they had been eaten in the fire; so that we may suppose this spot to have been a volcano formerly, with burning craters, now extinguished for want of fuel."—STRABO, *Obiit* A.D. 25.

"THE old order changeth, yielding place to new." The truth of the *dictum* is attested continually. In these days, signs of change may be discerned in almost every quarter of the globe. No corner is too obscure to feel the pressure of the age; it penetrates into regions the most rigidly conservative. "The unchanging East" is a misnomer now. Wherever man is, there is mutability. But physical nature changes too; the seas themselves, the valleys and the everlasting hills—these also obey the law. Their Maker alone "remains," as the Psalmist says. "They shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." This, however, is to touch a deeper note than is demanded by our present purpose; which is, indeed, no more serious than to suggest that, in few parts of the world, does the sense of this change—of race succeeding race, "order" yielding to "order"—impress the mind so forcibly as on the classic ground about the base of Mount Vesuvius.

The foundation of the high-hilled city of Naples is shrouded

in mists impenetrable of myth and fable. When it first was none know. Its name was Greek, but its origin was probably more remote. And upon this favoured spot Nature has lavished her gifts so bountifully that, as it has been said, painters might well complain that the making of pictures is too easy there, and poets that poetry becomes too facile, just as musicians find its melodies too simple. So the energy and strength of the most powerful of nations have succumbed to its alluring influence—Greeks, Oscans, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, Normans, Germans, and Spaniards having in succession held sway there. We cannot see them—the peoples of these old nations; but we can stand where they stood, walk in practically the same streets that they passed through, look on the same glorious landscapes as they did, and watch with them the shadows of the clouds upon the same mountain-slopes.

Mount Vesuvius, seen as it is from every part of Naples and its neighbourhood, forms the most prominent feature of that portion of the fruitful and romantic Campanian coast. For many centuries it has been an object of the greatest interest, and it is certainly not the least of the many attractions to the visitor of the city.

The mountain is a link in the historical chain which binds us to the past, and takes us back to the "palmy days" of the Roman Empire. Before the time of Titus it seems to have been unknown as a volcano, and its summit is supposed to have been crowned by a temple of Jupiter. Strabo, eminent historian though he was, was no prophet. In the passage reproduced above, written about the beginning of the Christian era, he speaks of Vesuvius as extinct. The subsequent history of the mountain has shown that at varying periods it has burst forth into great and destructive activity.

Respecting the volcanic system of Southern Europe, it may be observed that there is a central tract where the most violent earthquakes take place, and of this Mount Vesuvius may be considered the centre. On each side of this line of greatest disturbance there are parallel tracts of country where the shocks are less violent. As to the cause of these phenomena, the theory which meets with the

most general acceptance is that the interior of the globe consists of matter in a state of fusion and at a very high temperature, and that contact with water results in the evolution of an immense body of elastic vapour—superheated steam—which expands and seeks to escape where the least amount of resistance is presented, and thus manifests itself in the sudden and terrible explosions that accompany an eruption, or in the upheaval of rocks and the production of earthquakes. Volcanic eruptions are among the most interesting and instructive of natural phenomena, and not the least remarkable of their minor functions is that of preserving to later ages, enveloped in an earthy shroud, the perishable monuments of the human race.

There are few places that possess a greater degree of fascination than Naples. Rome has its wondrous history, Egypt its mystic dawn, Palestine its sacred after-glow—all distinctively indicated—and the mountains of Switzerland impress one by their solemn beauty and solitary grandeur. At Naples, it has been said, man and nature are seen subject to powers that can unmake a world, and the surpassingly beautiful has in its background one awe-inspiring object which dominates the landscape. Rising from the plain behind Naples is the isolated mountain, with its two interpenetrating cones. It looks down as sentinel upon the lovely bay, whilst from the summit of the eastern cone streams a banner of sulphurous smoke, stretching out for many miles, "a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night." Every yard of land here is of classical or mediæval interest. Do not Ischia, Procida, and Capri, volcanic formed, bask in the deep-blue waters of the bay? And are not the mysteries of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ lying half revealed at the mountain's foot? And is not the serene light sleeping on black Lake Avernus, "very gate of hell," and the irregular country known to the ancients as the Elysian and Phlegræan fields, the battling-ground of the gods and giants? Nor can we count the Fates other than beneficent to Parthenope when she was thrown upon the Campanian shore (fitting home for sibyls and for sirens!), where she enlarged, beautified, and renamed Neapolis—the New City.

A philosopher, who was also a humourist, once observed that we move upon the surface of the earth, knowing no more of its central contents than flies do of what is inside a Woolwich shell over which they crawl. Great astronomers have asserted the sun to be a world on fire, a vast, glowing, red-hot, unquenchable sphere in the heavens—a huge, central, aërial chandelier to the system which it focuses—and have assured us that the moon is a burnt-out world, a great cinder of lakes and mountains, lit only by reflection from our own planet. Unfortunately, the finite eye can look, even in our deepest mines, only a few hundred yards into the mystery of the earth's surface. No lead-line of the wisest scientist has ever yet drawn anything but silence and darkness from the central caves of the globe on which we live. "Men," says Richter, "rear pyramids, and try to build for eternal duration; but the great Shaper of the world seems to have inserted into our globe ingredients which may be the element of its future destruction. The world is, in fact, a live shell, with a time-match in it, which is burning slowly in its socket." There is fire, we know, because Vesuvius and other volcanoes are so many furnace-doors, occasionally open, through which we see both smoke and flame.

In early Roman legends, a volcano was supposed to mark the spot below which, in the nether world, Vulcan worked at his forge shaping the thunder-bolts of Jove or the armour of Mars. To-day "the mystery of the volcano remains still, therefore, the mystery of the earth itself; and we shall understand the one only when we understand the other. But the enormous heat and force of Vesuvius, utilized thus far in supplying building-stone and destroying buildings, recall practically the prophecy of Professor Berthelot,—that in the golden age that is coming we shall draw all our heat, and the mechanical forces which result from its conversion, directly from the earth itself; that, instead of digging two thousand feet for coal, we shall dig a little farther when the coal gives out, and bring up the heat itself by thermo-electric methods."

Painters have depicted and poets have sung the beauties of this fair country. Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, says:—

"And ever since, and now, fair Italy,
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

There is an old Italian proverb: "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*"—"See Naples and die." Certainly the saying does not extend beyond the literal truth. We cannot gaze upon a lovelier scene: for here the sun shines his brightest, and the zephyrs blow their softest; the sea is of the deepest blue, and the mountains are of the most glorious purple. Such richness of colour, such play of light and shade, such marvellous blending of sea and coast-line, of barren mountain and fertile plain, of vine-clad slopes and white-walled cities, cannot be equalled in any other country in the world.

The historical associations of the district are deeply interesting: for was it not at Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli, that on May 3rd, A.D. 61, a corn-ship from Alexandria, the *Castor and Pollux*, having narrowly escaped wreck at Malta, cast anchor in the bay? Seneca relates how the Alexandrian corn-ships were recognized at Puteoli whilst still distant, as they were the only vessels that did not strike the top-sail when rounding the Cape of Minerva. The massive blocks of masonry now washed over by the sea are the foundations of the pier at which this ship discharged its cargo, and where, amid the crowd attracted by its arrival, a man stepped ashore—a prisoner in chains, but entrusted with a more important and far-reaching mission than ever ambassador has borne. He was St. Paul, coming to appear before Cæsar, and to "preach the gospel to them that were at Rome also," and "where he found brethren, and was desired to tarry with them seven days" (Acts xxviii. 14).

There are some pictures of world-wide reputation which at first view are disappointing, and it is only by the study of their chief excellences that one can acquire a true perception of their wondrous

beauty. This may be said of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Egyptian sorcerer, with a single drop of ink for a mirror, undertook to reveal to any chance comer far-reaching visions of the past. So if you conjure up in your mind's eye a gleaner who, in the dim light afforded by the feeble rays of the moon, searches among the stubble of the harvest-field from which the corn has been reaped and the reapers have withdrawn, you will realize the writer's position. A recent visit to these buried cities has left upon his mind an impression so pleasing as to cause him to think that an endeavour to recall their past history, and to give some details of their present condition, may be, to some extent, interesting, if not instructive. The subject is an old one, but it cannot be said to have been worn threadbare.

Froude reminds us that we read the past by the light of the present, and the forms vary as the shadows fall or as the point of vision alters: the foreground of human life is the only part we can examine with real exactness; as the distance recedes, details disappear in the shade or resolve themselves into outlines. Accident has preserved the fragments of a drama of real life which was played out in the year 79 of the Christian era. The broken pieces of the story leave much to be desired. The actions are preserved: the actors are little more than names. The flesh and blood, the thoughts that sprang up in the brain, the passions which boiled in the veins, are as dry as the dust of a mummy from a Roman catacomb.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has a short way of accounting for the facility with which men turn to the past. He says that "reminiscent imagination is the easiest form under which fancy can play. To apply imagination to the future requires keen thought and constructive ability beyond the average of poets and up to the standard of men of science; whereas reminiscent imagination is within the reach of any of us."

Herculaneum was a city of great antiquity even in Roman times. Its origin was ascribed by Greek tradition to Hercules, but it is not certain that it was actually founded by a Greek colony,

though Sulla, who lived a hundred years before Christ, says that it was then a municipal and fortified town. Situated on elevated ground between two rivers, its position could not fail to be considered important, Retina, its port, being one of the best on the coast of Campania. The changes since caused by the action of Vesuvius and by the general upheaval of the land have been such that to-day not one of the features of this description can be recognized. Many villas of great splendour were owned in the neighbourhood by Roman patricians. Servilia, the mother of Brutus, and the favourite mistress of Julius Cæsar, resided here on an estate which he had given to her; and so too did Agrippina, the mother of Caligula. Horace, happy in his snug little home among the Sabine hills overlooking the wide Campagna, said what many men now echo: "Often did I pray that I had a piece of land, not so very large, with a garden, and near the house a perennial spring of water, and a little wood besides."

The superior construction of the buildings of Herculaneum as compared with those of Pompeii, and particularly the greater elegance of the works of art and of the utensils of ordinary every-day life, show that, of the two cities, Herculaneum was the wealthier and further advanced in the arts of life. It was in the villas of the nobility that the best hope lay of finding those inestimable relics of antiquity, the rolls of papyrus which constituted their libraries. Such a villa was undoubtedly the famous House of the Papyri. In similar elegant pleasure-houses at Stabiæ several papyrus rolls were discovered, whilst in the whole of Pompeii only one has so far come to light. It is worthy of note that the relics found in Herculaneum are, in general, in a much better state of preservation than those in Pompeii. The bronzes from the former city are as clean as on the day when they came from the founders' hands, whilst those from the latter are always coated with green. The mural paintings of Herculaneum had, when first exposed, a freshness and vividness unequalled by those of Pompeii, except in a few cases, the same cause that was constantly at work there occasioning here also perfect preservation of the colours. That cause was simply the exclusion of the air.

The lowest layer of volcanic matter that covers Pompeii consists of loose and porous *rapilli*, or pumice-stones, through which air readily circulates. As Herculaneum stood probably on the summit of an extinct crater, its excellent drainage has kept the subsoil, in great part, in this dry and porous condition. Wherever air enters through crevices in the surface-layers, vegetable fungus soon finds its way to the objects that are buried beneath the *rapilli*, and slowly but surely oxidizes and destroys them. The first covering of Herculaneum, on the other hand, though composed partly of *rapilli*, has been so affected by the rain-water which has filtered to it from the surface, that its component parts have become disintegrated and compacted into a firm and solid mass, forming in fact the light stone called *tufa*. A better preserver of the buried city than this natural cement could not have been devised.

All towns were built on hills in those early days, for safety in case of war, as well as because the valleys were insalubrious. This peculiarity is also seen in Italian villages at the present day, many of them being perched upon the top of a high hill and being almost inaccessible. Naples is an excellent example of this. The city is largely built upon very precipitous hillsides, so that one man's garden is often level with another man's roof.

Upon the city of Herculaneum there now stands a town of twenty thousand inhabitants. Resina is the modern representative of the ancient Retina, which was the port for Herculaneum.

Pompeii, too, it is generally conceded, was a very ancient city, and was probably founded by a Grecian colony; for what is considered to be its oldest building—a Greek temple—from its similarity to the Pæstum temples, fixes the date of construction with some certainty at about 650 B.C. This temple is, by common consent, stated to have been dedicated to Hercules, who, according to Solonus, landed at this spot with a *pompa boûm*, or procession of oxen. This same writer leaves us to infer that the *pompa* gave the name of "Pompeii" to the city; other authorities consider that it is derived from a Greek word meaning "storehouses." Some prefer the form

Pompei, as used in Italy, France, and Germany; but all pronounce the name *Pompāyee.*

We have it on the authority of Mr. Neville Rolfe that, at the time of the foundation of the city, there were two races inhabiting this part of the Italian Peninsula—namely, the Oscans and the Samnites. The Oscans were a pastoral people who lived on the plains of Campania and on the slopes of Vesuvius, then, as now, probably the richest agricultural country of Europe. It was obviously a necessity of their existence that they should build enclosed places to serve as refuges for their flocks and herds in the winter, to protect them from their lawless neighbours, the Samnites, as well as from the wolves, which even as late as the middle of the present century were a recognized source of danger to the sheep and cattle of the peasantry of the Lorrentine Peninsula.

During the time of the Oscan possession, the Greek colonists arrived from Eubœa, and formed the beginning of that large Greek community which afterwards became so important that the whole of Southern Italy obtained the name of Magna Græcia. Among other points selected by the Greeks for a settlement was the Petra Hercules, a lofty rock which dominates the Stabian Plain, and stands within the walls of Pompeii. Here their temple was built. If the Greeks and the Oscans lived peacefully together, it was far otherwise with their aboriginal neighbours, the Samnites, who were mountain brigands inhabiting the fastnesses of the region of Beneventum, which still bears their name. They subsisted by raiding the territories of the Oscans, whom they eventually subdued altogether. They then rebuilt Pompeii after their own fashion, making it for the first time into a regular town, and remained there till they in turn were driven out by the Romans about 80 B.C.

We know nothing of the history of the city in the Oscan and Samnite times, except what we can gather from the silent testimony of the style of the various walls and buildings; for the Oscan stonework was rougher than that of the Samnites, and both differed distinctly from the reticulated stone- and brick-work of the Romans.

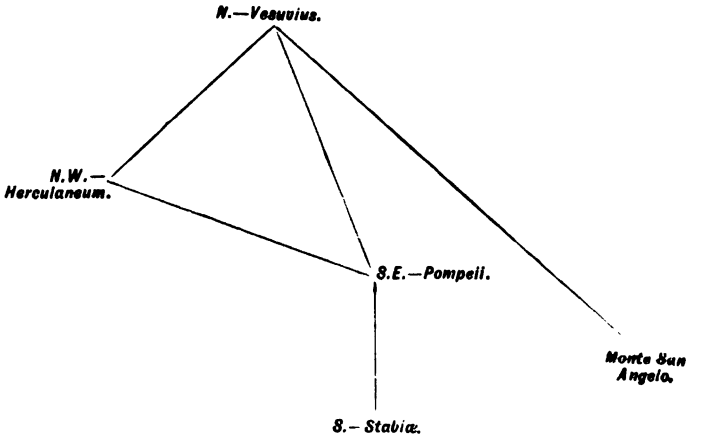
The situation of Pompeii possessed many advantages. Upon the verge of the sea, at the mouth of the Sarno, with a fertile plain behind, like many an ancient Italian town, it united the conveniences of commerce with the security of a military station. The delightful position of the city, the genial climate of the locality, and its many attractions caused it to become a favourite retreat of the wealthier Romans. The neighbouring towns—Nuceria, Nola, Acerræ—made use of it for exporting their produce; and Pompeii itself exported wine, oil, pumice-stone (*Pumex Pompeianus*), the fish-sauce called *garum*, and a special kind of cabbage. Nothing was feared from Vesuvius. The volcano had not been in activity within the memory of man; it was believed to be wholly extinct, and its green and woody slopes spoke only of fertility.

Herculaneum and Pompeii, whilst both participators in burial and disinterment, differed largely in their fate; for whereas Herculaneum, which is about five miles from Naples, and lies at the foot of Vesuvius, received the full force of the mountain's eruptions, being from time to time inundated with streams of molten lava that raised the plane of the city from seventy to a hundred feet, Pompeii, on the other hand, lying thirteen miles from Naples and five miles from Vesuvius, was buried by a shower of ashes, pumice, and volcanic stones, which formed a covering seldom exceeding twelve or fourteen feet in depth, and now found to be easily removable.

The ruins of Stabiæ, another of the Greek colonies, and the third of the cities destroyed by the eruption of A.D. 79, are at a distance of eight or nine miles from the crater of the devastating volcano. Upon these ruins is built the modern town of Castellamare, the most fashionable watering-place on the eastern shore of the gulf. Excavations were made here in 1745, with results not wholly unsatisfactory.

Mr. Davenport Adams has reduced the position of these cities to a mathematical demonstration. Herculaneum and Pompeii formed with Vesuvius a triangle of which the volcano was the apex, the shortest side being between Vesuvius and Herculaneum, the longest

between Vesuvius and Pompeii, whilst the base-line might be protracted downwards to Stabiæ. Thus :—



The mountain is completely encircled by a road running around its widespread base, and connecting the many villages and towns at its foot in such a fashion as to constitute one long stretch of human habitations that has few parallels. This road is upwards of twenty miles in length, commencing near Naples and running along the shore of the bay, then continuing around the mountain on the inland side. Some of the places through which it passes are suburban, while some are on the sea-coast, and others, though populous, have surroundings of quite a rural aspect and character. They are all alike, however, in having the great mountain towering above them, they are all within hearing of its rumblings and thunderings, and all can see its summit fires and ascending smoke. But they are not all equally liable to injury or devastation from its volcanic energy.

The strong and massive bulwark of Monte Somma, extending for two miles on the north-eastern side of the eruptive cone of Vesuvius, effectually protects a large area of country from lava streams; nevertheless, even on this side, much destruction might be caused at any time to growing crops and fruit-trees, and even to

villages and towns, as in the case of Pompeii, by heavy falls of ashes, for from these Somma is no protection.

The road around Vesuvius is a populous and animated one, but that between Naples and Resina is still more so. This road is about five miles long, and passes through manufacturing and shipping districts. It is therefore the densest part of the Neapolitan capital, which, by the way, for its size, is the most thickly populated city in Europe, and contains half a million of people. The Resina road is an exceedingly busy and noisy thoroughfare, abounding in scenes and objects calculated to arrest the attention of the lover of the picturesque, as well as the student of national characteristics. Soldiers, sailors, ecclesiastics, fishermen, *lazzaroni*, and beggars attract the eye by their varied costumes; and *carrozzelle*, with their novel groups—fourteen or fifteen persons of all ages and professions and both sexes, all on one vehicle—and with their nimble, fast-trotting little horses, seeming to make light of their task, rattling along smartly over the hard, lava-paved road, give great animation to a scene already lively and full of colour.

Sounds as well as sights are many, and cheerful too, at this "East-end" of Naples. The rumble of carriages over the stony street, the crack of whips, the jingle of the harness-bells, and the call or bark of the drivers ("*Ouah! Ouah!*") mingle with the music of a military band or the sound of church-bells, while the song of the street minstrel, and perchance the squeak of *punchinello*, may be heard. "And all this life and laughter lead to an emblem of death and destruction, at once the most absorbing and the most melancholy perhaps in existence."

Houses extend along the whole distance—squalid suburbs chiefly, swarming like an ant-hill with barefooted children and ragged men and women. On the side-pavements are large groups, sorting oranges, picking wool, plucking fowls, winding flax, crowding round the little stalls of fish, fruit and vegetables, and washing and hanging up miles of clothes. The ascent of a mighty peak by landau lacks some of the hardships of Alpine mountaineering, but has others of its own. The streets are paved with large lava blocks, which

theoretically constitute a plane surface, but do not get beyond the stage of theory: each separate pair of blocks, to which the carriage springs have long since yielded, record their presence on your bony framework. According to the custom of the country, the driver receives a secret percentage on every penny you spend on lava, wine, milk, or music, and so stops constantly and long, in spite of your objections. He says his horses are tired, and this is undeniable. Judging from appearances, they were never otherwise. Many of the houses on the southern side of this noisy, dirty, ill-kept street are large and fine, and through their great entrance archways you catch glimpses of charming *allées* of orange and box, waving palm-trees, and the deep-blue waters of the bay beyond.

As the traveller proceeds on his way, he passes the frowning towers and battlements of the grim old castle of Charles of Anjou, the Castel Nuovo, and then the two commercial harbours of Naples, the Porto Grand and the Porto Nuovo, with their shipping and sailors. Beyond these the road leads on to Portici, the name of which is a memorial of the buried city of Herculaneum, since it is taken from the early designation Porticum Herculis, or approach to the great Temple of Hercules. It is now a favourite region for the suburban residences of the Neapolitans. The town-like character of the road continues until Resina is reached.

From this place the ascent of Vesuvius is usually made by a laborious and circuitous route of fourteen miles. We wend our way by gradual stages, the ever-ascending circuitous road being cut through numberless overlying lava flows, which vary in colour from dull black to soft brown, as they vary in age from a few years to many centuries. The first part of the road winds amid villas and gardens, the traveller being usually accompanied by a troublesome escort of strolling minstrels, of every age between the cradle and the grave, who sing "Funiculi, Funicula" and "Sweet Marie"—the latter somewhat deteriorated by exportation—and by beggars in the picturesque half-gipsy, half-peasant garb of the country. Before long, however, the bands dwindle away, and the traveller finds himself traversing a bleak and barren wilderness of lava and

pumice, the dust of the road, as it rises from beneath the horses' hoofs in blinding clouds, by no means adding to his comfort or enjoyment.

The fields around are dotted with the little square houses of the peasants. As the holdings are small, the number of houses is great. "They are," observes a recent writer, "perhaps the ugliest and most unattractive we can imagine, and yet possibly the very facsimile of what Cicero and Sallust beheld while driving from Rome to their houses in Pompeii. Four bare walls, without chimney, without windows, without any visible roof, seem to contradict every principle, whether of comfort or of beauty." As Ruskin says, the comfortable look of a house depends on the roof more than anything, because you associate with it protection, dryness, and snugness. With the window you associate brightness and cheerfulness; and if in a warm country a chimney does not give the idea of comfort, it breaks the skyline and looks picturesque. The roofs of these cottages either slope inwards or are in the form of little domes below the level of the walls; and as for light, all that is admitted usually comes from the open door. If there be anything like a window, it is a mere grating or lattice without glass. Hundreds of years ago the want of glass determined the plan of the house, and the same plan prevails to the present day.

"And whenever you climb, by stairways or winding terraces, to a certain height, you see on the east the double ridge of Vesuvius, smoke coiling into clouds above the crater, its sides, in clear weather, spotted white with houses, in dull weather an indistinguishable mass of violet or purple, like the colour of thunder-clouds; on the south, the bay, in which Capri and the ridged coast of Sorrento appear and disappear with every change of weather, like the stains in stone, or a picture which the magic-lantern flashes upon and away from the sheet."

The change, as one ascends, is from a garden to a desert; for as soon as the cultivated zone, which is about two miles broad, is crossed, a vast expanse of unbroken black rock is reached. In place of beautiful gardens, where the orange, the lemon, the almond,

the fig, and the vine flourish in perfection, and in which roses and camellias bloom in profusion, there is a wide stretch of black, sterile waste, without a trace of verdure of any kind, and displaying only huge folds, waves, and unshapely masses of rough, dark-coloured lava-rock.

One is struck by the vastness of these lava fields. In every direction is a shoreless sea of dull-black lava, its tossing billows, breakers, and hillocks, once white-hot and angry, now chilled to rigid stone. When the traveller has proceeded some distance, the bed of lava takes the form of long strips of newly-furrowed land, but here and there it is like the surface of a dark, muddy stream that has been convulsed by a hurricane, and then frozen, as it were, while in a state of agitation. Rough, broken masses may also be seen, seemingly rolling over each other, with a large fragment now and then raising its head amid the rest. Still higher up the mountain come scoriæ, ashes, and cinders.

Finally you reach the Observatory, a solid, handsome structure of three storeys, standing sharply out against the sky, on a spur of the mountain, two thousand two hundred feet above the sea. Its various marble-floored rooms comprise a museum, in which the seventy minerals thrown out by Vesuvius are arranged and classified, a scientific library, and various apartments containing instruments. The most important of these is the electro-magnetic seismograph, which records the time, extent, and direction of every movement of the earth's surface, however faint. There are also meteorological instruments for measuring the electricity in the air and electrical phenomena during an eruption.

There is, too, a landscape in which sea and country are never severed. The higher we climb upon the mountain-side, the more marvellous is the beauty of the bay, which seems to rise as we ascend and to stretch into the sky. Sometimes a little flake of blue is framed by olive boughs, whose thin and pale-green foliage rustles constantly to the touch of the south or western wind. Sometimes a turning in the road reveals the whole broad azure calm below. As we toil up the steep ascent, we fall upon the undergrowth of

juniper, and, lo, a double sea, this way and that, divided by the sharp spine of the jutting hill, jewelled with villages along its shore, and smiling with fair islands and silver sails!

There was formerly a carriage road from the Observatory to the railway station at the foot of the cone. This road was destroyed by the eruption of 1895, and visitors have since covered the two miles on pony-back over a bridle-path across the lava.

The ascent of Vesuvius has been rendered much easier by the funicular railway, which has been constructed on the steepest side of the cone. The constructors have adopted the American double-rope system, with two lines of rails, each provided with a carriage divided into two compartments, and capable of holding ten persons. As one carriage ascends the other descends, and there is thus established a counterpoise, which considerably economizes the steam of the stationary traction-engine. The incline is exceedingly steep, and its length from the lower station, where there is a restaurant—an oasis in this barren wilderness—is about nine hundred yards, the journey being accomplished in about ten minutes. The railway is now the property of Messrs. Cook & Son, the well-known tourist agents.

From the upper station a winding path has been cut for those who wish to clamber to the edge of the crater, a huge bowl, steep on the inside and perhaps five hundred feet deep, filled with steam and lit on the under side with a lurid red glow. A glimpse into it is weird in the extreme, and the suffocating fumes of sulphur forcibly remind one of Dante's Inferno. Instinctively one recalls the inscription over that dread portal: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." In its black and hideous grandeur, smoke-hung and fiery, it suggests a Doré picture.

The view from the crater is a grand one. The eye sweeps completely over the bay, with the beautiful little towns of Sorrento and Salerno skirting its edge, and discerns in the distance the islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, and the deeply-interesting and classical region of the Bay of Baiæ. If it turn inland, the country, as far as it can scan, is seen to be studded with white palaces and houses.

"And after all," declares a visitor, "the old giant smoking his perpetual pipe has little beauty to compensate you for the toil and weariness of your approach to him. You see a hole some three or four feet in diameter, from which he belches forth heated masses of red and yellow lava. His sulphurous breath nearly stifles you, and you turn away quite ready to decline the honour of his further acquaintance. So you struggle back to the upper station; and then you plunge down by the perilous railway, and you watch the iron rope, and say to yourself, 'If——?' But ten minutes cannot last for ever; and soon we stand once more on solid earth, and the driver touches his hat and the horses neigh their welcome, and off we start again, rattling down the mountain, with the bay shining far below, whilst the afternoon sun stretches across it such a path of glory that you fancy it a bridge leading into Paradise, over which Heaven's shining ones might journey."

How vividly does Symonds bring before us the sunny shores of the Mediterranean which he loved so well! "The lattice-work of olive boughs and foliage scarcely veils the laughing sea and bright-blue sky, while the hues of the landscape find their climax in the dazzling radiance of the sun upon the waves and the pure light of the horizon. There is no concealment and no melancholy here. Nature seems to hold a never-ending festival and dance, in which the waves and sunbeams and shadows join. Serenity and intelligence characterize this southern landscape, in which a race of splendid men and women lived beneath the pure light of Phœbus, their ancestral god. Pallas protected them, and golden Aphrodite favoured them with beauty."

Vesuvius—which Goethe spoke of as a peak of hell rising from Paradise—is the presiding genius of the place. From his dread presence there is no escape. "Wherever one goes," says Clement, "and of whatever one thinks, at whatever one looks, be it the ruins themselves, or the deep-blue heaven above, or the distant rolling sea, we *feel* the mountain, mysterious, awful. The little wreath of smoke mounting to the sky slowly, quietly, seems at times to indicate the satisfaction of the power that has worked its will; the

desolation it has wrought has sated its desire for evil. At night a crimson blot upon the darkness—a Cyclops' eye, bloodshot and menacing."

"Without having seen the wonderful contrast between the smiling serenity of the fields and the sinister aspect of the volcano, it is impossible to form an adequate idea of its effect. When imagination wanders over these sylvan scenes, and the eye looks with delight upon these classic shores, passing from the hill to the vale, and from the vale to the grove, from the grove, where interlace the olive- and the lemon-trees, to the celestial sea, where, like flocks of white birds, curl those beautiful lateen sails used in the Mediterranean, you almost believe you behold the shepherds of Virgil, the mariners of Theocritus, singing—the former among their sheepfolds and meadows, the latter among their nets and vessels—verses which are repeated by the waves and the breezes."

The Vesuvius of to-day consists of a double mountain upon an extended base some five-and-thirty miles in circumference, and is situated about ten miles by road from Naples. It rises from the centre of a plane two thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea, in a truncated pyramid one thousand five hundred feet high, and about two thousand feet in diameter, and reaches thus a total height of three thousand eight hundred feet. The summit, which, before an eruption in the year 1838, had been an uneven plane, was by that outburst converted into a hollow cup, now covered with loose blocks of lava, dross, and volcanic sand. There is no doubt that the mountain has been very much higher than it is at present; the eruption of 1822 alone reduced its height by about eight hundred feet.

Monte Somma, which is now only a rocky ridge, a short distance from Vesuvius on the north, is supposed to have formed at one time a complete cone much larger in dimensions, and probably of much greater height than at present, and to have been thrown down subsequently by volcanic action. Altogether about eighty eruptions of Vesuvius have been noted. From a difference of structure, indicating greater pressure, geologists have concluded

that in the remote past Somma was a sub-marine and Vesuvius a sub-aërial volcano.

One marvels that any one is found with sufficient courage to remain in the neighbourhood. Stamer has in graphic language described why the vicinity of Vesuvius has not been consigned to the genius of fire and desolation. He says: "A most dangerous neighbour Vesuvius unquestionably is. Fifty-eight times (more or less) has he 'erupted' since that first little derangement of his bowels which overwhelmed Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ. Torre del Greco has been overwhelmed and burnt to cinders sixteen times. The seventeenth town now rests upon the sixteenth lava flow. On no less than five occasions during the past two centuries have his upheavings brought poor Torre del Greco to grief. The inhabitants have a saying, 'Naples sins and Torre del Greco pays.' It is difficult to believe, as you look upon the bright and placid picture, that the monster behind you has been answerable for more than ten thousand human lives. To give the fire-belching, lava-ejecting monster as wide a berth as possible would be the endeavour of most people. Not so the Torrese; they nestle at the feet of their tyrant, and kiss the fiery rod with which he stirs them up. They tremble, but they love. 'Many worse despots than old Vesuvio,' say they. 'If he flies into a passion occasionally, and plays the mischief with everything within his reach, he hastens to repair the damage he has done. By a profuse application of chlorides, sulphates, phosphates carbonates, and acids from his laboratory, he decomposes with a rapidity truly marvellous the scoriæ with which he has overspread the land, making it more fertile than ever; and, by way of indemnity for the destruction of house-property, so solidifies his molten lava that it becomes the hardest of all stones, and of such value for paving and building purposes, that by its sale we are fully recouped our losses.'

"Fertile beyond description is the plain at the base of Vesuvius; its luxuriance must be seen in order to be realized. One crop is cleared away only that it may be succeeded by another;—nay, three crops may be seen maturing at the same time—the vine festooned

from mulberry-tree to mulberry-tree, and corn beneath; wine, silk, and cereals all in a row. Rich indeed must be the soil for which the cultivator can afford to pay twelve pounds an acre rent; for pay it he does, and without much grumbling. At that price he manages to make a subsistence, but by labour so unremitting that it is surprising how he can perform it and live. Dawn sees him at his work, and the livelong day he is digging, hoeing, trenching, irrigating, until want of light, not want of will, forces him to suspend his travail for a few short hours.

"To the inhabitants of Resina, who are not quite so much in the mountain's line of fire as the Torrese, Vesuvius is not particularly alarming. Often threatened and shaken, the town has suffered no serious scorification since 1698, although the scares have been just as great, just as frequent, as in Naples. During the last great eruption—that of 1871—the terror of the Neapolitans was extreme; had they only known where to flee, there would have been a general stampede. And it would not have been surprising: when detonation succeeds detonation in rapid succession; when the ground shakes, the windows rattle, the air is filled with ashes, and a suffocating smell of sulphur pervades the atmosphere, the boldest might well remember the predictions that have been made regarding the city—how, if the crater should from any cause get choked, and Vesuvius be unable to discharge its contents through the ordinary channel, there must be a terrible convulsion, and Naples and the neighbouring towns be utterly destroyed.

"The sub-Vesuvians, however, live pretty much after the same fashion as did those other children of the Cities of the Plain before their incineration by fire and brimstone in the days of Lot. Usually they eat, drink, and make merry; but when rumblings are heard and the lava streams forth, they fall down on their knees, and tear their hair, and vow candles, and comport themselves like very silly folk indeed. As ushers to his Volcanic Majesty, as guides, bearers, and hangers-on, the good people of Resina pick up a considerable amount of money in the course of a year."

"Man builds, and Time destroys; man labours on,
As if that slow-consuming power to mock,
And the dire throes that ever and anon
Shake the great frame of Nature and unlock
Her solid joints with unexpected shock
Deter him not; his labour he renews,
E'en though the force that lifts the fluid rock
In molten streams a moment may diffuse
O'er all that with an eye of pride or love he views."

Although the eruption which buried Pompeii is the earliest on record, it is believed that Monte Somma must have been active enough in prehistoric times, for Pompeii was built on a bed of lava, which was largely used in the construction of some of the buildings and in the paving of the streets. But these eruptions were not the only scourge of this romantic spot, celebrated in all ages for its pre-eminent loveliness. There was, and still is, an enemy equally subtle, continually menacing it. Seneca records how an earthquake, sixteen years before the great eruption of Vesuvius, threw down a large part of Pompeii, and devastated a portion of Herculaneum. The whole region suffered to a considerable extent, and even in Naples the number of houses shattered was very great. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should find among their ruins numerous indications that the buried cities were undergoing extensive restorations.

The old writers disputed the exact date of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum—whether it was August 23rd or November 5th, 79; but the latter is now proved by various circumstances to be the correct one. For example: during the explorations dried grapes were found, and it is certain that they would not be dried so early in the year as August. Walnuts, too, many of which have been met with during the excavations, are not gathered until towards the later month. But perhaps the most convincing proof of all is that in not a few of the gardens the *amphoræ*, or wine-jars, were discovered upside-down, having evidently been washed out in order to receive the new wine.

The morning of November 5th broke, "and all was bright and

joyous. The shops were filled with their usual wares, and crowded by intending purchasers; Campanian peasants stood in the streets with baskets of fruits and flowers; the slaves drew water at the fountains; the gambler rattled his dice; the drunkard quaffed his wine; in the public places gathered the chariots of the wealthy, the priest sacrificed at the altar, the merchant trafficked in the forum, and in the crowded theatre men and women had gathered with wolfish eyes to watch the struggles of the athlete and the gladiator in the bloody arena." And the people sang and danced and made festival and lived on fearlessly, as if there were neither danger nor sorrow in all the world, until suddenly, "like a strong man armed," destruction fell upon them.

The inhabitants of Pompeii were engaged in the struggle of an election of their municipal officers. New *ædiles* and *duumviri* were to be chosen for the town. Influential citizens and voters were canvassing for their favourite candidates, and party spirit ran high. The owners of the neighbouring villas and the population of the villages had gathered to the town to take part in the contest; and the moment being one of public excitement, the forum, the temples, and the theatres were thronged with an eager multitude.

As the hour of doom approached, there arose suddenly from the mountain-crest a solitary column of thick black smoke, which is said to have assumed "the shape of a giant pine-tree—the trunk blackness, the branches fire." Silently and swiftly it climbed heavenwards in the still air, a finger of warning to the revelling multitude below, and then at an enormous height it spread itself out into one vast cloud, and covered the doomed cities as with the mantle of death. It was the first act of a new and unrehearsed tragedy.

"Saw ye how wild, how red, how broad a light
Burst on the darkness of that mid-day night,
As fierce Vesuvius scattered o'er the vale
His drifted flames and sheets of burning hail,
Shook hell's wan lightnings from his blazing cone,
And gilded heaven with meteors not its own?"

MACAULAY, *Pompeii*.

At that moment, says a graphic writer, the inhabitants "felt the earth shake beneath their feet, the walls of the theatre trembled, and beyond in the distance was heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid like a torrent. At the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with vast fragments of burning stones. Over the crushed vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself—far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea—fell that awful shower. The panic-stricken crowd, as it left the theatre, turned to fly. Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods and escape whilst there was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes, that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses or temples or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker and larger and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!" "Each sex probably acted in conformity to its character, the men trusting to their own strength to escape, the women waiting with patience the issue of a danger from which their own exertions could not save them."

To such as grasped the dreadful meaning of the signal, avenues of escape were still open, both by land and by sea, and the more prudent of the populace made haste to avail themselves of the opportunity. It may be assumed that the night of November 5th saw the flight of all those who were ever to get away from Pompeii. "The bold, the prompt, and the energetic saved themselves by immediate flight; those who lingered from love or avarice, supine indifference or palsying fear, perished."

As daylight gave out before the gathering clouds of smoke and falling ashes, and whilst the mountain rained forth shower upon shower of volcanic sand, pumice, dust, and red-hot stones, bands of fugitives thronged the streets leading to the gates. The road to Naples must have been impracticable, and the exodus must have taken place by the gates which led out towards Stabiæ and the sea-shore.

Neither gate is well adapted for the passage of a panic-stricken crowd; and if chariots were used by some of the refugees there must have been considerable loss of life in the press, especially when the steep descent to the Stabian gate was reached. The rain meanwhile fell in torrents, and has left its traces in some of the layers of ashes, which—the visitor sees—are granulated into pellets about the size of peas. These layers alternate with the layers of pumice-stone, thus showing that the character of the eruption was constantly changing.

Traces of lightning are also perceptible in a variety of cases, the most interesting being that of a small glass vase completely twisted round a hairpin which stood in it: the article is preserved in the Museum at Naples.

On the Herculaneum side of the volcano, phenomena of an entirely different character were bringing destruction in their train. Whilst the wind carried all the loose matter away towards the south-east in the direction of Pompeii, a mighty torrent of liquid mud was pouring down the slope of Vesuvius due west, towards Herculaneum, filling up every hollow that it met with, and completely cutting off all communication with Naples. In succeeding centuries this mud became extremely hard; but though it has now to be cut away with a chisel, it was originally a soft, warm paste, which preserved the art treasures embedded in it, doing little or no damage to bronze or marble, and scarcely injuring so delicate a vegetable substance as papyrus.

The best accounts of the calamity are those two well-known letters written by the younger Pliny, the first of which narrates the death of his uncle, the elder Pliny, the great historian and naturalist, and also admiral of the Roman fleet, then lying in the bay. Having approached too near to the burning mountain, although still some miles away from it, the admiral was overcome by the exhalations rising from beneath his feet. He had asthma, and the sulphurous vapours appear to have suffocated him at once, so that he fell, while his attendants fled from the scene of destruction to their ships. Returning as soon as it became light, they found their master lying

where they had left him, as if he had fallen asleep. The younger Pliny's second letter describes the flight of his mother and himself from Pompeii.

We gather from these letters that the earthquakes were incessant and the atmospheric conditions absolutely stifling. It was decided to make for the shore, in order to learn at the nearest point whether escape by the sea was still available. The fugitives covered their heads with pillows to protect themselves against the shower. Pliny's mother seems to have been a very stout old lady, to whom, apparently, rapid locomotion was difficult; they were therefore compelled to draw aside out of the road, so that they should not be trampled down by the struggling crowd. The atmosphere was impregnated with suffocating vapours, and the darkness was deeper than that of the blackest midnight. Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the clamours of men. "All wanted aid, but there was none to help." In their consternation, they increased their danger by pressing forward in crowds, without an object. Their only means of recognizing each other was by their voices—all bewailing their fate, some imploring death, the deliverance they feared, with hands outstretched to the gods, whilst the greater part imagined that the last and eternal night had come, when the gods and the world would be destroyed together.

After a time, a sound as of approaching torrents was heard, and soon rivers of dense black mud poured slowly but irresistibly down the mountain-sides, and curled through the streets, insidiously creeping into such recesses as even the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate. There was now no place of shelter left. No man could defend himself against this double enemy. It was too late for flight for such as had remained behind. Those who had taken refuge in the innermost parts of the houses or in the subterranean passages were imprisoned for ever. Those who sought to flee through the streets were clogged by the small, loose pumice-stones which lay many feet deep, or were entangled and overwhelmed in the streams of mud, or were struck down by stones. If they escaped these

dangers, blinded by drifting ashes, and groping in the dark, not knowing which way to go, they were overcome by sulphurous vapours, and, sinking on the highways, were soon buried beneath the volcanic matter. Many even who had gained the open country at the beginning of the eruption were, according to Dr. Manning, overtaken by the darkness and falling cinders, and perished miserably in the fields or on the sea-shore, where they had vainly sought the means of flight.

Another ancient author (Xiphilinus, in his epitome of Dion in Tito) says: "The noise underground was like thunder, and on the surface of the earth it was like the lowing of cattle. The sea raged, the heavens resounded, and an unusual sound was heard, as if the mountains clashed together. Then for the first time stones of an extraordinary size were thrown out at the top, attended with fire and smoke, so that the air was darkened thereby, and the sun was hidden as in the time of an eclipse. Night sprang from day and light from darkness, and people imagined that the giants had rebelled, as images of them were seen in the smoke, and the sounding of trumpets was heard. Others thought that chaos was come again and the general conflagration was at hand. These things made people run out of their houses into the streets, and those who were in the streets go within-doors; those who were on shipboard went ashore, and those on land went aboard,—every one thinking that any situation was better than their present one. And along with all this there were such quantities of ashes that they possessed all space—earth, sea, and air; and wherever they fell, they did hurt alike to men, the cattle, and the grounds; and the fishes and all the birds were destroyed. The two cities Herculaneum and Pompeii were entirely overwhelmed. Such quantities of ashes were thrown out as to reach Africa, Syria, Egypt, and Rome, and they filled the air in this last place, so much as to darken the sun, and to strike the people with a panic for many days. Not being able to conjecture what all this meant, they imagined that Nature was turned upside-down, that the sun was lost in the earth and the earth was gone up to heaven."

Adams says: "It is difficult, I think, to exaggerate the horrors of *the* last day of the doomed city. The rumbling of the earth beneath; the dense obscurity and murky shadow of the heaven above; the long, heavy roll of the convulsed sea; the strident noise of the vapours and gases escaping from the mountain-crater; the shifting electric lights—crimson, emerald, green, lurid yellow, azure, blood-red—which at intervals relieved the blackness, only to make it ghastlier than before; the hot, hissing showers which descended like a rain of fire; the clash and clang of meeting rocks and river-stones; the burning houses and flaming vineyards; the hurrying fugitives, with wan faces and straining eyeballs, calling on those they loved to follow them; the ashes and cinders, and boiling mud, driving through the darkened streets and pouring into the public places; above all, that fine, impalpable, but choking dust which entered everywhere, penetrating even into the lowest cellar, and against which human skill could devise no effectual protection;—all these things must have combined into a whole of such unusual and such awful terror that the imagination cannot adequately realize it. The stoutest heart was appalled; the best-balanced mind lost its composure. The stern Roman soldier stood rigidly at his post, content to die, if discipline required it; but even *his* iron nerves quailed at the death and destruction around him.

'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'
Ps. cxxvii. 1.

Many lost their reason, and wandered through the city gibbering and shrieking lunatics. And none, we may be sure, who survived the peril ever forgot the sights and scenes they had witnessed on that day of doom.

"At the chief gate there stood a sentinel, who kept his post through the thunders of that awful day. He died in harness. Planted in his sentry-box, he covered his mouth with his tunic, and held on against the choking and sulphurous shower; but the ashes fell and fell, and finally filled the box and buried the faithful guard alive, still grasping his weapon in one hand and veiling his mouth

with the other. There, after ages of rest, he was found, this nameless hero, a grisly skeleton clutching a rusty sword, the still guardian of a dead and buried city—

> 'That has stood as a sentinel gray,
> Watching the centuries vanish away.'"

In a niche overlooking the garden of the House of the Faun was found the skeleton of a dove. Like the soldier, she too had stayed at her post, sitting on her nest through all the storm, and from beneath her were taken the remains of the egg which she would not leave.

Three days and nights were thus endured in all the anguish of suspense and uncertainty. Many people doubtless were stifled by the mephitic vapour; others, spent with the toil of forcing their way through deep and almost impassable roads, sank down, to rise no more; whilst those who escaped spread the alarm with all the circumstances of aggravation and horror which their imagination, under the influence of fear, suggested.

> "Terror was over all men; what to fear
> They scarcely knew; yet to the stoutest heart
> The panic shudd'ring crept; and in the brain
> Of wisest man worked dire imaginings
> And sleepless horrors."

On the fourth day, the darkness, by degrees, begins to clear away; the light appears, the sun shining forth sickly, as in an eclipse. But all Nature, to the weakened eyes, seems changed. Buried beneath the lava and volcanic *débris* lie temple and circus, the tribunal, the shrine, the frescoed wall, the bright mosaic floor; there is neither life nor motion in either city of the dead, though the sea which once bore their argosies still shimmers in the sunshine, and the mountain which has accomplished their destruction still breathes forth smoke and fire. Truly—

> "He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke" (Ps. civ. 32).

The scene is changed indeed; smoke and vapour and showers

have ceased, and Vesuvius has returned to his normal slumber. But Pompeii and Herculaneum are no more. In their place is a desolated plain, with no monuments visible, no houses to be seen—nothing but a great surface of white ashes, which is to harden and petrify, and finally be disintegrated into soil whereon, years after, are to be seen the fruitful vine, the waving corn, and wild flowers in all their loveliness and beauty, trying to hide the hideous tragedy that has been enacted.

"Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis now one desert desolate and gray."—THOMPSON.

CHAPTER II.

REDISCOVERY OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

"Temple and tower went down, and left a site
Chaos of ruins! Who shall trace the void,
Over the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'Here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?

* * * * *

Stumbling o'er recollections, now we clap
Our hands, and say, 'Eureka!' it is clear."—BYRON.

OF all the interesting spots in the vicinity of Naples, Pompeii stands indisputably first; for there only can be seen an ancient city in its entirety. One's first impression of Pompeii would be, perhaps, that it had been sacked and burnt by an invader or swept by a pestilence, or that through some misadventure the inhabitants had left the ruins to the owls and the bats, and gone to set up their household gods and guardian deities in some distant and richer corner of Campania. Most travellers will admit that the sight of this relic of antiquity possesses a secret power that captivates the mind. Should the onlooker let his imagination have still further play, the whole city cannot fail to rise before his mental eye untouched and unaltered; he may range through the same streets, tread the same pavements, enter the same doors, as the Romans did who dwelt there eighteen hundred years ago. The illusion may be long indulged in; for all around is silence—not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation—the silence of a great city without an inhabitant.

The unspeakable loneliness and overpowering desolation cannot be better expressed than by the lines :—

"The silence there was what most haunted me,—
Long, speechless streets, whose stepping-stones invite
Feet which shall never come; to left and right
Gay colonnades and courts, beyond the glee,
Heartless, of that forgetful Pagan sea;
On roofless homes and waiting streets the light
Lies with a pathos more sorrowful than night."

The emotions experienced must differ as widely as do our thoughts and temperaments, but to visit the scene is an unique experience for each of us. Pompeii differs so essentially from all other unburied cities, that nowhere except here can we step back into the past, leaving century on century behind, and bring ourselves into close relationship with the domestic and social life of the earliest decades of our era. We find ourselves in the midst of a past that has no resemblance to the present.

"I stood within the city disinterred,
And heard the autumnal leaves, like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets, and heard
The mountain's slumbering voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls."

"To gaze upon the ruins is to be taken," says an able writer, "from the present into the distant past. At once the tragedy, in which you almost seem to be taking a part, rises before you, and you are no longer in the nineteenth but in the first century. No earthly spot—Rome perhaps excepted—so utterly conveys you into the very spirit and influence of a bygone age. A great mass of ruins, a whole town of ruins; streets and houses, temples and theatres, amphitheatre and forum, broken pillars and crumbling walls; wine-jars and olive-jars standing where perchance they stood two thousand years ago; dining-rooms richly decorated and almost intact where the great banqueted, and streets of tombs where they were buried; seats in the public thoroughfares where the great and the humble alike might rest;—all this may be found to-day in almost the freshness of its first youth. You see the ashes descending from that mountain in one inexhaustible torrent; you hear the rush of the thousands of terror-stricken inhabitants making

for the gates; you listen to the cries of despair, as, 'with horror overwhelmed,' the doomed gave up hope and sank into a living tomb, walled up alive, as it were, in an impenetrable bed of ashes. It all passes vividly before the mental vision; you gaze with the keenest interest upon the ruins, yet plunged in melancholy and feeling that you could spend days and days amongst them. You go back in memory to the romantic descriptions of Bulwer's *Last Days*. You see the blind girl Nydia hurrying through the darkened street, and more than ever lament her fate." "And as we pass through this scene of destruction, it teaches us much better than books," says Boissier, "what was done, what was thought, and how life passed in a Roman country town in the first century of the Christian era."

Evidence is not wanting as to the suddenness of the catastrophe. Bread is in the bakers' shops; in a tavern there is a meal prepared, but never tasted. Money has been found lying beside the remains of people who died in the vain endeavour to carry away means for the life whose sands were run. In a room of the Temple of Isis, the priest of that Egyptian deity met death with feasting, for near him were lying egg-shells and the bones of fowls and of a pig, together with a broken glass and a wine-vase. In the house known as that of Diomed were the remains of a man with those of a goat having a bell fastened around its neck. In this dwelling were discovered the *débris* of more than twenty human beings. In a stable were the bones of a mule, still with its bronze bit between its teeth; in another place was the skeleton of a dog beside the remains of its master.

The discovery of Pompeii dates from 1595, when by order of the Count of Sarno an aqueduct was made to convey the waters of the upper Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata. This conduit enters the city of Pompeii on the eastern side. In the course of the necessary work two inscriptions were found, both referring to Pompeii. It was not, however, until 1748 that actual excavations were commenced; and then, after lying in its silent tomb for nearly seventeen centuries, Pompeii was disinterred, "all

vivid with its undimmed colours and its exquisite designs, with every line unfaded in the rich mosaic of its floors,—in its gardens the sacrificial tripod; in its halls the chest of treasure; in its baths the *strigilis*; in its saloons the furniture and the lamp; in the *triclinia* the fragments of the last feasts; in its *cubicula* the perfumes and the rouge of faded beauty: and everywhere the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and life."

> "Beauteous in ruin, in decay sublime,
> A splendid trophy o'er the wreck of Time."

Despite these discoveries, excavations were carried out without proper plan and in the most irregular manner, the object of the excavators being merely to find specimens of value. Interesting water-pipes were melted down for old lead, the marble was pillaged, and the mosaics were broken up; and it was not until 1800, when the Neapolitan provinces became a part of Italy, that a regular system was formulated and put in force. Since then, the excavations have been carried on in the most methodical manner, so that to-day everything that is found is carefully recorded, and all that is valuable is placed in safe keeping, whilst tramways have been laid to carry off the rubbish. About a third of the city has been uncovered; more than fifty years must probably elapse before the whole of the remaining part will be laid bare.

The site of Herculaneum, which had long been sought for in vain, was not unearthed until 1713, when, in digging a well, three statues were found. After this discovery further excavation was prohibited by the Government; but in 1738 the well was dug more deeply, and traces of buildings were discerned, the theatre being the first to be uncovered.

The names of Herculaneum and Pompeii are so intimately associated in history as victims of the same appalling catastrophe, and are so frequently connected in speaking of ancient works of art, that one who has never been on the spot is likely to think that these two cities have shared a common fortune in their resuscitation as

in their overthrow. But it is quite otherwise. At Pompeii, a surface of fifty-five acres has been completely excavated, and the visitor may walk about its streets, enter hundreds of its houses, and study its architecture and its mural paintings at his ease. At Herculaneum not more than a single acre has been recovered.

In 1750 a long, narrow, sloping passage, leading down dark steps into the theatre, was opened, and this is still the only way by which visitors descend to examine the structure by artificial light. It is a noble edifice, massively built of stone, containing nineteen tiers of seats—which, with the stage and orchestra, is all that can be determined. It held ten thousand people, and is one of the largest ancient theatres remaining. It was built by the Balbi, whose statues were placed upon the stage. This theatre was not only adorned with the finest marble, decorated with sculpture and enriched with columns, but a great part of the exterior was painted in fresco. As the theatre was dug out piecemeal, it was gradually stripped of its ornaments, and now nothing remains but bricks and stones. Upon the tops of the vomitories, or principal entrances, were found brazen statues melted by the heat.

Palladio, the architect, acquired immortal fame by the construction of the many splendid buildings with which he adorned his native country. The various theatres that are supposed to have been designed by him are semicircular in form, with the exception of this one at Herculaneum, which is elliptical.

The darkness which surrounds you when you enter it reminds you of Virgil's line: "*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*"

Herculaneum was unfortunately regarded, from the moment of its discovery, merely as a rich source from which plunder was to be extracted. The excavations, as has been mentioned, were made by means of *curriculi*, small underground passages, which were carried along in any direction where the yield of works of art seemed to be promising. From the main passages smaller roads branched off into the buildings that were searched. Each house, as soon as it was deemed sufficiently explored, was filled up again with the *débris* taken from the next examined; and thus the work

proceeded, if not in the best manner, at least with considerable economy of labour.

The work remained suspended or only occasionally prosecuted from 1770 until 1827, when chance, which seems to have been the presiding deity of these explorations, determined its renewal. The ground fell in at a certain spot in a vineyard, and disclosed ancient buildings quite near the surface, and most of these have since been carefully excavated.

In a square on the south of the theatre a temple was found which was connected with a second temple by a wide street lined with porticoes. On the north of the theatre was a basilica surrounded by a portico of forty-two columns, adorned with beautiful paintings, many of which, together with other works of art, were removed from these buildings. The excavations were continued more or less industriously for fifty years; but comparatively little progress has been made—the work being difficult, and so dangerous to the town of Resina above that, as soon as one part has been excavated and explored, it has been filled up with the *débris* from another.

"The miner plods
With torch and mattock, and, discoursing, shows
The hoarded fragments of Heraclea's woes."

"At a distance of a quarter of a mile," we learn from Mrs. King's charming book *Italian Highways*, "where the superincumbent lava is only forty feet in depth, and where no modern houses have been built on the surface, a portion of the buried city has been laid open to the sunlight, as Pompeii is. It lies at the bottom of a deep quarry, some hundred and fifty yards in length and forty yards wide—a very small portion of the busy and fashionable town of Herculaneum—surrounded by a rocky wall draped with sheets of portulacas and studded with clumps of cactus.

The artistic wealth of Herculaneum was something extraordinary. In the small portion uncovered there is hardly a house but what has yielded some fine bust or statue; while two of the finest equestrian statues known, those of Balbi, were found here.

There is a strong fascination in the mystery of that wall of mud-rock. As you gaze at its impenetrable solid mass, it is as if you gazed into futurity. Close before you lie things of deepest interest; but of what nature, who can tell? The longer you gaze, the more intense becomes the desire to know more, to raise the veil that conceals the unknown—the veil, not of the future, but of the past. To the north and west it would be possibly unsafe to make many excavations, as the houses of Resina might be endangered. The chief portion, therefore, of the Greek city will probably retain its treasures to all eternity. But on the eastern side there are no houses on the surface, and it is merely a question of cost."

One of the houses discovered at Herculaneum, since known as the House of the Papyri, contained a quantity of provisions, none of which had been disturbed for eighteen centuries, for the doors remained fastened just as they were at the moment when the catastrophe buried the town. In all likelihood, when the disaster took place, the occupants of this mansion were laying in supplies for the winter, as the store-rooms contained dates, chestnuts, walnuts, dried figs, almonds, prunes, corn, oil, pease, lentils, pies, and hams. The internal arrangements of this house, and the manner in which it was ornamented, proclaimed the fact that it belonged to a very rich family, who were admirers of the fine arts; for many pictures, vases, and varied utensils and ornaments in glass, bronze, and terra-cotta, were disinterred.

Comparatively few skeletons have been discovered in Herculaneum; probably therefore most of the inhabitants had time to save themselves by flight. At the door of one of the villas, however, two were found, one of which held a key in one hand, and in the other a bag of money, near them being silver or bronze vessels. It is supposed that one was the master and the other a slave, and that they were suffocated under the mass of ashes whilst endeavouring to make good their escape.

This House of the Papyri is by far the most elegant Roman dwelling-house that has been recovered, and the large number of exquisite works of art taken from it attest the wealth and taste of its

owner. Besides seventeen hundred and fifty-six rolls of manuscripts, numerous mosaics and mural paintings, over fifty statues and busts in bronze, and thirteen in marble, were found there. The dancing and sleeping fauns, the two runners, the six dancing girls, and the famous bust of Demosthenes, all came from this house.

This is a remarkable instance—perhaps one of the strongest which has yet occurred—of the peculiar interest which the discoveries at these cities possess, as introducing us to the homes—nay, to the very persons—of a long-forgotten age. The ways and habits of the present Neapolitans enable us in some degree to re-people these cities with their predecessors, and to understand how they lived ; the climate, soil, and surroundings helping to complete the process.

If our decision has been to proceed to Pompeii by any of the half-dozen very prosaic and dilatory trains which start daily for the South, it is with somewhat mixed feelings that we ask for a return ticket to a city which was in its glory when Our Lord was upon this earth. The railway from Naples curves round the head of the bay, and, following the coast-line, runs through the towns of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata, often passing through deep cuttings in the old lava streams, seared by lines of black rock, which mark the course of various eruptions. The train accomplishes the seventeen miles in something less than an hour. The road from the railway station to Pompeii is lined by acacia- and eucalyptus-trees, and crowded with beggars arrayed in rags of an endless variety of colours.

Visitors enter the city by the Porta della Marina—the sea-gate, a vaulted passage under ancient magazines, which in modern times have been covered in—and are at once struck by its strength and massiveness. They then proceed by the Strada della Marina, and come into the Forum. The scene at first is perhaps more curious than impressive. Narrow streets, paved with cobbles or sets of lava, divide the rows of equal-sided, one-storeyed, roofless houses—that remind us, from the partitions in their tiny rooms, of a set of workmen's cottages in course of erection, with the builder's men away "on strike." "Feeling the stone and mortar

of these jerry-built walls, noting the conventional glibness of these graceful decorative paintings, realizing, by the very signs of its 'pleasant sins,' that here, after all, was but the Brighton of its day, you seem, by the consciousness of all that is trivial, temporary, accidental in it, to be brought closer to that so strangely-capricious survival of ancient death. These hastily set-up walls might have been built last year, and the rut of the wagon-wheels in the solid pavement of lava is like a wheel-mark left overnight in the dry mud of a country road. The *bordello* and the temple are here, side by side, and near, only just cleansed from its burial, is a villa, its walls still bright with paint, still eloquent with frescoes, the little bronze and marble images still smiling about the fountains and flower-beds of the central garden; a pot, the yellow rust of lava corroding it, set over the fire, which went out suddenly on that 5th of November, A.D. 79."

We will now take a practical survey of the public buildings of Pompeii.

In A.D. 63, sixteen years before it was overwhelmed by the great eruption, the city had been laid in ruins by an earthquake. This gives to its remains a peculiar interest, because nearly everything found in it must represent a definite period—between A.D. 63 and 79. The earthquake occurred about the close of the term of St. Paul's first imprisonment at Rome. Hardly any Christian remains have been found at Pompeii, but the ruins as they are enable us to understand better than anything else perhaps what was the atmosphere of paganism in its more cultured form, what manner of men the later Romans were and how their daily lives were lived.

The town was rebuilt after the earthquake in the form of an irregular oval, extending from east to west, the walls, in which were eight gates, being about three thousand yards in circumference. Three gates only have been excavated.

The walls of the city vary as regards their construction; in some places, they are composed of loose rubble, held together by mortar, in others of large, well-hewn blocks of stone, put together

in solid masonry, strengthened here and there with square towers. In various parts of the walls are semicircular seats. The Gate of Herculaneum was the most important of the gates, and all were constructed like our old Temple Bar—with an open central entrance and two vaulted lateral ones.

The area enclosed by the walls amounted to about one hundred and sixty acres, the greatest length being three-quarters of a mile and the greatest breadth half a mile, while the population of the town and suburbs was probably twenty or thirty thousand—of whom, it is estimated, two thousand lost their lives. The excavated portion, as already stated, consists of about a third of the city, and probably contains the most important part of it, including the Forum, temples, the two theatres, and the amphitheatre.

It is these solid remains that we now see, and our second impression is, that as a whole they are not externally imposing. They show nothing like the Colosseum at Rome, or the Baths of Diocletian, or the Arch of Vespasian, or the Aqueduct of Claudius. At the distance of a mile or two there is nothing in Pompeii that can be regarded as striking. All the interest arises from a minute inspection, and the minuter the inspection the greater the interest.

"The dainty dwellings of a luxurious people are here, but how simple in taste and arrangement! These small homes, with their succession of tiny apartments, could not satisfy the needs of modern life. The court, with its fountain in the centre, was the gathering-place for family and friends. The men lived in the Forum, the baths, the gymnasium, or the theatre, and prided themselves on their city—its Acropolis, its edifices. Individual pride, as we know it, and the strife by which each man endeavours to surpass others in his individual attainments and mode of life, were turned into widely-different channels in this city of antiquity. Public life was first, private life secondary; and the women in their apartments—the *gynæceum*—were luxuriously indolent, or, with some Penelope-like pursuit, awaited the time when their male relatives and friends should turn to their homes for a few hours' repose."

We picture the FORUM as the city's centre of life, with its Temple of Jupiter at one end, its tribunal at the other, its long Doric colonnades on either side, and spacious area within. All are now represented by mere ruins, yet ruins that vividly recall the olden time, and enable us almost without effort to recapture the scene presented here when Pompeii was in the heyday of its prime—to fancy the proud senator strutting towards the temple where the senate met, the busy lawyer or the anxious litigant hastening to the court of justice, the money-changers sitting with their gold and silver heaps in front of them, the merchants making their bargains, with groups of citizens everywhere pacing the marble slabs of pavement.

In all Roman towns an open space was set apart—just as in our day we have our market-square—to be the focus of business and the resort of pleasure. Originally this open space was a cattle-market; but as time rolled on cattle- and provision-markets were established in other parts of the city, and the Forum became the centre of justice, commerce, religion, and civic administration. The Forum of Pompeii was over five hundred feet in length and one hundred and forty feet in width, and was surrounded on three sides by a colonnade. On the fourth side was the Temple of Jupiter, reached by many steps, and on either hand of this was a triumphal arch. Six streets converged here; but to prevent equestrian and vehicular traffic, stone stoops were fixed at frequent intervals. In this open space, which was paved with white travertine, there were twenty-two pedestals, some of them surmounted by statues of illustrious citizens. Many of the statues were equestrian, and most were of bronze; the bases bore the name of the person commemorated and an inscription denoting the deed which had caused their erection.

That alterations and renovations were in active progress at the time of the destruction of the city is shown by the unfinished portions of new columns and by architraves laid ready for placing in position. The Forum was the centre of political life. Rolfe reminds us that it was here that the elections were held and municipal officers appointed. Here enthusiastic scenes took place

when the popular voice seconded the decree of the *decuriones*, according special honours to illustrious citizens. The Forum was also used for other important purposes of civil life, and was surrounded by public buildings. It was the religious centre, for it was here that the great sacrifices were celebrated and all public festivals solemnized. Here were the treasury and the town-hall; the *basilica*, or court of justice; the *curulis*, or meeting-place of the senate; the *tabularium*, or building where the public records were kept; the temples, barracks, prison, and public granaries. Various trades were carried on beneath its porticoes: the money-changers had their offices there, whilst hardware-dealers spread out their cutlery upon the pavement, just as their posterity do in the streets of Naples in the present day.

"One of the most striking points of view in Pompeii," observes Mrs. King, "is, when standing in the Forum, you face the Temple of Jupiter, and look through Caligula's Arch down the perspective of a long street, while beyond and above the whole rises the ever-present cone of Vesuvius. As you walk down the deserted streets, you get glimpses of columned courts, and walls still gorgeous with the deep brilliant red to which Pompeii has given a name, with one here and there painted in delicate arabesques or with a classic scene from the history of their gods. Farther on is an alcove for a fountain in mosaic, the colours bright and beautiful as when first buried."

The BASILICA is the especial offspring and symbol of Western civilization—Greek in its origin, Roman in its progress, Christian in its ultimate development. It took its name from two Greek words: *βασιλέως οἶκος—i.e.* the king's house. The *basilica* of Pompeii was a large and handsome building which served as a court of law and an exchange. The two uses were so mixed up together that it is not easy to say which was the chief. It was an adjunct to the Forum, affording shelter and comparative freedom from interruption. It had a gallery, and was probably not roofed in the centre. The magistrates' raised tribunal was at one end: the Pompeian

basilica was rectangular and had not a semicircular apse, as was generally the case. The area was divided into a wide nave and two narrow aisles. It is probable that the gallery was frequented by both women and men; the women used one side, the men the other—Pliny says, to see and hear what was going on—a custom still common in our own local magisterial courts. There is a further interest in the *basilicæ*, as they were subsequently adapted to Christian worship, when that form of religion spread itself over the Western Empire, whilst the shape is still retained in some of our cathedrals and churches.

"Ye everlasting piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared."
WORDSWORTH.

It may be of interest to note that the custom of placing the altar of the church at the east end is almost unknown in Italy. St. Peter's at Rome is entered from the east end, and not, as in most of our churches, from the west. These *basilicæ* were of course erected as circumstances demanded; and when they were turned into churches, the old materials were utilized, even the doors being retained. Where the judge had sat the bishop was afterwards enthroned, the clergy occupied the half-circle of seats on each side which had previously been allotted to the judge's assessors, whilst over the side-aisles were galleries which were allotted to the women.

It may be doubted whether in any respect, in the eyes of the Romans, the temples were as important and venerable as the *basilicæ*. The people cared for government and justice more than for religion, and consequently paid more attention to the affairs of the *basilicæ* than to those of the temples.

PUBLIC BATHS.—The Romans in the earlier period of their history used the cold bath but seldom—only for health and cleanliness, not as a luxury. The room set apart for the daily washing of the body was called the *lavatrina* or *latrina*, and was placed near the kitchen, so that warm water might be easily procured. As

to the public baths, they were, properly speaking, a Roman adaptation of the Greek *gymnasium*, and began and ended with the Empire.

When we consider that many of the Roman citizens bathed seven times a day, the baths may be said to have been to them a necessity—not, indeed, that they might "wash and be clean," but that they might relieve themselves of the effects of gross feeding, or of exposure to exercise, or fatigue. By others it was considered that the use of the warm bath checked the ravages of age and prolonged life. The practice appears to have been carried to an absurd extent, so that it became necessary to pass a special edict that no person should remain in the baths longer than two hours at a time.

The magnificence of the *Thermæ Caracallæ*, the baths of ancient Rome, was unparalleled. Architecturally and as regards decoration they were well-nigh perfect; they covered, with their grounds, twenty-four acres. The massive walls of the colossal structure were lined internally with marble, and the floors with mosaics, whilst from their ruins much of the best-known statuary of the Vatican has been recovered. They could accommodate sixteen hundred bathers at once.

Seneca gives a glowing description of the plebeians' bath. The wall, he tells us, blazed with precious marbles, the chambers were adorned on every side with gorgeous mosaics, the water was discharged from silver taps into marble basins; in fact, he adds, with rhetorical hyperbole, "our feet disdain to tread except on precious stones."

The modern buildings which in extent approach most nearly to the Baths of Caracalla are probably our Parliament Houses. These, with Westminster Hall, cover nearly the same area as did the central block of the baths. But there the comparison ends. There is no building of modern times, on anything like the same scale, arranged, as this one is, wholly for architectural effect, irrespective of any utilitarian purpose. St. George's Hall at Liverpool is the most exact copy in modern times of a part of these baths. With the two courts at each end, it makes up a suite of apartments very similar to those found at the Baths of Caracalla. The whole building,

however, is less than one-fourth the size of the central mass of the Roman baths. "As the visitor tries to restore to his mind's eye the marble pillars, the statues, the profuse decorations in gold, silver, and costly stones, the fountains, arcades, pictures, and libraries of these *thermæ*, even the majesty of St. Peter's," says Fergusson, "seems to sink into insignificance before the pleasure-grounds of Cæsar's subjects."

The baths of Pompeii were establishments for the convenience of bathers; and, although they are decorated with taste internally, and are well worthy of study, their smallness and the inferiority of their design preclude their being placed in the same category as those of the capital. The Roman baths, indeed, are as characteristic of the city as her amphitheatres, and are such as could exist only in a capital where the bulk of the people were able to live on the spoils of the conquered world rather than by the honest gains of their own industry. They imply a command of labour and material beyond the resources of the richest sovereign. And yet all this beauty and magnificence was open to the poorest citizen.

The public baths of Pompeii stood in the vicinity of the Forum. They were admirably arranged, spacious, highly decorated, and superior to any of those in our chief modern cities. There is reason to suppose that the completion and dedication of the baths preceded the destruction of the city by a short time only, for an inscription written on a wall of the court of the baths was found, on excavation, to be quite legible; and as it was the custom to write these notices in the most public places, and after a very little while to cover them with others, as one bill-sticker defaces the labours of his predecessors, the conclusion seems to be a sound one. Many inscriptions have been discovered painted one over the other in this manner at the corners of the principal streets. One inscription lets in a side-light upon the sumptuous spectacle usually provided on the dedication of a public building for the public service. There were combats (*venatio*) between wild beasts, or between beasts and men—a cruel sport, of which the Romans were passionately fond; athletic games (*athletæ*); and the sprinkling of perfumes, which

were distributed after being mixed with boiling water and placed in the centre of the building, so that the scents might rise with the steam, and be soon diffused.

The baths occupy a space of a hundred square feet, and are divided into three separate and distinct compartments. One of these was appropriated to the fireplaces and to the servants of the establishment: the others were occupied by a set of baths, contiguous to each other, consisting of four principal rooms,—the *apodyterium*, or dressing-room; the *frigidarium*, or cold-water bath; the *tepidarium*, or warming-room; and the *calidarium*, or hot-water and vapour-room,—and supplied with heat and water from the same furnace and from the same reservoir. The apartments and passages were paved with white marble in mosaic. Here was found a window two and a half by three and a half feet, in which was fixed glass half an inch thick, ground on one side. It is probable that the smaller baths were used by the women. To judge from what is left of them, the various apartments were evidently fitted in the most elegant and sumptuous manner. Whilst, of course, accommodation was provided for a large number of bathers, rooms for athletic games and playing at ball, and halls for conversation and the public lectures of rhetoricians and philosophers, as well as porticoes and vestibules for the idle, libraries for the learned, and *salons* for concerts and literary entertainments, were added.

The usual time for taking the bath was the eighth or ninth hour, or indeed any time shortly before the hour of *cena*, which of course varied according to the occupation or convenience of the bather. Hadrian forbade all except invalids to bathe before two o'clock.

If we follow one of the dandies of that day into the bath, we find that he is welcomed at the entrance by the *ostiarius*, or porter, and met by the *capsarius*, or wardrobe-keeper, who takes charge of his wraps. He receives the salutations of his friends, exchanges the latest topics of the day, or reads the *Acta Diurna*, or daily newspaper. Then may follow the selection of the particular bath which is suitable to his case or agreeable to his taste.

In the *apodyteria* of the Pompeian *thermæ* we still see the holes in the walls into which the pegs for suspending the clothes were inserted. The bather next entered the *tepidarium* (sudatory bath), where the dry rubbing (*destringere*) also took place. Thence he proceeded to the *calidarium* to take a hot bath in a large reservoir (in a niche of this room stood the flat *labrum* with cold water). A cold plunge in the *piscina* of the *frigidarium* terminated the bath proper. Afterwards the bather was anointed with oil or other unguent, and scraped with the *strigilis*, of which many specimens have been found. As soap was not known, the poorer classes used in its stead a sort of paste made of *lupina*, a species of pulse, whilst the wealthy people had different ointments. After the bath, the hair and skin were rubbed again with odoriferous ointment, and the clothes were scented. The bather, when his toilet was completed, rested on one of the various lounges, or took a turn or two in the colonnades, before returning home in time for *cena*.

The Stabian Baths, which stand in the Lesser Forum, were discovered in 1854, and are probably the best preserved, and therefore the most interesting, of any Roman baths in Europe. They were the finest and most luxurious in Pompeii, and were probably patronized only by the wealthier classes, as they formed the centre of the social life of the city. We enter by the principal entrance, and find ourselves in a large court, or *palæstra*, for athletic sports and exercises. Wrestling was the favourite diversion of the Roman youths; but a game with balls similar to "fives" was played in the *sphæristerium*, and swinging the *corycos*, a sack of sand which was suspended from a pole, were also greatly affected. The association of the bath and the *palæstra*, where athletes practised for the public games, is interesting. It shows that Horace was depicting an actual fact when he wrote of their conjunction—of which these Pompeian baths furnish an example.

In the Street of Nola have been found new baths nearly complete at the time of the destruction of the city; they were intended to be of a much finer description than either of the other establishments.

During the Empire no villa was complete without its "Turkish

bath." Marriott, in his description of the five-storeyed cliff-houses of Pompeii, considers that the large bath-rooms found there may have belonged to the family of the house, or may have been a private bathing establishment, to which admission was given by payment, and suggests this because the baths could be reached by a separate entrance from the street; moreover, in one house an inscription was found, which, translated, ran thus: "Baths of M. Crassus Frungi. Salt- and fresh-water baths, kept by the freedman Januarius."

The baths were to the Pompeians what "the club" is to most of us at the present day, except that the public were admitted to them almost gratuitously—they were open to the lower orders as freely as to the wealthiest patricians. It has been stated that the baths were originally open only from sunrise to sunset; but, from the numerous lamps found in them, it is reasonable to infer that they were used at night also.

Luxury and idleness and the habits born of them have been thought to have been among the principal causes of the decline and fall of Rome; and the vices which were encouraged in the baths probably accounted for the impression of some of the early Christians that uncleanliness was a virtue—an impression which, we think, still prevails amongst certain of the monastic orders in the present day.

It is a matter for surprise that an institution so necessary to health as the bath should have disappeared so completely from modern Italy. Rolfe says that all traces of the public bath vanished from that country about A.D. 450. The custom of bathing in public baths had spread eastward; whence it travelled westward again centuries afterwards; so that it may be said that Rome was the mother of the modern "Turkish bath."

They were not all bathers who frequented the baths. Many went there to hear the gossip of the town, to chat over the last new play or the coming gladiatorial show, to while away their time in criticising the sports of the bathers, to discuss the latest dinner-party, or perhaps to pay court to some professional beauty who was to be found there.

The baths were closed when any serious public misfortune happened, just as we should close our theatres. It is probable that they were in charge of the *ædiles*, whose duty it was to keep them in repair, and who were responsible through the *quæstor* for their cleanliness and proper temperature. When the water was ready and the baths prepared, notice was given by the sound of a bell. In the Stabian Baths a sun-dial and water-clock with some method of striking the hours attached were also found.

Persons in delicate health made use of sponges, which Pliny says answered for towels, as well as *strigiles*; they were finally dried with towels and anointed. The common people were supplied with all accessories, but the wealthy were attended by their own slaves who carried the necessaries with them.

Besides these ordinary baths the Romans knew and availed themselves of the medicinal powers of mineral springs. Many votive inscriptions tell of successful cures in these places; for the use of such baths was a favourite prescription of the ancient physicians. These watering-places, like those of modern times, were frequented by both the sick and the healthy; some indeed—Baiæ foremost amongst them—became centres of fashionable life and amusement. The beautiful air and scenery of Baiæ and its close proximity to Naples, Puteoli, and Misenum, the chief station of the navy, tended, quite as much as its hot sulphur springs, to make it a fashionable watering-place. The dance, the chase, gambling and other vices, were the order of the day, and were indulged in with greater freedom than in Rome or the large cities.

In addition to Baiæ, the Romans had Velia and Salernum, the former on the hot-water, the latter on the cold-water system; and when one failed, the citizens sought the other, just as people do in our own day. We are indebted for our knowledge of the celebrity of these waters to Horace, who, in consequence of a severe affection of the eyes, was recommended by the new cold-water doctor Antonius Musa to repair to the very cold waters of Velia and Salernum, the warm waters of Baiæ being considered prejudicial. It is recorded that this same physician had the happiness of curing Augustus Cæsar

of a chronic disease of the liver which his other doctors held to be desperate, and this cure raised both the profession and its professors out of contempt. The cold bath was thereupon prescribed for all disorders; but the prescription which had cured Augustus having unhappily killed Marcellus, the science of physic and the man who practised it fell into their former disrepute.

For centuries after the pantheism of Rome was overthrown by Christianity, and when the priesthood and their deities had passed away together, baths and mineral waters were held in abhorrence, and forsaken. In former times, men could not or would not be cured by such means unless their imagination was inflamed. They saw only glimmering lights of science by which to account for the marvellous. Their reason demanded an adequate cause, and thus the presiding divinity of the spring was their only hope. But Christianity threw their deities into contempt; and the springs, robbed of the glitter of their garish ceremonial, lost also their efficacy in public regard.

THE EXCHANGE OF EUMACHIA OR CHALCIDIUM was erected by the priestess Eumachia and her son, and dedicated to Concordia, the Roman goddess of peace. It was a handsome building, but is now much decayed. The door of the portico was decorated with the beautiful arabesques in marble, representing birds and animals in foliage, at present in the Neapolitan Museum. Passing through the doorway, we find ourselves in a large court surrounded by a covered passage, as well as by a cloister, supported upon Corinthian pillars, which was decorated originally with portraits of illustrious citizens. Within the portico were various vats and water-taps, which are supposed to have belonged to the fullers, who, out of gratitude for the use of this portico, erected in honour of the priestess the statue which stood in a shrine in the eastern apse. As to the further purpose of the building, it is thought probable that it was used as an exchange. Rolfe suggests that the merchants and traders having probably been turned out of the *basilica*, where the hum from their conversation interfered with the administration of justice, resorted hither. No

place more convenient could have been found. Here the money-changers would have their seats, and the commercial business of the city would be transacted.

THE LESSER OR TRIANGULAR FORUM bears much the same relation to the second group of public buildings as the Greater Forum does to the first. It is bounded on three sides by the remains of a *porticus* of a hundred columns of the Doric order; the southern side, towards Sorrentum, was open. It stands on the south wall of the city, having the theatres and barracks on its eastern side, and ordinary dwelling-houses on the west, interspersed among them, however, being the temples of Hercules, Isis, Æsculapius, and the Stabian Baths. The Forum is entered by a handsome portico of eight massive Ionic columns, which have been carefully restored. As in the case of the Greater Forum, carriages and horsemen were rigorously excluded. On the south wall it contained a semicircular seat, with a sun-dial in its raised back, whence a lovely view of the mountains of Castellamare, of Sorrentum, and of Capri is obtainable. Upon this seat, as Butler reminds us, we may fancy many an inhabitant, wearied with "evil tongues, rash judgments, the sneers of selfish men, and greetings where no kindness is," sitting and "refreshing himself with quietness and beauty."

THE GREATER OR TRAGIC THEATRE is situated to the south of the Street of Abundance, and it was estimated to accommodate five thousand persons. It was built by Marcus Antonius at the expense of the brothers Holconius. Their statues stood upon the stage, and seats in a prominent position were allotted to them: an inscription to this effect may be seen. The architect, taking advantage of the hill, cut his theatre out of it. The people could enter on a level with the top of the second class of seats, at more than half the height of the whole theatre; or they could enter on a level with the bottom seats on the opposite side, from Stabia Street, and ascend instead of descend to their places. The horse-shoe seats were all hewn out of the soft tufa and faced with slabs of white marble.

They were cut out in such a way that the feet of the spectators did not inconvenience the persons sitting on the tiers below, a point sometimes forgotten in the construction of modern theatres. The stage was long and narrow; Horace laid down a rule that only three actors should appear on the stage at one time. In front of it we see the niches in which the musicians sat, and an opening in the ground behind for the rising and falling of the curtain. This theatre was not roofed over, and on the outer walls are to be seen the holes and the stone rings into which were placed the poles that supported the awning, spread to protect the audience from sun or rain. Behind, also, was a reservoir of water, used in hot weather for refreshing the spectators by means of a slight sprinkling.

We see here a foreshadowing of the telephone, for, in order that the voice might be heard in every part of the building, little bronze cups were suspended at intervals under the seats, the better to convey the sound.

There was no confusion on entering the theatre, for around it was a series of doors, each leading to a set of steps, the door which should be entered being stated on the ticket of admission. The men of rank sat in the orchestra, on chairs of state carried thither by their slaves; others on the upper rows of marble benches, usually on cushions which they brought with them. Above was the women's gallery, partitioned off into compartments like the boxes in English or Continental theatres. The scene was immovable and built of brick or marble; it represented the façade of a royal palace, and was pierced by three doors, handsomely decorated. The chorus moved in the semicircular space in front of the stage, passing up to it by the steps at the completion of the play.

The gallery of the theatre was called "the dove-cote." Some of the theatre tickets found in Pompeii were shaped like a dove. Even to this day in provincial theatres in Italy the tickets used for the gallery are of this shape.

The architect of the theatre was probably a Greek; if not, he copied a device seen in several Greek theatres, by which advantage

is taken of a subtle source of pleasure—*viz.* that the audience, whilst watching the progress of the play, should have a magnificent view over the top of the stage of the plains of Sarno and the mountains of Stabiæ. Rest was thus given to the eye by the contrast which the verdure and purple presented to the somewhat sombre stage, and by the view of the groves, plains, and mountains. Since it faced south, the audience were shielded from cold winds.

THE SMALL OR COMEDY THEATRE is close by, in a much more perfect state than the other, many of the seats still remaining intact. The building, which dates from 75 B.C., was erected by the town council, and contained seats for fifteen hundred people. An inscription records that it was roofed over, probably with wood. The orchestra was paved with coloured marbles, and another inscription in bronze stated that Marcus Olconius Verus, a *duumvir*, gave it to the city, in lieu of providing public games, on his accession to office. The seats were cut in such a way that the persons sitting in one tier did not inconvenience those sitting in the tier below. The lowest tier, the ends of which terminated in carved figures, or griffins, was always reserved for the magistrates and the more eminent men of the city, the rest of the seats being free.

Stone steps led down to the GLADIATORS' BARRACKS OR FENCING SCHOOL, which consists of a square of exercising-ground, surrounded by a block on stuccoed Doric pillars, above which were sleeping-rooms. The paintings on the walls of one of the large rooms were very fine, representing triumphs of the arena. It also contained a collection of handsome bronze helmets, shields, and gladiatorial arms of various kinds. The inscriptions on the walls leave no doubt as to the use of the building, since they consist of programmes of entertainments in the amphitheatre, eulogies of persons who caused them to be held, and a vow by a gladiator to Venus if his arms should prove successful. Many skeletons were found in the building, probably the remains of gladiators who were wounded and unable to escape. Here, also, were the stocks, now at Naples, in which were the skeletons of four men who were undergoing this

particularly unpleasant form of punishment at the time of the destruction of the city, and were evidently forgotten.

The gladiatorial school accommodated about one hundred and thirty men, and may have supplied gladiators to the very large number of amphitheatres which were found within a short distance of Naples, although we learn from the inscription that sixty or seventy gladiators were often engaged in a single show at the Pompeian Amphitheatre, nearly one-half of whom were probably killed at each entertainment.

The public building most distant from the Forum is the AMPHITHEATRE, which is situated at the south-eastern extremity of the city, half a mile away from the streets. It was in a suburb given over to the masses. Though not comparable as regards size with the amphitheatres of Rome, Capua, and Puteoli, it was built on the same plan. Its site was given by the two *decemvirs* Valgus and Pocius; whilst the cost of construction, as may be seen from various inscriptions, fell upon different magistrates on accession to office, assisted by the town council. It was built in the form of an ellipse, and its external appearance is somewhat insignificant, as, in order to facilitate the construction, a considerable portion of it, as high as the second storey, was formed by excavating the earth. Internally it is divided into three series of seats, the first with five, the second with twelve, and the third with eighteen tiers; whilst above there was a gallery which could be reached from the outside as well as from the inside of the building. On the top of the lowest tier was an iron railing to protect the spectators from any of the wild animals which might jump from the arena among the audience. On the authority of Rolfe, this was stuccoed and painted with appropriate scenes, but these have now vanished. It differed from the theatres in that the tiers of seats ran completely around the oval arena. It seated over twelve thousand people, and could accommodate twenty thousand spectators. Its large dimensions prevented it from being roofed in, and, to protect the audience from the fierce rays of the sun, it was usual to stretch

an awning of different colours overhead—no light task, considering its size and weight. The small door in the centre was that through which the bodies of the slain combatants were drawn to a mortuary cell. Externally it would appear that a boulevard encompassed three parts of the building, beneath the trees of which the sellers of refreshments erected their stalls. The rest of the building adjoined the city walls.

The occupancy of the best seats was not a question of money, as with us, but one of rank. A certain order of precedence was observed—senators, *equites*, and plebeians. The *podium* was set apart for the senators. This was a broad, cushioned portion next to the arena; here also sat the prefect, the donor of the games, and the Vestal Virgins. The *equites* occupied the rows behind the senators, and with them were the civil and military tribunes; and farther behind these were the seats of the plebeians, divided by passages into wedge-shaped compartments called *cunei*. Women were placed in a gallery, the highest gallery of all being allotted to attendants and slaves. The arrangements for ingress and egress of the audience were perfect. The arches of entrance were numbered, and the admission tickets bore corresponding numbers, so that every person went at once to his proper seat.

THE TEMPLES OF POMPEII are not considered the highest examples of early Roman architecture. They are by no means equal to the Temple of Neptune in Pæstum, which may be said to be the most perfect ancient temple out of Greece.

Of those uncovered, the Temple of Apollo, which stands near the Basilica, is the largest and handsomest, and the only one peripteral. It was dedicated to Venus. Its walls were decorated mainly with scenes representing the Trojan War. It contained statues of Venus (the patron goddess of Pompeii), Apollo, and Diana, with a conical stone representing the centre of the earth and the universal symbol of the sun-god. The *cella* is in the Corinthian style, with six columns in front and ten on either side, the floor being beautifully paved with coloured marble. In the apartment for the

priests was found a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus. The public measures for wine, oil, and grain stood in a recess in this temple.

The Temple of Jupiter stands on a high basement, and is approached by a double flight of steps of unequal depth, due possibly to observance of the maxim of ancient architects—that the worshipper, beginning the ascent with the right foot, shall first place the same foot within the building. This temple had suffered severely in the earthquake of A.D. 63, and at the time of the destruction of the city steps were being taken to restore it. It is flanked by two triumphal arches.

In the disinterment of the Forum, opposite to the Temple of Jupiter, was found a new altar of white marble, of exquisite beauty, and apparently just out of the sculptor's hands. An enclosure was in process of being built all round it; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out. One can see the long sliding stroke of the trowel, about to return and obliterate its own track. But it never did return, for the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested; and to-day, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, the whole looks so fresh and new, that it is hard not to suppose that the mason has only just gone to his dinner, and is about to come back immediately to smooth the roughness.

The Temple of Mercury is small and somewhat irregular in shape. It has in its centre a sacrificial white marble altar, the upper and lower parts enriched with mouldings, with reliefs on all four sides. One represents an ox being led up for sacrifice, and we see depicted the instrument with which he is to be killed—a very efficient one, similar to a colossal hammer. The priest is crowned with a wreath, and holds in his hands a *patera*, or plate, as if about to sprinkle and purify the victim before offering it to the gods. On the opposite side of the altar is a wreath of oak leaves bound with the *vitta*, and having on each side young olive-trees sculptured, whilst on the two ends are the various implements and ornaments of sacrifice.

The Temple of Hercules is situated in the Triangular Forum.

Of Greek origin, this temple was the oldest, the most massive, and at one time the most magnificent in Pompeii. At the period of the city's destruction it was in a very dilapidated condition and out of use, albeit it was built in perhaps the choicest position in the city for magnificent scenery. In front of the temple is an enclosure, a relic unique of its kind, called a *bidental*—a name given to a spot where a thunder-bolt had fallen. Such places were held in special awe by the ancient Romans, and were set apart as sacred to Pluto and the infernal deities. It contains a large *embouchure*, or fountain, and is surrounded by a small circular temple with Doric columns.

The Temple of Fortune was a beautiful little Corinthian edifice built by the *decemvir* Marcus Tullius. Within the *cella* was a statue of the goddess. The Roman ladies were especially devoted to the worship of Fortune, who was supposed to be able to hide the personal defects of her votaries from the eyes of husbands and lovers.

The Temple of Æsculapius is the smallest in Pompeii, and stands in the Stabian Street near the theatres. It takes its name from two life-sized terra-cotta figures found in the *cella*, supposed to be Æsculapius and his daughter Hygeia. Some doubt has been thrown upon the dedication of this temple. The anterior court contains an altar similar to the sarcophagus of Scipio in the Vatican at Rome.

The Temple of Isis is the most perfect, and in some repects the most interesting, of the temples outside the area of the Forum. From an inscription above the entrance it appears that this structure was restored from the foundation by Popidius Celsinus, after having been overthrown by an earthquake. The building is small, but it affords a very valuable example of the form and disposition of an ancient temple. Two lustral marble basins were found attached to columns near the entrance, as also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, which was probably used for the contributions of worshippers. A sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, is covered by a small building within the enclosure, lavishly decorated with grotesque though admirably-executed designs on stucco. On the chief altar were found the ashes and parts of the burnt

bones of victims, and the white wall of the adjacent building still bears traces of smoke from the altar fires. A beautiful figure of Isis, draped in clothing of purple and gold, and holding in her right hand a bronze *sistrum*, and in her left the key of the sluices of the Nile, was found within the court. In another portion of the court there is a kitchen, on the stoves of which fish-bones and other remnants of a feast were discovered. In the outermost room lay the skeleton of a priest, who was evidently suffocated while trying to make his way through the wall with an axe. The axe was found at his side. Many skeletons were discovered within the precincts of this temple, probably those of priests whose vain confidence in the power of the deity or whose blind attachment to her shrine prevented them from seeking safety in flight. More interesting, however, than the skeletons of priests are the many paintings which the temple contains, representing the priestly costume and the elaborate ceremonial of the worship of Isis. All the implements of sacrifice, in bronze, have been found among the ruins.

In 1898 the director of the excavations decided to uncover a small corner near the Sea Gate, the last spot in that part of the city which remained unexplored. From it there projected a portion of a large and handsome red marble pillar. On the removal of the soil, the site was found to be occupied by the foundations of a temple which was in course of construction at the time of the destruction of the city. This is particularly interesting, because it was supposed that all the sacred edifices of the city had been discovered long ago, no important deity, with the exception of Vesta, being without a representative temple. Unfortunately, there is nothing in the remains of this temple to indicate to whom it was, on completion, to have been dedicated. It is evident that, though very small, it was intended to rival in its decoration any temple which existed in the city; and though it had scarcely risen above the ground-level, the marble architraves, covered with the usual egg-and-tooth moulding, were lying around ready to be placed in position along with Corinthian capitals. Some of the

latter were finished, and others were only partly executed, as was also the base of a column upon which the mason was engaged at the time of the catastrophe which overwhelmed the city. As to the red marble pillar, it is probably safe to conjecture that it was the base for the statue of the god. It was about four feet long, and formed the only piece of coloured marble found on the site.

THE GENERAL PLAN OF POMPEII is very regular, the streets being straight as a rule, and crossing one another at right angles. But an exception is found in the street leading from the Gate of Herculaneum to the Forum, which, though it must have been one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, was crooked and irregular. The principal streets at Pompeii are called by such names as "The Street of Mercury," "The Street of Tombs," "The Street of Sallust," "The Street of Abundance," etc.

The city was by no means singular in the general narrowness of its streets, for this was common to the Italian cities of the era in which it perished. Unlike most of those in modern Italy, all of the streets in Pompeii had raised footpaths, many of which were paved alike, others differently, according to the taste of the owner. Except in the principal thoroughfares, none could have admitted of two carriages being driven abreast, the widest, including the side footpath, measuring only ninety-three feet, the rest averaging about twenty-four feet, the narrower lanes being about fourteen feet wide. All the streets, bordered by *trottoirs*, or pavements, are straight and narrow, and are paved with large blocks of lava. At intervals, especially at the corners, are placed high stepping-stones, leading from one side of the pavement to the other, intended for the convenience of foot-passengers in wet weather. These large stones must have prevented any carriage traffic. Litters were principally used, and it is highly probable that wheeled vehicles were but little patronized in the town itself. The deep ruts found in the streets were caused no doubt by narrow, heavy carts, drawn by mules. Even at the present day horses are turned to but little account for street traffic in Italy.

At the corners of the streets of Pompeii were public fountains, which were uniform in character, and usually decorated with the head of a god or other ornament round the outflow. Water is proved to have been extremely plentiful by the discovery of an aqueduct in 1884. Almost every private house evidently had a fountain in the courtyard; and water-pipes of lead, probably from Cornish mines, with their bronze taps, crop up through the pavement in the side-walks. A fountain is still to be seen at the corner of a street leading from the Forum to the Herculaneum Gate, having at the back a carved emblem of an eagle seizing a hare. Its meaning was no doubt well understood by the people of this ancient city.

The fountain was then, as it is to-day in Italy, the public resort, the centre of gossip, often the scene of courtship—the very hub, indeed, of social life. At every turn you meet what Byron called—

"Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay."

The eyes of some Greek god look into yours; a marble smile mocks you with its centuries-old sweetness. The most intimately human touch is encountered at the fountains placed by the street-crossings, where the stone is worn by the hands of those who used them so many centuries ago. By constantly leaning on one hand whilst they stooped to drink the running water, they wore a hollow in the stone rim of the basin.

The Romans were acquainted with that hydrostatic law by which water flowing in a pipe ascends to the level of its source; and it appears, further, that they were acquainted with that extension of the law by which fluids may be made to ascend in a vertical jet to a height proportionate to the pressure which acts upon them. Several fountains which appear to have been fitted with *jets d'eau* have been found in the houses. This view is confirmed by a picture discovered in one of the houses, representing a broad vase with a jet of water rising from its centre.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF POMPEII.

"A time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them."—RUSKIN.

THE architecture of a people is an important fragment of their history, whilst it is an index of the limit of their knowledge and social progress. Architecture, says Symonds, is always the first of the fine arts to emerge from barbarism in the service of religion and of civil life; and a house, as Hegel remarks, must be built for a god before the image of the god—carved in stone or figured in mosaic—can be placed there. Council chambers must be prepared for the senate of a state before its national achievements can be painted on the walls. In no way is the characteristic diversity of the Italian communities so noticeable as in their buildings. Each district, each town, has a well-defined peculiarity, reflecting the specific qualities of the inhabitants and the conditions under which they grow in culture.

In Imperial Rome, or in any typical city of the Empire, the most extensive and imposing buildings were secular—basilicas, baths, amphitheatres, porticoes, aqueducts. In Greece, on the other hand, there was little or nothing to vie with the temples which were the supreme achievement of Greek architecture. Secular public buildings of course there were, but they did not rank among the architectural glories of the country. To the student of architecture the buried cities have an unique importance; for, whilst we have remains of Roman temples and other public buildings dating back to the Empire, which afford a thorough insight into their plan and

construction, were it not for the excavations at Pompeii it would be utterly impossible for us to form any adequate idea of the domestic architecture of the Romans.

In the whole city of Rome the remains of but one private house have been unearthed—that of Germanicus, found in 1869 in excavating the Palatine. Elsewhere, as at Silchester in this country, the remains of a few houses more or less aberrant in type have been discovered; but in Pompeii hundreds of Roman houses, great and small, elaborate and simple, and of various dates and styles of construction, are to be seen, and these, with their appointments, reveal to us in the most striking manner the every-day life of the Roman world nearly two thousand years ago.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF POMPEII must be regarded as presenting in general a transitional character from pure Greek to that of the Roman Empire. All the three orders of Greek architecture, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, are found in the public edifices of the city, but in their proportions and details these buildings are rarely in strict accordance with the rules of Art; whilst the private houses naturally exhibit still more deviation and irregularity. Rolfe says: "The domestic architecture is interesting mainly from the fact that it is in a transitional style, which combines almost everything that preceded it, and contains the rudiments of every style which followed it. We find houses with a Samnite doorway, a Doric *atrium*, an Ionic peristyle, an arched cellar, and a mosaic pavement. Indeed, everywhere we find the old jostling the new, the Roman asserting his dominion over the work of the Greek and the Samnite, substituting the slender column and springing horse-shoe arch for the solid capital of the Greeks with the flat beam across, and carving the roof into delicate fretwork."

A few general characteristics of the private houses may be mentioned. They are chiefly of one storey, although staircases have been found which prove that some few must have had a second, perhaps a third or fourth storey, these upper portions probably consisting of wood and plaster, and arranged so as to

project beyond the line of the lower storey, very like the half-timbered houses of England and France in the early part of the sixteenth century. Some of the houses had a hanging balcony. This is well seen in the so-called three- or five-storeyed cliff-houses of Pompeii, situated at the south-western extremity of the city. Their name arises from the manner in which the builder has utilized the steep descent of the cliff, from which on the ground-level the houses rise to the same height as those adjacent. They are built in tiers of terraces one behind the other. Communication between the lower and the upper parts of the house was maintained, according to Mr. Marriott, by wooden steps or ladders to the rooms of the slaves, and by long sloping passages and stairs to the better rooms of the mansions. Owing to the solid way in which they made their concrete floors, doubly strengthened by the arch which formed the ceiling underneath, this author thinks that the builder had paid little regard to the relations between the upper set of walls and that of the suite of rooms below, which presumably would have supported the former. May I with all humility suggest to such an august authority as Mr. Marriott that he has failed to recognize that the basements of these houses were constructed after the fortifications were dismantled, and that they are encroachments on what would once have been city walls?

The materials used in the construction of the buildings vary considerably, some being built of blocks of travertine, accurately cut and laid together without mortar. Such houses, however, are not common. They occur here and there in the city, and are in all cases very old houses, dating back at least to the third century before Christ. This style of masonry was called by the Romans *opus quadratum*, and in Rome, where it is also found, is the most primitive among the existing methods of building. The early date of these houses in Pompeii is also shown by a primitive arrangement of the rooms and a peculiar simplicity of mural decoration, as well as by the absence of a second storey to the structure.

The houses of later date—and most of the houses in Pompeii belong to this class—are built of a sort of concrete or rubble-

work, faced with what the Romans called *opus incertum*, or with flat tile-like bricks. This was formed by studding the face of the concrete wall with irregular-shaped pieces of volcanic tufa from three to four inches across, each having its outer face worked smooth and the inner part roughly pointed.

Still later another style of facing came into use—the *opus reticulatum*, so called from its resemblance to the meshes of a net. This is similar to *opus incertum*, except that the stones are carefully cut so as to present a square or lozenge-shaped end, and are fitted closely together. This style of work is, everywhere in the Roman dominions, a sign of construction in the Imperial age.

As a general rule this masonry or brickwork is covered with a hard and very fine white stucco, worked to resemble marble, of which it is an excellent imitation. There is stucco everywhere in the city, both within and without the houses, just as in Naples at the present day.

It is not, however, among the remains of temples, halls of justice, amphitheatres, baths, and other public buildings that the value of Pompeian excavations is to be measured. Among the ruins of other ancient cities are to be found many specimens of public architecture as perfect as those of Pompeii, and on a scale of far greater splendour. But the domestic life, the social habits, the private luxuries of the past have no such illustration, says a competent critic, in any other city as among the silent streets of Pompeii. The homes of all other ancient cities, being built of more perishable materials than the public edifices, have yielded to decay, and, with rare exceptions, have left no trace. The homes of Pompeii remain, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, almost as perfect as when the footfall of their last tenants echoed among their walls. The villa of the nobleman, the shop of the tradesman, and the rude dwelling of the labourer reproduce, with incomparable exactness, the domestic life of the past. In the construction of Pompeian houses the cheapest and least durable materials were preferred. It is because of this that they decay rapidly when exposed to the air. The mortar employed was evidently of bad quality. Copper, lead, and iron, in the working of

which metals the Italians were highly skilled, were used, but rather for purposes of ornament than solidity. Their lockwork, for instance, was coarse and rough; while knockers, door-handles, and bolts were most elegantly wrought. Little skill or care is exhibited in their woodwork, the beams of houses in some places having never been squared. The outside of the house was plain and gloomy. The internal decorations, though brilliant and often gaudy, were seldom of a costly nature, excepting in the case of mosaic pavements, which were frequently of great beauty. Little marble was used, even in public buildings; but its place was supplied by a singularly beautiful stucco, capable either of receiving paintings or being modelled into bas-reliefs. For the flooring of the commoner houses a sort of composite was employed, which was occasionally inlaid with slabs of marble, in various patterns. Sometimes these marbles were coloured; and this style of decoration evidently suggested the idea of mosaics. In the better class of houses mosaics were used.

The discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii threw a flood of light upon the construction and arrangements of an ancient Roman home. The silent testimony of those partially-ruined and long-buried houses is all the more valuable because, in Pompeii especially, they represented the average middle-class dwellings of a provincial town, commodious and even elegant as compared with the farm-houses and cottages of the rural poor, but cramped and insignificant beside the more costly city mansions, and the still more extravagant and extensive mountain and seaside villas of wealthy nobles. Of the latter the villa of Hadrian—which, with its magnificent grounds, occupied an area of several square miles—may be taken as a type.

Preston has shown how the one essential feature of all these houses—the central point and distinctive mark of the Roman dwelling in all its developments, that which distinguishes it from the houses of Greece and the farther East on the one hand, and allies it with the homes of our own race on the other—was the *atrium*, long the common living-room of the entire family. The earliest Roman houses may be said to have been all *atrium*, its very name being probably derived from the black colour imparted to the room

and its contents by the circling smoke of the hearth fire, which had to find its way out by the door or the perforated roof.

In Roman times there were five different kinds of houses, differing mainly in the manner of construction and the details of the *atrium*, or great hall. "The *atrium*," says Becker, "was the original focus of all domestic life, somewhat like the 'great hall' of the mediæval knight, and with it were connected all the most important incidents of the Roman's existence from the cradle to the grave. In the old *atrium* stood the hearth (*focus*), serving alike for the profane purposes of cooking and also for the reception of the *penates*. Near the familiar flame they took their common meal—'*et in atrio et duobus ferculis antiqui epulabantur.*' Here sat enthroned the mistress of the house in the midst of her maids; here were the *thalamus nuptialis* and the strong box of the father of the family. Several such have been dug up at Pompeii. Here all visits were received. Here the corpses of the deceased members of the family lay in state until their interment. Here, lastly, were suspended the waxen masks, or *imagines*, those dear mementoes of their deceased forefathers."

Both external and internal doors were bivalve; hence we read of "the folding-doors of a bedchamber." Those made of wood have of course perished. The door of a tomb of Pompeii is made of a single piece of marble, including the pivots, which were encased in bronze and turned in sockets of the same metal. It is cut in front to resemble panels, and thus to approach more nearly to the appearance of a common wooden door. At night the front door of the house was fastened by bolts, and further secured by means of a wooden or iron bar placed across it and inserted into sockets on each side of the doorway; whilst chamber doors were secured by bolts. It is highly probable that in *insulæ* and large houses locks and keys were used. The key of the outer door had a ring at the extremity of the handle to suspend it from the wrist of the *janitor*. The rooms of the house were also opened inside with keys, and sometimes the doors had locks inside and out.

The name of the owner or occupier has been constantly found

on the doorpost. "The *atrium*," Gilman tells us, "was entered by way of a vestibule open to the sky. Double doors admitted the visitor to the entrance-hall, or *ostium*. There was a threshold, upon which it was unlucky to place the left foot. A knocker afforded the means of announcing one's approach; and a porter, who had a small room at the side, opened the door. Perhaps myrtle or laurel might be seen on a door, indicating that a marriage was in process of celebration; or a chaplet, announcing the happy birth of an heir. Cypress, probably set in pots, in the vestibule indicated a death, as a crape festoon does upon our own door-handles; whilst torches, lamps, wreaths, garlands, branches of trees, showed that from some cause there was joy in the house.

In these Pompeian houses the entrance door did not open directly from the street, but at the end of a passage paved with tiles, and flanked by rooms which were usually let out as shops. The door led sometimes into a short continuation of the passage, divided by a curtain from the *atrium*, and sometimes directly into the latter, now often called the *cavædium*, or hollow part of the dwelling, and still constituting its main apartment. This developed *atrium* was oblong in shape, and the centre of the floor was occupied by a marble cistern, with pipes under the floor for carrying off the water. Above this, in the vast majority of cases, there was no roof. The tiled covering of the surrounding space was supported by strong cross-beams, and sloped inwards upon its four sides, for convenience of conducting the rain-water into the cistern below; and there were always arrangements, as in the theatres, for drawing an awning across the open space, by way of protection from the sun. The cooking was done in a kitchen at the back of the establishment; and the hearthstone, where sacrifices to the household gods had been made in primitive times, was represented by a marble altar, set somewhere against the rear wall of the apartment. On either side of the *atrium*, about two-thirds of its length, ran a row of small square rooms—the sitting-, sleeping-, and guest-rooms of the family. These opened into the hall either by doors or by *portières*, and from one of them ascended the steep and narrow stairs which led to

the upper storey. Beyond this range of diminutive rooms the *atrium* broadened into two alcoves, in the comparative seclusion of which, in their mural niches or shrines, were arranged the portrait-busts of the ancestors of the family."

The Roman nobility who had the *jus imaginum*—i.e. the right to have ancestral portraits—were not content with fictile busts: they had masks of the faces of members of the family made immediately after death in wax; these were coloured, and had hair and eyes. In the *atrium*, too, the family-tree was painted against the wall; and in each escutcheon, where we should put a name, there a Roman patrician set up the wax face of his ancestor in a case of marble or alabaster. The images were arranged in such an order that, when connected by lines drawn upon the wall, they showed the relationship and descent of the house's owner. On festivals the boxes were opened, and the heads were adorned with leaves and flowers. Under each mask or bust was a tablet, whereon the name, the deeds done, and the offices held by the ancestor were inscribed. The great length of some of these *gentilia stemmata* shows the antiquity of the practice.

Only such families as were illustrious through holding office in the State had the *jus imaginum*, which was, in fact, the heraldic emblazonment of the Roman. His family was as proud of the number of its busts of ancestors as an English family is now of the quarterings on its shield.

The origin of these waxen masks is to be sought, not in the idea of immortalizing the features of the dead for the benefit of posterity, but in the ancient beliefs connected with burial and with the life of the dead. The primary use of the *imago* was connected with the funeral rites, and the original part it played in these ceremonies is shown by the close analogies that are met with in most of the civilized nations of the ancients, in their portrait-masks for covering the faces of the dead. A complete alteration in the fashion of the images was caused during the Empire, through the decreasing number of noble families and the rise of new ones who had no images and yet wished to decorate the *atrium* with

portraits. The old waxen masks were now giving place to *clipealæ imagines* (bronze or silver medallions), many of the *alæ* of houses at Pompeii being adorned with portrait-medallions either of members of the family or of prominent public characters.

Between the two alcoves, directly opposite to the entrance door, was the opening into the *tablinum*, which was usually divided from the *atrium* by curtains only. It might be used as a parlour, picture-gallery, or an occasional dining-room. It certainly was the coolest refuge on a sultry afternoon, and was probably the library or *sanctum sanctorum* of the mansion. It could be shut off from the rest of the house—from the *atrium* by the heavy curtain or curtains already mentioned, from the open court at the back by folding-doors; and it was flanked by two narrow passages, with doorways at each end, through which the family and servants could pass and repass between the *atrium* and the rear portion of the house. But if the curtains in front of the *tablinum* were withdrawn, and the doors at the back thrown open, he who entered from the front had an uninterrupted, and what must have been on a bright day a very charming, view. He would look across the *atrium*, filled with the diffused and softly-coloured light which filtered through the *velum* overhead, straight down the vista of the *tablinum* to the fountain, flowers, and shrubbery which occupied the centre of the great pillared court, or peristyle, beyond.

From the peristyle, and usually to the right, opened the *triclinium*, or principal dining-room, the neighbouring kitchen, and the chapel, where the images of the gods were set up, and the sacrifices and other ceremonies of private worship were performed. The altar in the *atrium* seems rather to have been a reminiscence of the hearth and an ornamental symbol of devotion than to have been intended for frequent use. Under the colonnade, on the opposite or left-hand side, were store-rooms of various kinds, and a second stair which probably led to the sleeping-rooms of the servants.

With few exceptions the houses of Pompeii were of one storey. It is true, says Fergusson, that we find staircases leading to the roof

and traces of an upper storey; but where this latter is the case, the apartments would appear to have been places used for domestic purposes or for sleeping-rooms of the slaves. All the principal apartments were certainly on the ground-floor; and as an almost inevitable corollary of this, they all faced inwards, and were lighted from court-yards, or *atria*, and not from the outside. With people who were only just becoming accustomed to the use of glass to glaze their windows, it was obviously impossible to enjoy privacy or security without at the same time excluding both light and air, unless their rooms were illuminated from the interior. Hence it arose that in most instances the outside of the better class of houses was given up to shops; whilst the residence, with the exception of the principal entrance, and sometimes one or two private doors, that opened outwards, was wholly hidden from view by its surroundings.

The principal apartments were therefore lighted from above, and the *cubicula* and other smaller rooms generally derived their light from them; the rooms, in fact, looked into the inner courts, and not into the streets. There is an exception to this in the House of the Tragic Poet, which has six windows on the ground-floor. Even in this case, however, the windows are not near the ground, as in a modern house, but are six feet six inches above the foot-pavement, which is raised one foot seven inches above the centre of the street. The windows are small, being hardly three feet by two feet, and at the side there is a wooden frame, in which the window or shutter might be moved backwards or forwards. They appear—these "windows"—to have been merely openings in the wall, closed by means of shutters. Some, however, were protected by lattice-work or iron bars; and, later, they were filled with a transparent stone (mica), which could be split into the thinnest laminæ. In a room of one house was found a bronze frame containing four panes of glass, fastened by nuts and screws.

The *atrium* of a Pompeian house was always a little higher than the street, and generally the ground rose from the *atrium* to the peristyle. The drainage ran the reverse way—from the open

channels round the peristyle garden into the *impluvium*, or drain, of the *atrium*, and thence into the street, and through the street into the river.

Rolfe considers that each householder was liable to repair the street opposite his own door, and was permitted to lay down the footway according to his own taste. In the streets a great variety of paving exists, varying often with each house. In front of the House of the Faun we find the salutation "HAVE!" certainly put there by the owner. Again, part of the roadway, in excellent order, lies between portions that are in a deplorable condition, showing that some householders performed their duty as citizens, whilst others neglected it. Had the *ædiles* been responsible for paving the street, they would have done it continuously, and not in patchwork.

On the ground-floor the front of the larger houses, as has been stated, was generally occupied by shops: if not, the outer wall was stuccoed, and, as a rule, painted in bright colours. Many inscriptions have been found on the walls of the houses, usually in red letters. There was an almost total absence of chimneys; indeed, it is only lately that the use of grates has become general in Southern Italy. There is no doubt that its ancient inhabitants perferred the brazier to a bright fire.

The Romans liked to live at home, far from the indifferent and from strangers. What we term domestic life belongs, says Boissier, in a great measure to the public. "The world has easy access to us; and when it does not come, we desire at least to see it through our widely-opened windows. Among the ancients, private life was more retired, more truly secluded, than with us. The master of the house did not care to look into the street, and, above all, he did not want to be looked at by the street. He had even divisions and distinctions in his house itself. The part where he receives strangers is not that whither he retires with his family; nor is it easy to penetrate this sanctuary, divided from the rest by corridors, shut off by doors and hangings, and guarded by door-keepers. The master receives when he wills; he shuts himself up when he chooses; and if in the vestibule

some client more than usually troublesome or persistent awaits his coming forth, he has a back door, *posticum*, on a narrow street, by which he is able to escape. It may be added that, if the chambers are not large, they are numerous. The Roman has different rooms for all the incidents of the day, just as he possesses servants for all the various necessities of life. With him each room is made exactly for the use it is to be put to. He is not, like us, satisfied with a single dining-room; he has some of different sizes, changing them according to the season and the number of friends he chooses to regale. The room where he takes his *siesta* in the daytime, and that where he retires at night to sleep, are very small, and receive light and air only by means of the door. This is not an inconvenience in the South, where shade brings coolness. Besides, he stays there only just as long as he sleeps. For the remainder of the time he has a court shut in, or nearly so, called the *atrium*, together with an open court, or peristyle. Here it is that he perfers to remain when at home. He is there not only with his wife and children, but in view of his servants, and sometimes in their society. In spite of his taste for retirement and isolation, he does not shun their company. This is because the family of antiquity is more extended than ours, including in a lower degree the slave and the freedman; so that the master, in living with them, still considers himself among his own.

"These open and closed courts where the family pass their lives are found in all Pompeian houses without exception. They are indispensable for the purpose of affording light to all the rest of the premises, and among the less rich pleasure is taken in ornamenting them with taste, and sometimes with profusion. If the ground allows of it, a few shrubs are planted there, or some flowers are grown. Moralists and men of the world laugh at these miniature gardens between four walls. Those who own magnificent villas, with large trees and arbours hung upon elegant columns, discourse of them at their ease. Each does as he is able; and I own," continues the same writer, "that I could not be severe on these poor people who were determined to put a little greenery before their eyes. I am more inclined to find fault with them on account

of their love for those brooklets which they pompously dubbed *euripus*, or for those grottoes of rock- and shell-work which are only so many pretentious toys. Their excuse is that this odd taste has been shared by the citizen classes of all countries and all times. Those of Pompeii, at least, excel all others in their determination not to look on any displeasing object. They possess fine mosaics, brilliant stuccoes, and incrustations of marble on which their eyes may repose with pleasure. The fatiguing glare of the white stones has everywhere been softened by pleasing tints. The walls are painted gray or black, the columns toned with yellow or red. Along the cornices run graceful arabesques, composed of intertwining flowers, mingled at times with birds that never existed or landscapes which have nowhere been seen. These aimless fancies please the eye and do not exercise the mind. Now and then, upon some larger panel, a mythological scene, painted unpretentiously and in broad strokes, recalls to the master some *chef-d'œuvre* of antique art, and enables him to enjoy it from memory; or he may possess a bronze imitation of one of the finest works of Greek sculpture—a dancing satyr, a fighting athlete, a god, a goddess, a cithern-player, etc.—and place it on a pedestal in his *atrium* or his peristyle, to greet it with a look each time he passes out or enters in. These rich Pompeians knew well how to beautify their lives with all the charm of well-being, and to quicken it by the enjoyment of the arts.

"But the chief interest of the houses lies in the style of decoration. The profuseness of colouring and ornament is most striking: no pains were spared in this department. But it was not very solid decoration. Marble columns and walls are rare: usually the material is brick covered with plaster; but this it is that affords such unlimited scope for pictorial decoration. The colours of columns and walls are sometimes glaring, but for the most part everything is in excellent taste. Friezes, garlands, festoons, sprays, meet your eye everywhere, which are simply exquisite; while from a dark ground light airy figures, winged or otherwise, seem to move in airy pathways in every variety of graceful form. The spirit of Paganism is rampant throughout. That Pagan mythology should

furnish most of the themes of the artist was natural enough—such as the story of Narcissus, the loves of Aphrodite, the story of Leda, the revels of Bacchus, or the dances of nymphs and satyrs. We do not wonder that the decorations of a Pagan city should not represent a single Biblical theme, not exemplify one Christian idea. But we are surprised at the frivolous, fantastical, and utterly careless spirit in which the whole system of decoration seems to have been conceived. Were there no noble deeds of history, no touching incidents of family life, no pathetic occasions drawing out the deeper feelings of the heart, worthy of being represented? It would seem not."

Mention may be made here of some of the principal houses that have been uncovered. The House of the Faun was the finest and most classical of the Pompeian mansions, and dated from at least two hundred years before Christ. It took its name from the fact that in the marble *impluvium* was found the beautiful bronze statuette of a dancing faun, which is now in the Museum of Naples. It occupied a whole *insula*, or block between four streets, and has been thought to have been the property of Arbaces the Egyptian.

Here was found the great mosaic supposed to represent the battle of Issus; it formed the pavement of a chamber. The house had two *atria*, which is unusual. It gives one, as one enters, an impression of elegant simplicity. It was certainly one of the most charming residences in Pompeii, and no doubt, remarks an experienced observer, belonged to a man of wealth and rare taste. It had suffered from the first earthquake, and its owner was repairing it when the eruption took place. The remains of more ancient frescoes may be detected under the newly-executed paintings. Piles of bricks, a long frieze in terra-cotta, covered with stucco bas-reliefs representing nereids riding on sea-monsters, and a large collection of various marbles for the pavements, were found in the house ready for use. In the midst of a court-yard, surrounded by a portico, there had been a flower-garden; in its centre stood a graceful marble fountain; at the four corners were placed vases

and statues. Opening upon this garden was a small chamber, the entrance to which was formed by two elegant columns and two pilasters of the Corinthian order, painted red. Between the columns was a pavement in coloured mosaic, representing the course of the Nile. Various Egyptian animals, a crocodile, a hippopotamus, an ichneumon, and many gay birds floating on the stream, typified the river. This was the antechamber to the rich peristyle in which the pavement was formed by the great mosaic, probably the most important work of this nature preserved to us from the ancients. Its subject is a battle between Greeks and Barbarians, who, from their costume, may be presumed to be Persians, or of some other Oriental race. A youthful warrior, clothed in Greek armour, his head bare, charges with his couched spear through a mass of fighting men in flowing garments and lofty head-dresses. The moment chosen is of intense interest. Alexander, charging the Persian bodyguard, transfixes with his lance the Persian noble who has thrown himself before his king. Darius stands helplessly in the chariot, which the driver vainly seeks to disentangle from the *melée*.

The mosaic is of the finest execution, and is about eighteen feet long by nine broad. It is preserved in the Neapolitan Museum. The *tesseræ* are all, we believe, cut from natural stone, and are most skilfully and artistically laid. It is highly probable that the mosaic is a copy of some well-known picture of antiquity, Greek or Roman. So elaborate and important a design could scarcely have been made for a pavement, for which, indeed, it seems but ill adapted. Moreover, we can trace in it an attempt to imitate, in very inadequate materials, the peculiar qualities of a picture. As a work of art it is of great value, as affording the best insight we possess into the knowledge and proficiency attained by the ancients in painting. Not that there is any reason to doubt that a people so skilled in two of the highest branches of art, in architecture and sculpture, should have been deficient in the third. But owing to the far more perishable nature of the medium, no great work of that class has reached us. We can only judge of the perfection attained by the ancients in painting through very

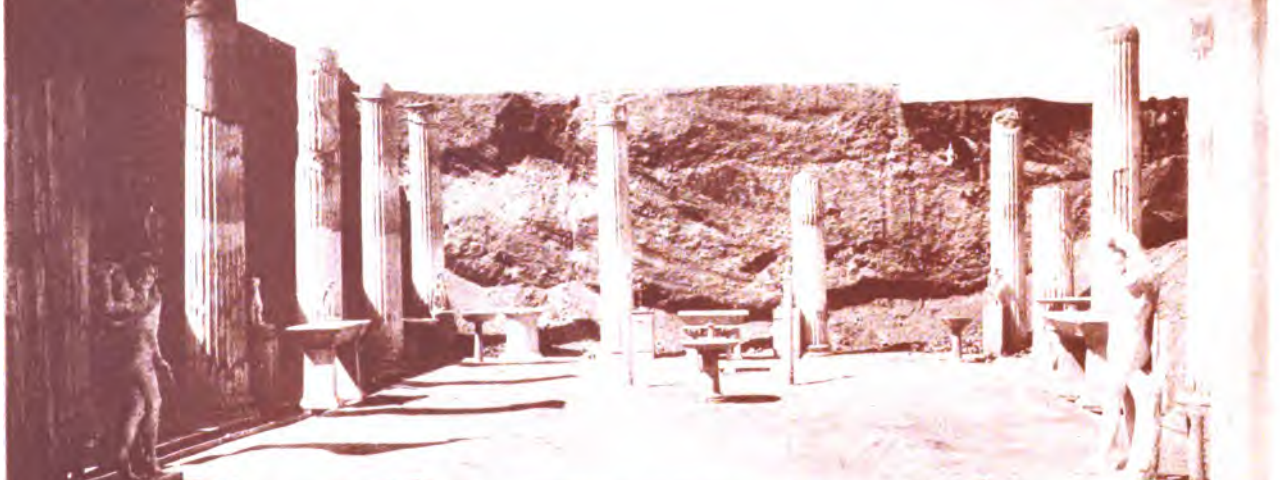
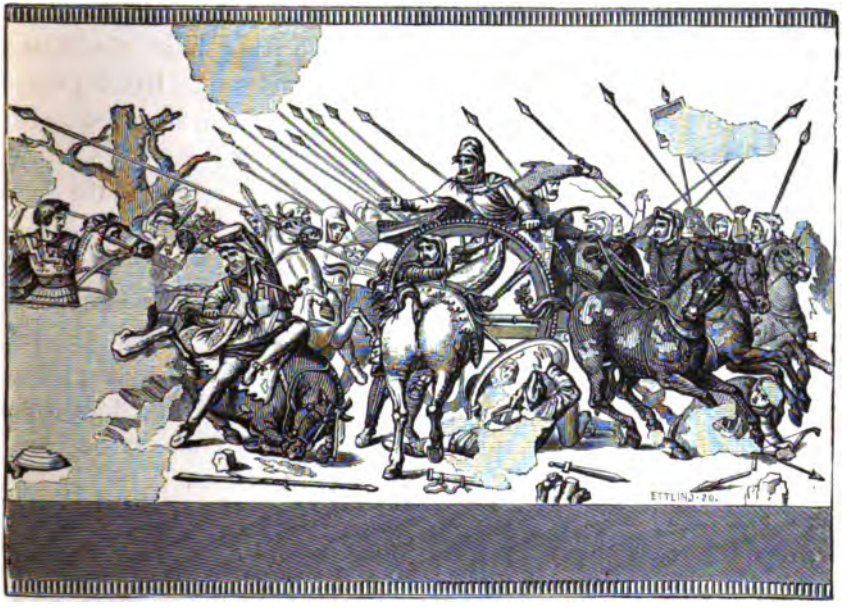


Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples.*

PERISTYLE OF THE HOUSE OF A. VETTIUS.

imperfect copies, or by the still less satisfactory means of written descriptions. Worthy of particular remark in this battle-scene are the admirable grouping and expression of the figures, the spirit of the composition, the correct drawing, the knowledge of foreshortening, and the just application of the laws of light and shade. Even these qualities can give but a faint idea of the beauty of



MOSAIC OF THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

the original, of which this pavement was probably one of many reproductions.

All readers of Lord Lytton's book *The Last Days of Pompeii* will recall the noble Grecian youth Glaucus and his *recherché* mosaics and art treasures; but we did not know until quite lately (until 1895, in fact) that he had a near neighbour whose artistic tastes were equally pronounced, and whose house in some respects excelled in its decoration that in which generations of art worshippers have for nearly a century done willing homage.

The rival house is that of Aulus Vettius, which received its name, on the authority of Mr. Neville Rolfe—the British Consul at Naples, and the highest authority on all that appertains to Pompeian art—from two seals and a ring found in the *atrium*. One of the seals bore the legend "A. VETTII CONVIVAES," which may be interpreted "Of or belonging to A. Vettius Conviva"; the second, "A. Vetti. Res. V. / A. VETTII RESTITUTI," or "The property of A. Vettius Restitutus"; and the bronze ring bore the letters "A.V.C.," evidently an abbreviation of the first seal. Besides these, there were three stones, having graven upon them an *amphora*, an ivy leaf, and the *caduceus* of Mercury respectively.

In Roman times a man's signet was in a measure the most important of his possessions. It served the purpose of a signature, for all business transactions were ratified by it; and as in those days locks and keys had not long been invented, the stores and valuables of many houses were still kept strictly under the seal of the owner. It was a felony to make two signets alike; hence we have in the gems of the ancients the most marvellous compendium of their customs, manners, and beliefs. We may be pretty confident, therefore, that the house belonged to Aulus Vettius. That he was a man who had in his house valuable documents, and perhaps some treasure, is shown by the two strong safes, which were found, built and riveted on a foundation of heavy stones, in the *atrium*. In these strong boxes, as restored, the iron parts are original, filled in with wood. Both of them had their contents removed in ancient times, probably as soon as possible after the destruction of the city; for there is ample evidence that this house, like so many others, was burrowed into when it was first covered by the eruption, and many articles of value taken from it. Holes large enough for a man to creep through occur in places, piercing the party-walls between the rooms.

The writer has mentioned elsewhere a certain Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus, a usurer of the baser sort, who, like many of the descendants of Abraham, in all ages, traded upon the necessities

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. ***Naples***

"ARTS AND CRAFTS."

PAINTED ON THE BAND OF THE DADO OF THE LADIES' SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF A VETTIUS.

of the glided youth of the city. Vettius appears to have been the colleague of Jucundus, as his name often appears as a witness on the documents which the money-lender caused the *jeunesse dorée* to sign. In proof of the fact that he was anxious to be a public man, the author would point out the singular corroboration obtained by a *graffiti* found in Pompeii in the form of an election address,—which ran:—

"A. VETTIUM FIRMUM ÆD. O. V. F. D. R. P. V. O. V. F. PILICREPI FACITE."

The initials of this inscription represent the form of appeal usually adopted in such addresses. They are thus read in full: "*Aulum Vettium firmum Ædilem oro vos facite, dignum republicâ virum! Oro vos facite! Pilicrepi Facite!*" and contain a request to "elect as *ædile* the influential Aulus Vettius, a man worthy of the republic"—a special appeal in his favour being addressed to the *pilicrepi*, or ball-players, probably as the candidate was a brother of their *craft*. Whatever his commercial integrity, he was a man of refined taste in art. The paintings and statuary in his house compare favourably with the best work found in the city. Besides wall-pictures of gods and heroes, there is a frieze representing as a panorama the arts and crafts of the first century of our era. It is painted on the band of the dado of the ladies' boudoir. This band, though only a few inches in depth, is treated with an exquisite subtlety and charm, and is absolutely unrivalled for the taste and miniature-like finish with which it is executed—even among the decorations of this most beautiful room.

Mr. Talfourd Ely suggests that the pictures were placed in this room to show the different industries by which the family of the Vettii had amassed their wealth, and he goes on to show that various members of the family filled the post of "moneyers" at Rome during the first century before Christ. This being so, there is a real meaning in the group representing Cupids at work making coins in a goldsmith's workshop,—two of whom are plying blow-pipes at the furnace, whilst one is finishing a piece of money at a small

anvil with extreme care and dexterity, and another, whose pose is particularly lifelike, is weighing the coins to a customer. We also see two little fellows working with might and main to beat out the metal with a sledge-hammer. The way in which the Cupid is shown wielding the hammer so as to avoid hitting his own wing is especially clever and pleasing.

No greater triumph of skill over material can be imagined than this painting; for, unlike an easel picture which the artist can place in any position or in any light he pleases, this little work is executed on a fixed and vertical wall. It is done on plaster, and with water-colours; and although it is certainly nineteen hundred years old, there is not a figure—nay, there is not so much as a hand—that is not absolutely clear, that has not individuality of expression, that does not mean something, and express that something with admirable distinctness. The figures almost speak. It is most amusing to observe the satisfaction of the Cupid who takes his left hand from under the pan of the scales and finds it exactly equipoised, and to note the calm satisfaction of the customer. We perceive that the first little Cupid, as he puffs out his cheeks to fill his blow-pipe, is carefully directing his flame.

As Rolfe says, this is the production of no copyist; there is no tradition of any one else's work to fetter the artist here. The conception and the treatment are obviously original, and the painter has put his whole mind into his work, till it is as much a part of his being as the hand with which he painted it. These remarks refer with equal cogency to the whole series of these paintings, which were originally sixteen in number, though five of them have now perished.

It having been shown that the Vettii were "moneyers," or minters, and it being clear that they had acquired considerable wealth, it would be surprising, in those days, if they were not landowners as well; and, as landowners, a great part of their income would be derived from wine and oil. Four of the pictures refer to these trades. In one of them Cupid, as oil merchant, is

weighing out the oil for the customer, for the Romans, we know, did not use measures of capacity for oil; and of the three pictures relating to the wine trade, we have one where the vintner is actually selling to his customer—the other two being the vintage and a Bacchic procession with its noisy revellers at the end of the wine-making, answering to our "harvest home."

In "the garland-makers" we have a Cupid leading in a goat, upon whose back is a pair of panniers full of roses, and a number of garlands are hanging round, while some of the workers are busy making wreaths, and one is selling the wares to a lady. Again, we have another picture with a customer in it, and this represents the craft of the fuller. It is not at all beyond the limit of a reasonable conjecture that Vettius was interested in this craft. He would of course conduct such a business through the agency of one of his freedmen: for a Roman gentleman would not trade himself; it was beneath his dignity.

The remaining pictures of this group were merely decorative. That of the boy playing with a duck is a small painting, put in to fill up a dark corner. That of the boys at target practice is also in a bad light, and is a purely subsidiary painting; but it is interesting, as adding another children's game to those with which former pictures have already made us familiar. It is clear from this picture that the penalty incurred by the loser was to carry the winner around on his back. The last picture of the series is a most spirited one, and represents a chariot race, conducted by Cupids in chariots drawn by antelopes.

The decoration of the room was not complete at the time of the destruction of the city. It was evidently the intention of Vettius to add a large picture, as he had marked out a big square on the bright cinnabar wall, that plaster might be inserted and a picture painted upon it whilst it was still wet, so that the colours should become incorporated with the wall itself.

Ely reminds us that little marble has been found at Pompeii. As a rule, it was counterfeited by painted stucco, there being no marble quarries near at hand. This house, however, is exceptional in this

respect. There are several tables of marble in the peristyle, some with hollowed surfaces, others with circular tops supported by griffins, besides numerous fountain-basins and statuettes, among which a hunter with hare and a satyr with wine-skin are praised for their beauty, as are also two bronze statuettes with silver eyes, each holding a goose, from whose bill water flowed. A water-pipe ran completely round the peristyle, and from this issued branch pipes conveying water into the statuettes, each of which formed a fountain. The choicest features of the marble-work are two exquisite pillars, with a tracery of ivy leaves in bas-relief upon them, and surmounted by two pairs of marble heads back to back—Dionysius or Bacchus with Ariadne, Silenus with a Bacchante. The sculptures are carved with much skill and felicity. Generally speaking, the details of the facial expression are superior to the mode of representing the hair and beard. In the faces, and especially in the eyes, there are proofs that the sculptor was a man of great skill. The pose of each figure and the manner in which the difficult task of blending the conjoined heads has been accomplished prove this.

The authorities who have charge of the excavations have carefully rebuilt were necessary, have put on a roof, and have restored the gardens. The centre has been planted with roses and flowering shrubs, and all the works of art which remained have been replaced in their original positions The entablature in the peristyle is nearly intact, and the columns are well preserved. The action of the Government in leaving each of the decorative features *in situ* doubles the value of the house to the archæologist as well as to the ordinary visitor.

The House of the Centenary—*Casa del Centenario*—so called because it was found on the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the city—has proved to be one of the largest excavated up to now, forming a complete *insula*, or block, occupying the entire space of four streets. It had several entrances, two *atria*, two *triclinia*, four *alæ* or wings, a *calidarium*, *frigidarium*, and *tepidarium*. This house, like many others, was, at the time of the destruction of the city, under repair.

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. **Naples.**

PERISTYLE OF THE HOUSE OF A. VETTIUS, AS RESTORED *IN SITU*.

The vestibule is elegantly decorated, and its mosaic pavement is ornamented with the figure of a dolphin pursued by a sea-horse. In the first *atrium*, the walls of which are adorned with small theatrical scenes, the pavement is sunk and broken, as though by an earthquake, and there is a large hole, through which one sees the cellar. The second *atrium* is very spacious, with a handsome peristyle; the columns—white and red stucco—being twenty-six in number. In the centre is a large marble basin, within the edge of which runs a narrow step. On the pedestal at one side was found the statuette of a faun. The most interesting place in the house is an inner court or room, on one side of which is the niche, with tiny marble steps, often to be seen in Pompeian houses. The frescoes on the walls are very beautiful. Close to the floors is a wreath of leaves about a quarter of a yard wide, with alternately a lizard and a stork. Above it, about a yard distant, droop, as if from over a wall, large branches of vine or ivy, and broad leaves like those of the tiger lily—all very freely, naturally, and gracefully drawn. At each corner of the room a bird clings to one of these branches. Then comes a space—bordered at the top by another row of leaves—in which is represented a whole aquarium, as if the room were lined with tanks. There are different sorts of shells and aquatic plants lying at the bottom of the water, and swimming in or on it all kinds of fish, jelly-fish, ducks, and swans, admirably sketched with a light yet firm touch. The ripples made by the swimming ducks are indicated, and one bird is just flying into the water with a splash.

On each side of the niche this amusing aquarium is enlivened by a special incident. To the left a large octopus has caught in its tentacles a monstrous *muræna* (lamprey), which turns round to bite it; to the right a fine lobster has pierced another *muræna* through and through with its long, hard feelers. These creatures are painted very truthfully in the natural colours. On the left wall of the room, above the fish, are two sphinxes, each supporting on its head a square marble vase, having on its brim a sitting dove. Behind the niche, and on the left side of the room, runs a

little gallery, with a corridor underneath, lighted by small square holes in the border of hanging branches. The wall of this gallery behind the niche is decorated with a woodland landscape, in which, on one side, is represented a bull running frantically away, with a lion clinging to its haunches; on the other, a horse lying struggling on its back, attacked by a leopard,—all nearly the size of life. On one side of the doorway is painted a graceful doe, on the other a bear. The other rooms are also very beautiful. One has a tasteful design on a black ground; another a small fresco representing a man pouring wine out of an *amphora* into a large vessel. The bath-rooms are of great size and elegant—the cold bath spacious and of marble.

The House of the Tragic Poet is one of the smallest and simplest and yet one of the most ornate and most highly finished of all the private houses in Pompeii. It would, says Bulwer Lytton—who allowed his character Glaucus in *The Last Days of Pompeii* to inhabit it—be a model at this day for the house of a "single man" in Mayfair. On entering the building, the visitor would find himself in a long and narrow vestibule, and would be startled by the figure of a large fierce dog in the act of springing at him worked in mosaic in the floor, beside which is written in large characters "*CAVE CANEM*"—"Beware of the dog!" The house takes its name from the mosaic found therein of the tragedian drilling his players. The mosaics and frescoes that have been obtained from it are among the finest yet discovered, and illustrate passages taken from the Homeric poems. The general tone and good taste that pervade the decoration have made this house the most admired of all the houses of Pompeii.

As has been mentioned already, the Romans had a form of building called an *insula*—a building of two or several storeys. The ground-floor was usually let out in shops, and the upper part in flats or separate rooms to different families or persons. The House of Pansa at Pompeii is a familiar example. A large portion of this house was occupied by Pansa himself, who was evidently one of the principal men in Pompeii, but six shops and other houses were

let off to tenants. The houses of Pansa and Sallust will well repay a visit. The former was one of the larger and finer houses, had a big garden, and also—what was clearly unusual in Pompeii—a stable and coach-house, which opened out into a side-street. The House of Sallust was smaller, but was second to none in elegance and decoration. It contained many important paintings, perhaps the most important being that of Diana and Actæon, representing the moment when Actæon peeped at the bathing goddess. He is observed in the background, with the antlers already sprouting from his forehead. Sallust and his house will be remembered by readers of *The Last Days of Pompeii.*

Until the writer went to the Neapolitan Museum, he had always thought that the introduction of the iron bedstead was one of the great events of his boyhood; but he found there an iron bedstead, like a small narrow sofa, light enough to be transported with ease, so that the occupant himself could, if he so willed, take up his bed and remove it from room to room without any great exertion.

It is believed that there is no trace of a wooden floor in Pompeii, and in this respect again the ancient custom of Southern Italy resembles the modern one. We slept for a night in a modern and beautiful villa at Sorrento; and although it is only a few years old, and has been built apparently regardless of expense, all the bedrooms had tiled floors. As the Italians do not use carpets, very few preliminaries were indulged in before we got into bed.

For the ordinary floors a kind of composition was employed, resembling the cement floors seen in England. In others the plaster basis was mixed with broken tile, which increased its solidity and gave it almost the appearance of granite. Sometimes floors, whilst soft, were inlaid with pieces of white marble, set in Grecian frets, and forming intricate patterns; sometimes the ground was white and the pattern composed of lozenge-shaped pieces of tile. Grounds of other colours also occur, of which yellow is the most common. Occasionally pieces of marble of all shapes and colours were embedded in a composition ground; and in these floors the

chief aim was to collect the greatest possible variety of marble. Floors of this description are, however, uncommon, mosaics being the most frequent kind in the best class of houses.

The roofs of the Roman houses were generally flat, and these, we learn, had a firm pavement of stucco, stone, and metal: others were gabled like modern houses. The sloping ones were covered with straw and shingle; later with tiles, slates, and metal. The doorways were rectangular in form. As has been mentioned already, a garden was usually attached to the best houses, the most striking features of which were lines of plane-tree, walks formed by closely-clipped hedges of box, yew, cypress, and other evergreens, with beds of acanthus and numerous vines. These were interspersed with statues, pyramids, fountains, and summer-houses. In the training of trees the Romans were very fanciful—tying, twisting, or cutting them into the figures of animals, ships, letters, etc. Among the trees and plants represented on the walls of the houses are the oak, the chestnut, the cypress, the laurel, the myrtle, the olive, the ivy, the vine, the palm, the black mulberry, and the cherry-tree and rhododendron. On the authority of Strabo, the whole of this part of the Italian coast was noted for its excellent wine, which character it still maintains.

Every flower and tree in antiquity had its legend, and was dedicated to some deity. With the Romans, as with ourselves, the rose was the queen of the garden; and in Campania the flower was largely cultivated. It was one of the few double flowers known to the ancients. To the Romans it had come from the Greeks, who brought it from Media, and its course can be traced through Phrygia, Thrace, and Macedonia. The rose had, according to one legend, sprung from the blood of the dying Adonis; according to another, the white rose had been coloured by the blood of the goddess Aphrodite herself when she ran through the thorns to succour her favourite. The symbol of all that is most beautiful, most enjoyable, and most perishable, it was dedicated to Aphrodite; and it was also the flower of Dionysius in his double character of the god of blooming nature and the god of the under-world,

the mystic form of whose worship had come with the Greek colonies from the Peloponnesus into Southern Italy.

The flowers of the Pompeians do not appear to have been numerous: the best known, beside the rose, were the narcissus, the violet, the Florentine and German iris, the yellow water-iris, the gladiolus, crocus, daffodil, and other lilies, the hollyhock, corn-cockle, ox-eye aloe, poppy, and the corn-flag. In every garden was a space set apart for vegetables: there, no doubt, grew the renowned Pompeian cabbage mentioned by Pliny. Flowers and plants were often kept in the central space of the peristyle.

Roses played such an important part in Church ceremonies that we find a *fundus rosarius* given as a present by Constantine to Pope Mark. The *rosaria* had outlived the suppression of Pagan superstitions, and had assumed its Christian form in the Whitsun feast, which, continuing that of Pentecost, falls about the month of May. On that day roses were thrown from the roofs of churches upon the worshippers below. The Pentecost is still called by the Italians *Pasquæ rosa.*

The white lily was one of the commonest garden flowers of antiquity; it appears in the poets, from Homer downwards, side by side with the rose and the violet. Mythologically this lily was fabled to have sprung from the milk of Hera. The comparison of the beauty of the "lilies of the field" with royal robes suggests their identification with the red Syrian lily of Pliny. In the Middle Ages the white lily was a symbol of heavenly purity.

Modern society can scarcely grasp the extent to which flowers were cultivated by the Romans. They were grown not merely for the sake of their beauty, but for use in religious ceremonies as well as in the circumstances of daily life. They were largely employed for making garlands. These were woven of either leaves or flowers, and the flowers were chiefly roses and violets. The lover crowned himself with flowers when he went to visit his mistress, and also hung garlands of flowers upon her door. Scarcely any one entered a temple uncrowned; and according to the character of the deity worshipped there, such were the flowers of the wreath. It

was customary to approach the gods with a crown on the head, because no mutilated gift could be offered to them, but only such as was perfect and complete; and crowning anything indicated completing it. At private parties the visitors decked their heads with flowers, while the apartments and tables themselves were often thickly strewn with roses. The Pompeians studied the language of flowers, and how to blend the perfumes as well as the tints. Sometimes wreaths were worn around the neck, that the wearer might enjoy the perfume more.

It is not difficult, with the assistance of the Pompeian pictures, and by reading the description of his villa given by the younger Pliny, to reconstruct the leading features of the Roman gardens. They must have borne a close resemblance to those laid out in the seventeenth century, of which we find traces in old-fashioned country houses in England. Straight alleys, not infrequently converging to a centre, the so-called *quincunx*, symmetrically laid-out flower-beds surrounded by box or tiles, close or double plantations of trees, shrubs clipped into hedges, pyramids, etc., with trellis-work, statuary, and fountains such as we see in the Pompeian pictures—these were the main features of the gardens in the first century.

Pliny's garden was laid out in this fashion. "In front of the portico," he writes, "is a sort of terrace, edged with box and shrubs cut into different shapes. You descend from the terrace by an easy slope, adorned with the figures of animals in box facing each other, to a lane overspread with the soft and flexible acanthus." (If we let our imagination go further, we shall probably find ourselves in the midst of the daffodil, the hollyhock, the red corn-poppy—in beds of matted violets, thickets of roses, hillocks netted with wild thyme, overhung by the branches of the smilax or the pomegranate-tree.) "Then you descend into a hollow, where, from a fountain, water splashes and falls over into marble channels, shaded here and there by plants which love the wave, such as the narcissus and the hyacinth, or by odoriferous shrubs over-arching a tiny stream. Here throughout the day may be heard the hum of bees plunging into the chalice of the pale veronica or the white lily, or buzzing

about the flower of the trinity or the golden motherwort; while overhead, from the boughs of the plane or the cedar, the wood-lark and the thrush sing in rivalry. As evening comes on, the hush of other sounds ushers in the song of the nightingale."

In speaking of the house, Pliny says that it was sculptured in marble up to the *podium*, and "above it is painted foliage with birds among the branches, which is not less graceful than the marble"!

The iris was named after the attendant of Juno, because its colours are the same as those which the poets and mythological writers have bestowed upon the messenger of their goddess. Iris is generally depicted as descending from the rainbow, and her arch is said not to vary more in its colours than the flower which has been honoured by her name. The iris was used as a symbol of eloquence, and it was probably on this account that it was placed by the Egyptians on the brow of the sphinx.

By the ancient Greeks the flower of the hawthorn was held to be the emblem of hope, and it was probably regarded in the same light by the Romans, since we read that its wood was chosen to make the torch carried before the bride at nuptial processions.

The tree which we call the beech was undoubtedly the *fagus* of the Romans.

The ash was well known to the Greeks, who called it *melia*. Homer armed his heroes with an ashen spear, and Cupid's arrows were originally made of the same wood. The Romans called it *fraxinus*; they employed the wood in the manufacture of weapons and many kinds of agricultural implements.

The poplar was called the tree of the people (*arbor populi*). The white poplar was famous in the mythology of the ancients, having been consecrated to Hercules. Pliny gravely states that this poplar, as well as several other trees which he mentions, always turned its leaves to the opposite quarter of the heavens immediately after the summer solstice was past. Though modern science has not confirmed this observation, the tree may frequently be noticed turning up the white surface of its leaves during the ruffling winds which we often experience in summer, and this is a pretty sure

indication of approaching rain. The black poplar was known to Pliny, who recommends the planting of it as a support for vines. The well-known Roman fable relates how Phaëton, the son Phœbus Apollo, having obtained permission from his father to drive the horses of the Sun for a day, became terrified, and how Jupiter, to prevent a general conflagration, hurled him from his chariot into the river Po, where he was drowned. His sisters wandered up and down the banks, inconsolable for his loss, till they were converted into poplars, and wept amber for tears.

The chestnut was called by the Romans *castanea*. Pliny enumerates several varieties, the best of which, he says, grew at Sorrento and Naples. He speaks contemptuously of the nuts: after describing the case as beset with strong prickles, he goes on to say that the best way of preparing them for food is by roasting, and that they are sometimes ground into meal, which is converted by women into a wretched substitute for bread, and eaten during their religious fasts. Virgil said,—

"*Sunt nobis mitia poma,*
Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis"—

"Ripe apples and soft chestnuts we have there,
And curd abundant to supply our fare."

In one respect what may be said of the hawthorn is true also of the holly, both these trees being emblematical of the season in which they are the most beautiful, for it is quite as common to hear the holly called "christmas" as the hawthorn "may." Indeed, the use of this tree from a very early period for the decoration of sacred places at the holy season of Christmas no doubt took its origin from a custom observed by the Romans of sending boughs, accompanied by other gifts, to their friends during the festival of the Saturnalia, which commences about a week before Christmas.

Pliny describes the birch as a slender tree inhabiting the cold parts of Gaul. The branches, he says, were used for making baskets and the hoops of casks; and the *fasces*, or bundles of rods, which were carried before the Roman magistrates were made of birch

twigs: the use, therefore, of the weapon which, in modern times is the terror of "first offenders" is of high classical authority.

The elm was well known to the ancient Romans. Pliny enumerates four species. These appear to have been equally valued for their leaves, which were given to cattle for fodder, whilst they were preferred to every other tree as a support to vines. The rearing of the trees was considered of such importance that Pliny gives specific directions for the formation of an *ulmarium*, or plantation of elms.

The most ancient names of the walnut were *persicon* (Persian tree) and *basilicon* (kingly tree), both indicating its Eastern origin. The Greeks also called it *caryon*, from κάρα, "a head," because its powerful odour was supposed to cause headache, or because of some fancied resemblance of the nut to the human brain. The Romans called it *juglans*, or "Jupiter's mast," it being as much superior to other kinds of mast as the king of gods was superior to men. Its shade was thought in Pliny's time to be injurious, not only to the human body, but to all kinds of vegetation; nevertheless, its nuts were highly prized, both as an article of food and for numerous medicinal properties, especially as an antidote to poison and the bite of a mad dog! The husk of the nut was used as a dye, and an oil was pressed from the kernel, which was also considered a valuable medicine. It was customary, as elsewhere mentioned, at weddings in Rome for the bridegroom to scatter handfuls of nuts, to be scrambled for by boys, as a sign that he had now laid aside childish amusements—a custom to which frequent allusion is made by the Latin poets.

The lime or linden-tree was well known to the Greeks under the name of *philyra*, and the Romans, Pliny tells us, held it in great repute for its "thousand uses." The timber was employed in making agricultural implements, and was also held to be well adapted for shields. The bark was a common writing material; and when split into ribands, was made into head-dresses which were worn on festival occasions. In medicine, its supposed virtues were very great; the leaves and bark had a healing power, and decoctions

of various parts beautified the skin and promoted the growth of the hair.

The ivy is a tree of very ancient repute, occupying a prominent place in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, and was applied to purposes which were deemed the most honourable. The warrior-god Mars had his brow and spear decked with ivy. The people of Thrace adorned their armour with the foliage of the same tree, and an ivy crown was the highest prize awarded to a successful poet. The Grecian priests presented newly-married couples with a wreath of ivy, as a symbol of the closeness of the tie which ought to bind them together.

The yew-tree, neither verdant nor graceful, but gloomy, terrible, and sapless, to judge from Pliny's description, was a tree of evil omen. Not only were the berries deemed poisonous, but vessels made of the wood were said to impart the same property to wine kept in them, and it was considered more than hazardous to sleep or take food under the shade of its branches. Virgil agrees with Pliny in condemning the yew ; he calls it a noxious tree, and recommends that it should not be allowed to stand near beehives.

The silver fir was called by the Romans *abies* ; it was much used in ship-building, and was declared by Virgil to be the fairest ornament of the mountains.

Particular trees and plants were supposed to possess peculiar virtues, because crowns for deities had been made from them. Thus we find that Jupiter's crown was composed of flowers, and generally of laurel also ; Juno's of the vine ; and Bacchus's of the vine too, with grapes and branches of ivy, flowers and berries. Those of Castor and Pollux and the river-gods were composed of bulrushes ; that of Apollo was sometimes of laurel and sometimes of rushes ; Saturn's was of new figs ; that of Hercules of poplar ; that of Pan of pine or elder ; that of Lucina of *dictamnus* ; that of Horæ of the fruits proper to each season ; that of the Graces of olive branches ; that of Venus of roses ; that of Ceres of ears of corn ; and that of the Lares of myrtle or rosemary.

Rue was detested by witches and evil spirits. The ceremony

called Dendrophoria consisted of carrying one or more pine-trees through the city at times of sacrifice in honour of certain deities.

The beauty of the Pompeian ruins is greatly enhanced by the wild flowers blooming everywhere, and especially by the maiden-hair fern, which grows luxuriantly, appearing in every crevice and nook, and fringing the marble fountains with a delicate tracery of green.

For the foregoing remarks upon forest trees the writer is greatly indebted to the Rev. C. A. John's *Forest Trees of Great Britain.*

On the outside walls of some of the houses are found niches or shrines to the *Lares Compitales*, or gods of the highways; and at the crossing of the streets Stabia and Nola, on the foot-pavement is seen a small piazza, with its fountain and Lares altar. Shrines to the Virgin have replaced them in modern Italy. These little gods, according to Roman mythology, were the sons of Lara, who was consigned by Jupiter to the infernal regions for having made too free use of her tongue. Mercury, who was appointed her conductor, fell in love with her on the way; her twin-sons, from the circumstances of their birth and their father's duties, became the guardians of the roads. Augustus re-established their worship after it had fallen into disuse; and on festivals, and always in May, their statues were adorned with wreaths of flowers.

Family life was not likely to be forgotten by a people among whom the father was the first priest. Accordingly we find that almost every house was in a sense a temple of Vesta, the goddess of the fireside, and that the family assembled in the *atrium* around the hearth, to partake of their common meal. The renewal of the family bond of union was in later days accompanied by acts of worship of Vesta, whose actual temple was only an enlargement of the fireside, uniting all the citizens of the State into a single large family. In her shrine there was no statue; but her presence was represented by the eternal fire burning upon the hearth—a fire that Æneas was fabled to have brought with him from old Troy. The purifying flames stood for

the unsullied character of the goddess, which was also betokened by the immaculate maidens who kept alive the sacred coals. As Vesta was remembered at every meal, so also the Lares and Penates, divinities of the fireside, were worshipped.

The Lares were primarily the protecting divinities of the household; they were hereditary in families, like the household goblins of the Middle Ages, to which indeed they gave rise, but they differed in that they were rather the protectors than the servants of the family, and they lent their aid in birth, death, marriage, travel, and all vicissitudes of family life. When a man went abroad, he prayed to these gods for a safe return; and when he came back, he hung his armour and his staff beside their images, and gave thanks. In every sorrow and in every joy, the indefinite divinity was called upon for sympathy and help. When a house was built, the first care of the occupant was to sacrifice to these imaginary beings, beseeching them to expel the Lemures, or souls of the unhappy dead, who were fond of returning to trouble mankind. Images of the Lares were carefully preserved, and offerings were made to them by the head of the family on their own altar, the domestic hearth.

The Penates are peculiar to Roman mythology. They were the spirits of departed ancestors who protected human dwellings and took the welfare and success of the household under their especial care. They were supposed to be present at every meal, and were worshipped by laying before them a small portion of each dish at table.

Noble families had a place of domestic worship (*adytum*), usually in the most retired part of the house, where, in addition to their Lares, they kept their records and memorials. In small houses statues of the Lares were often placed behind the door, as having the power to keep out all things hurtful, especially evil genii. Respected as they were, they sometimes met with rough treatment if an accident chanced to any of the family. They were often represented in grotesque forms: one, for instance, was a little old man sitting upon the ground, with his knees up to his

chin, a huge head, an ass's ears, a long beard, and a roguish face. Sometimes they took the form of dogs, the emblems of fidelity and watchfulness—sometimes the shape of serpents. Later they were replaced by costly statues.

The old custom of partitioning off as a shop that part of the ground floor facing the street is still practised by the Italians; and many a prince, by letting the partitioned part, or by reserving a compartment for the sale of his own produce, has added handsomely to his income. This system, as has been stated already, was much in vogue in ancient Pompeii.

The Pompeian shops were small; they opened upon the street, and were closed by wide sliding-shutters, or by doors moving either in grooves cut in the stone or, as in some instances, upon an iron rail. In others, part of the front was hinged, so that it could be let down to form a protecting counter, and be pulled up to form a closed shutter at night. In front the shop had a small counter of masonry, with little steps at the end next to the wall for the display of goods, and sometimes, when the articles sold were food and drink, a small oven at the opposite end. Many of these counters, covered with marble, and here and there crowded with earthen vessels for the sale of wine, oil, etc., are still preserved.

The poorer class of shopkeepers in Naples still live in similar tiny shops. We saw the interior of many, where, with the door wide open, the head of the house was working at his trade as a shoemaker, joiner, or charcoal-seller, whilst the wife and family had their abode at the other side of a thin suspended curtain.

In an excavation made in the ninth *regione*, one of the chambers presented a wonderful picture of an old Pompeian interior. It had been the shop of a dealer in singing-birds and bird-seed. In this shop at first were found a small figure of a horse and a number of vases (one containing coins), fibulæ, bracelets and rings in bronze, a beautiful candelabrum, a bottle, several small bells, and a casserole in the same metal, a spit and various kitchen utensils, a dagger and knife with ivory handles, some glass beads and a blue glass cup, and a money-box and other articles in terra-cotta. Many of these

objects, as appeared from the direction of the fallen beams, had been precipitated in a heap from a chamber above. But, on continuing the clearing, the occupation of the bird-seller became evident. The remains of quantities of millet, hemp and other seeds and beans were found, together with those of the sacks which had contained them, as well as bins, a barrel with iron hoops, and a double row of terra-cotta *ollæ*, all of them, clearly, receptacles for grain; and likewise a considerable number of small earthen pots, which doubtless served as drinking-cups for the birds. There were besides a number of bronze rings, and pieces of fine chain work used for hanging bird-cages.

In the living-rooms forming part of the modern Neapolitan shops, often lighted only by the doors opening into the street, mothers nurse their infants or brush their children's hair in full view of the passer-by. They cook strange messes over braziers of charcoal; "they knit, they spin, they patch rags with rags, they 'keep house,' in short, out of doors, and at night in the warm weather the children sleep on the step of the house or the pavement. The chief piece of furniture will be a large bed, in which sleep the family: they do not trouble to undress at night. Life is simplified. Often, by turning up the mattress in the morning, the capacious bed may become a table. Whilst in the street men play cards, and children play 'knuckle-bones,' a game as popular as it was at Pompeii two thousand years ago." Old customs linger long in Italy: as you pass along the streets, you see charcoal, potatoes, etc., being weighed out with steelyards precisely similar to those found at Pompeii. Food is occasionally cooked by the women, usually in the street, but more frequently it is bought at the cook-shop. Animal food is little used. Fish and snail soups are largely consumed, along with much fruit and vegetables that can be taken uncooked, shell-fish, sea-urchins, sausages flavoured with garlic, cheese, and various kinds of cakes, including the anise-flavoured *tarallo*, which was a favourite edible more than eighteen centuries ago at Pompeii.

Taverns in Pompeii were almost universally placed at the street corners, many of them bearing the sign of an ivy-bush. For as

the ivy was the plant sacred to Bacchus, the ivy-bush became the favourite sign of the Roman wine-shops. Hence the trite proverb of the Latins, "Good wine needs no bush." In Naples at the present day there is scarcely a tavern which has not the orthodox bush against the doorway.

Some of the Pompeian taverns had signs in terra-cotta of a goat, others a painted sign of an elephant; whilst the sign "checkers" has also been found—checkers, or draughts, being a favourite game with the Romans, as is abundantly proved by the frescoes found in the wine-shops. There is some difference of opinion whether the game was decided like chess, or whether the player who had the most pieces left at the end of the game was the winner. A probable explanation is, that pieces were taken, not by being exposed to attack, but by being enclosed between two of the adversary's pieces, so that they could not be moved out of check. When no piece could be moved, the player was said *ad incitas redigi*, and lost the game.

At the sign of the Elephant, Sittius informs his customers that he has "fitted it up afresh' (*restituit*), and that he has a *triclinium*, three beds, and every convenience.

Lanciani records the finding of an official document on the pulling down in Rome in 1883 of some ancient buildings belonging to the Emperor Hadrian, which shows the business habits of the ancient Romans in letting their property, and how strictly the lease was drawn against the common practice of sub-letting, and how from failure to pay the rent and renew the lease on the date mentioned (December 13th) the tenant would be liable for another year's rent, whilst the merchandise or valuables stored in the vaults were to be held as security and protection against sub-letting and for payment of rental. The tenant has to give an assignment of his goods to the keeper-in-chief, who shall not be held responsible for the safe keeping of merchandise and valuables which have not been duly declared. At the same time it is explicitly laid down that the tenant will not be reimbursed by the administration for improvements, additions, or other work which has been undertaken on his own account. The care and protection of the official watchman are included in the

lease. The building consisted of warehouses, wine-cellars, strong-boxes, and repositories; thus by a side light our minds are disabused of the idea that safe-deposit vaults are entirely an invention of the nineteenth century.

"Such, then, are the ruins of Pompeii,—an accumulation of romance, of melancholy, of intense interest; a countless number of broken pillars, fit emblems of the lives that were cut short; fragments of temples, where their heathenish rites were celebrated; remains of theatres given up to plays, sports, and unholy pastimes; houses without number, mute testimony to the domestic histories and daily lives that were played out; streets of sepulchres and streets of life and abundance that became tombs for ever."

"Now the bat and owl inhabit there,
The snake rests in the altar stone;
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the god is gone."

CHAPTER IV.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE OF THE POMPEIANS.

"Five great intellectual professions have hitherto existed in every civilized nation,—the soldier's, to defend it; the pastor's, to teach it; the physician's, to keep it in health; the lawyer's, to enforce justice in it; and the merchant's, to provide for it: and the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it."—RUSKIN.

DURING the first century practically the only two professions open to a Roman of good family were the army and the law; and he usually followed both, the former in early life, the latter in old age. The army, whilst offering chances of high promotion, enjoyed great social consideration, and the immense power which it possessed collectively gave considerable prestige and influence to its individual members, the officers often gaining lucrative civil posts as prefects of public safety, superintendents of corn distribution, and collectors of taxes. After serving in the army, and holding in succession the various magistracies (as *ædile*, *quæstor*, *censor*, *prætor*, and *consul*), a man took to the study of the law for the benefit of his dependants (*clientes*) and friends, and as a means of acquiring political influence. Agriculture has always been an honourable profession ever since the time "when Adam delved," and the life of the country gentleman will probably always continue to be one of the most fascinating, and one that will attract a large number of the best men of any country.

A few Romans dabbled in literature and philosophy, in imitation of the Greeks, after it became the fashion to do so in the early part of the first century; but all the best Latin literature is simply a reflection of Greek. The Romans were soldiers and governors—not poets, philosophers, artists, or sculptors.

Medicine and education were almost entirely in the hands of Greek slaves. Antoninus Pius, in the middle of the second century, fixed the number of grammarians, rhetoricians, and physicians which each city was allowed to have. The largest provincial cities were not permitted to have more than five grammarians, five rhetoricians, and ten physicians.

Horace, comparing the delights of town life and country life, gives us a pleasant picture of the clients flocking to the lawyer's town house, and seeking for advice before cock-crow (*sub gallicantum*). Great respect and honour were paid to these ancient patricians who followed the study of the law; and their opinions (*responsa prudentum*, *i.e.* the replies of those skilled in the law) form one of the chief sources of Roman law, and were binding on the magistrates. I say "magistrate," because the Roman *judex* was rather a juryman than a judge, a lay arbitrator to whom the magistrate referred the case for him to report upon the facts. The chief judge, the *prætor*, had both *jurisdictio* (*i.e.* the power to pronounce the law) and *imperium* (the power to enforce it). When, therefore, the *judex* reported to the *prætor* upon the facts of a case, the *prætor*, if necessary, consulted a *jurisprudens* (one skilled in the law); and having learned what the law applicable to the case was, proceeded (1) to pronounce it, and then (2) to enforce it with the military power that he had at his back (*manu militari*). Some curious results followed from this half-developed system of legal procedure: (1) The magistrate who pronounced and enforced the law did not know what the law was; the *prætor* has been well described as "more of a statesman than a jurist, a politician on his way to the consulship—not, as a judge with us, a middle-aged lawyer retiring from active practice to exercise judicial functions." (2) The legal profession was almost entirely in the hands of old men. (3) These old men did not go into court; they were essentially what are now called "chamber barristers." It was not until a much later date than the first century, when law became a profession by which men earned their living, that the study of it was taken up by young men, and by that time the whole course

of procedure had been changed. What has been said above leads us to another distinction. The orators who practised in public were not lawyers. They also, like the *prætor*, took their law from the *jurisprudentes*. Thus we learn that Cicero himself used to tap the legal brain of Servius Sulpicius, one of the most famous Roman jurists, whenever he had to speak upon a legal topic.

The profession of orator was one of the chief roads to success open to the aspiring young Roman. The education of an advocate was largely directed to the art of rhetoric, and the fame of the orator was the object of his ambition. Usually he did not trouble himself with the intricacies of the law, but trusted to win his case by his eloquence, rather than by his knowledge of the legal question at issue. This is shown in the speeches extant by the great proportion of invective and declamation, as compared with legal argument and unquestionable evidence. It was customary, however, for the orator to retain the services of a *pragmaticus*, a scribe or lawyer of a lower grade, who prepared the case, and probably acted as does the solicitor of the present day. To prevent arguments from becoming tedious, the orator spoke by an hour-glass, the number of hours to be allowed for the case being fixed by the jury. Advocates usually employed *mancipes*, persons in their pay, whose business was to procure an audience and to applaud them whilst pleading. According to Inge, the successful pleaders were few, the "briefless barristers" many. Juvenal remarks that the man who wishes to succeed must be seen in the streets, wear a gold ring, live in a splendid house with an equestrian statue of himself in the vestibule, and wear a brilliant robe of purple; for, he goes on to say, such a man may demand the highest price allowed by law for his pleading, but eloquence is rarely found with a threadbare coat. We can hardly be surprised to find that some of the poorer and obscure barristers were led to take up questionable cases, and endeavoured to make a name by chicanery, by wearing a hired ring, and purchasing the services of vociferous *mancipes*. If success as a pleader was once achieved, the orator's prospects were brilliant.

Professor Wilkins reminds us that the line between *civil* and *criminal* offences was not drawn quite in the same way as at present; but we may say, generally, that the first group included offences for which private citizens sought redress, whilst the second comprehended all that were punished by the magistrates as wrongs against the State.

Any citizen might appear as prosecutor, and it was very common for an aspiring man who wished to practise eloquence and to make a name for himself in politics to initiate a prosecution. In the same way, any citizen was allowed to plead in defence of the accused, and we sometimes find three or four advocates taking part in a trial. There was a law against paying any fee to an advocate, but it seems to have been more honoured in the breach than the observance. Successful advocacy was a means of rising not only to influence and power, but also to considerable wealth.

The boundary between civil and criminal jurisdiction was, indeed, extremely shadowy. Theft and robbery were regarded, not as public, but as private wrongs; and yet, when a thief was caught stealing at night, he could be slain, or, when taken in the act by day, could be sold as a slave. To avenge the death of a murdered kinsman was more than a right, it was a religious duty, for his *manes* had to be appeased; and when, in later times, the State interfered and made murder a matter of State prosecution, a relative was so imperatively bound to set the law in motion that, if he failed, he was not permitted to take any part of the inheritance of his deceased relative.

In civil suits success largely depended on wording the claim in exact accordance with certain phrases found in the law. For instance, we find a man who brought an action for damages done by a neighbour to his vines being cast in his suit because the law under which he was prosecuting did not mention "vines," but "trees." Usually, each party placed in the hands of the court a certain sum, varying with the amount of the property in dispute, as a pledge that his statement was true. On the decision of the

court the successful litigant recovered his deposit, while that of the loser was forfeited, and went to pay the expenses of the trial. The losing party was obliged to do or to pay what was decreed, or, if he failed or did not find security within thirty days, was given up to his adversary. In certain cases, however, there was a right of appeal.

Nothing in the customs of a nation and in its common life furnishes such enduring traces of what has gone before as its laws and its language. "Laws, like the communities to which they apply, are the product of evolution," writes one of our most gifted modern thinkers. "Few and simple at the outset, they become more and more numerous and complex as the social organism develops, expands, and multiplies its functions in relation to both its individual components and its external surroundings. Continual change in the direction of improvement is a law of nature to which all human laws must yield. Mutability is an inherent necessity; and the Medes and Persians, although they did not know it, were condemning rather than commending their laws when they boasted of their unchangeableness. Just as literature is the expression, in the most perfect form, of the best thoughts of the best men of a given period, so the laws of a particular age are the embodiment of the legislative wisdom of the rulers in that age. The succeeding age adopts such of these laws as are suited to the altered conditions, and rejects what experience and enlightenment show to be undesirable. In this way is attained continuity without similarity, the retention of what is worth preserving, and the discarding of what is unsuited to the changed conditions or out of harmony with the spirit of the newer age. The Romans based their criminal law on the letter as well as the spirit of *lex talionis*, but all that remains in modern jurisprudence of that principle is the theory that the punishment should bear some proportion to the nature of the crime. This theory is no new one, because it formed the groundwork of the laws of Solon, who repealed the criminal code of Draco, the severity of which has enriched the English language with a useful adjective. It should be remarked in passing, however, that the severity of Draco's laws

was not the result of mere caprice. Draco did not punish even the smallest offence with death because he delighted in cruelty, but he did so because in his view the smallest transgression was deserving of the severest punishment that it is in the power of man to inflict."

The basis of Roman character was the habit of obedience to authority. The refusal to obey the commands of a magistrate was a serious penal offence. Yet the despotic power which would thus appear to have been placed in the hands of the magistracy was tempered by restrictions. Usually, when a magistrate sat, he had a colleague with power equal to his own, so that whatever the one ordained it was possible for the other practically to prohibit, as naturally the right of obstruction was allowed to swing the pendulum over the right of action.

"The Twelve Tables" were of brass, and contained the written law, and were placed in the Comitium at Rome, where all might see them, and have no excuse for not obeying them. We do not know exactly what those laws were, but enough has come down to us to make it clear that they were drawn up with great fairness, because they received the approval of the people. Roman law was remarkable for embodying in itself "the eternal principle of freedom and of subordination, of prosperity and legal redress"; and this system was not only endured by this strong people, but actually ordained for themselves. It involved also the principle that a free man could not be tortured—a principle which other European nations embraced only after a terrible and bloody struggle of ten centuries. The supreme administration of justice was in the hands of the *prætors*; and these officers, on account of the paucity of positive enactments, soon acquired the power of supplying their deficiencies. The art of respecting the name and eluding the efficacy of the laws was improved by successive *prætors*, and where the end was salutary the means were frequently absurd. A jurisdiction thus vague and arbitrary was exposed to the most dangerous abuses.

Roman law has formed the basis of half the existing codes of the nations of Europe, and has materially modified the rest. But it exhibits to us a blot of the gravest character—it was never

independent of the existing political power of the State, and, as a consequence, the stern goddess never really presided over the law courts with blinded eyes and equally-poised scales. Apart from the atrocities unblushingly perpetrated by the emperors, the cruelty and venality of the judges were notorious, and bribery of the worst form was universally practised. Conjoined to these evils were those inherent in Roman society—irreligion, immorality, and superstition developed in its grossest form. Augustus, we learn, was terribly alarmed by thunder, and attributed a revolt in the provinces to the protentous circumstance of his having put on his left shoe before his right. Pliny was most credulous and superstitious; his pages are full of grotesque descriptions and wonderful stories of divining-rods, individuals who had changed their sex, the cure of serpent bites by the saliva of a fasting man, and recoveries by incantations and magic words. If this was the effect of superstition on superior minds, it is easy to conjecture what was the intellectual condition of the vulgar. In them we find utter debasement and licentiousness, resulting in fatalism and suicide.

> "Every crime
> Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
> Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
> An ominous sinking at the inmost heart."
>
> COLERIDGE.

We see a cruel thirst for blood fostered and fed by the sanguinary spectacles of the circus and arena, for which the Roman populace craved with an ever-unsatisfied appetite; whilst the canker of predial and domestic slavery gradually consumed the middle classes, who were the very pith and marrow of the State. This corruption in its many phases grew into a disintegrating power, and society at last was broken up into separate atoms; patriotism became impossible, and its place was taken by a miserable individualism and an entire absorption of both men and women in mere personal and selfish interests.

MEDICINE.—The daily wants of man in the earliest stages of society must have impelled him to make trial of the various

productions of nature as articles of food; so that among fruits and vegetables some were found to possess one property and some another. In this way, it may be conceived, a system of dietetics originated, and an accumulation of the facts bearing on the subject gave rise to the art of medicine.

Until the latter days of the Republic the Romans had no doctors; the master of the house appears to have taken charge of the health of the household. As for the general public, their illnesses received the attention only of the *vis medicatrix Naturæ*, helped or hindered, as the case might be, by spells and prayers. In the middle of the first century we come across general physicians (*medici clinici*), who did not practise surgery, and the specialists, who were surgeons, and who limited themselves to one kind of operation.

Hippocrates far surpassed all his predecessors in the boldness and success of his operations; and though his scanty knowledge of anatomy prevented him from attaining any great perfection, still we can admire the genius which enabled him to reduce fractures and dislocations. He is thought to have been the inventor of the *ambe*, a surgical appliance once in great repute in the treatment of luxations of the shoulder. Asclepiades, a contemporary, is said to have been the first surgeon to perform tracheotomy. Ammonius of Alexandria is celebrated as having been the first to propose and perform the operation of lithotrity.

By the time of Celsus, surgery had made great progress, and had reached a high degree of perfection. He gives the following description of the necessary qualifications of a surgeon: "He ought to be young, or at any rate not very old; his hand should be firm and steady, and never shake; he should be able to use his left hand as readily as his right; his eyesight should be clear, and his mind not easily startled; he should be so far subject to pity as to make him desirous of the recovery of his patient, but not so far as to suffer himself to be moved by his cries; he should neither hurry the operation more than the case requires, nor cut less than is necessary, but do everything just as if the other's screams made no impression upon him."

The origin of ophthalmic surgery is involved in fable. Galen relates that the operation for cataract took its rise from the imitation of the instinct of the goat, which was believed to relieve itself from this cause of blindness by puncturing the eye with a sharp reed. But, to lay aside fables of this character, it is certain that diseases of the eye very early attracted attention. Evidently, what we call ophthalmia corresponded with *lippitudo*, of which several forms were then recognized. Amaurosis was called *mydriasis*, and was characterized by a gradual failure of sight, usually terminating in blindness. Cataract was well known and treated by "needling," an operation quite common fifty years ago. Obstruction of the lachrymal apparatus and many other diseases of the eye were recognized. Pliny enumerates an almost endless list of remedies. He uses the term *epiphora*, which is still with us, "watery eye," saying that it is cured, among other means, by the juice of the onion. He speaks also of glaucoma, for which he sets down as one of the remedies the juice of the fresh liver of the hyena, mixed with honey. There were also aurists and dentists; whilst there was a further specialty of surgical art—that of removing tattoo marks, which were the badge of slavery. There were also lady doctors of various kinds.

Medical education seems to have consisted almost entirely of a kind of apprenticeship; the student attached himself to some leading practitioner, and picked up such crumbs of instruction as fell from him in going his rounds. As to what manner of men these old Roman doctors were, it may be said that they knew little of anatomy and physiology, and nothing of course of microbes and bacilli; nevertheless, there can be no doubt that they were useful members of society. The highest offices of the State were in those days not beyond the reach of the ambitious "medico," who was often able to bask in the sunshine of the imperial favour.

The Greek slaves who cultivated medicine at Rome established public baths; and it is from this time that the association of medicine, and especially of surgery, with bath-keepers and barbers is to be traced. The Roman's theory of disease did not admit that it could

arise in the natural order of things. It must be due to the anger of some spirit or the machinations of an enemy. An ailing Roman who was racked with pain and fever thought his disease was sent by an offended deity; hence a cure seemed possible if the deity in question could be appeased by sacrifice and prayer. The insane were not ill treated; in fact, although madness was viewed by the populace as a kind of possession by spirits, their method of dealing with the disease was more consonant with common sense than the treatment of the insane during the Middle Ages. There are no traces of asylums. Lunatics were placed under the guardianship of their nearest kinsmen, who were bound to keep them from injuring both themselves and others. Enquiry was ordered to be made whether reasonable precautions were taken by the relatives.

There is no direct evidence as to the ordinary fee of a doctor, nor does it appear that any precautions were taken by law to prevent incompetent and disreputable persons from offering their services as physicians or surgeons. The profession was, indeed, often entered with no further qualification than an agreeable manner and a supply of effrontery. Men left other callings to take up medicine without any special preparation for the science, and succeeded or failed according to the popular verdict respecting their powers. It is not to be wondered at, says Inge, that in these circumstances a good deal of quackery and not a little crime were found in the ranks of the profession. Doctors were frequently accused of gross incompetence, and even of poisoning for their own sakes or for money. The famous oath of Hippocrates (which, in a modified form, is at the present day administered by some universities to their medical graduates), which so nobly sets forth the duty of a high-minded votary of Æsculapius, was hardly in accordance with the practice of the majority of Roman doctors.

The elder Pliny, who evidently did not hold a very high opinion of doctors, says: "Numerous physicians become known, one rejecting the remedies of the other, and seeking renown by the introduction of new methods. Hence those disgraceful squabbles at sick-beds."

Immediately after the eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii (A.D. 79), a pestilential fever broke out in Rome, of which it is said that not fewer than ten thousand people died daily during a considerable period. This malady is very generally ascribed by historians to the pollution which is supposed to have affected the air in consequence of the volcanic eruption ; but it is more probable that it originated in the filth and poverty occasioned by the sudden increase made to the population of the capital, when the fugitives from the ruined towns of Campania sought an asylum within its walls. And when we read of the treatment then adopted for fevers, we are not surprised at the utter inefficiency of the remedies which were employed against such formidable diseases.

It must not be inferred that the Romans felt that there was any deficiency in the absolute number of remedies which they possessed ; for Dioscorides, who flourished in the reign of Nero, described about seven hundred medicinal plants, besides ninety mineral and one hundred and sixty-eight animal substances—a number far greater than that of the so-called "simples" contained in any pharmacopœia of the present day.

Archigalus was another celebrity of the first century. He was the earliest writer on the nature of dysentery, and suggested opium as a remedy for it ; he also described with accuracy the symptoms and progress of hepatic abscess. His contemporary, Aretæus of Cappadocia, was renowned for the extent of his knowledge. He was the first to show the glandular nature of the kidneys and to employ blisters as counter-irritants, and used for the purpose the same material—the *cantharis*—that is now employed. Among the prevalent diseases of the Romans we recognize gout, which, Pliny says, was much on the increase, whilst his contemporary Seneca dwells on the fact that it was common even among the women—which was not surprising, he adds, since they emulated the excesses of the men in every respect. The writings of Aretæus speak of of diabetes as a rare and mysterious disease, but scrofula and gangrene were recognized.

When all the physicians disagree only in order to avoid the

appearance of consent, we have the dreadful inscription on tombs: "The number of his doctors has killed him." "Medical art is changing every day by new additions; we are sailing before a Greek wind, and the decision of life and death lies with him who has got the most to say for himself." Evidently no system of medical etiquette held force in that day.

It may be doubted whether medical science advanced much after this period. Some of the prescriptions which have come down to us evidently held their ground until the Middle Ages. A mixture of salt and vinegar is ordered for quinsy, and gout is treated with an application of goats' feet to the chest and a diet of frogs cooked in oil. The Romans were acquainted with prussic acid, prepared from peach kernels. An example of its use is the murder of Britannicus by his brother Nero. Caution was indicated in speech by mentioning "the penalty of the peach." Various schools of practice were in vogue. We read of the cold-water cure, which is said to have saved the life of Augustus, and probably destroyed that of Marcellus; also of the "wine-givers," whose treatment consisted of copious draughts of wine, followed by a bath—a prescription which no doubt was popular.

Roman physicians sent their consumptive patients to Alexandria, which was done partly for change of air, but chiefly for the sake of the exercise by the motion of the ship; they also placed great reliance upon exercise and rubbing in the treatment of dropsy.

Hippocrates, who lived 450 B.C., is the first dentist of whom there is a record; whilst Mastral, who flourished in the first century before Christ, speaks of a Roman dentist, Calcellius, as "in the habit of fastening as well as extracting teeth." Gold-filled teeth were found in the jaws of skeletons exhumed at Pompeii; and artificial teeth, bound with gold bands to the remaining teeth, indicate that the American bridge work is not a recent invention. The ninth clause of the Tenth Table provides that no gold shall be thrown into the tomb with the body; but if the teeth are fastened with gold, it will not be unlawful to let it be buried or burned with the body.

The idea of blunting the sensibility by artificial means, in order

to lessen the pain caused by the knife and cautery, is almost as old as surgery. It certainly was known to the Romans. Of the narcotic properties of mandragora, which is allied to our deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), they were aware, and various preparations of it were used. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, says that a decoction of it was administered as preparation for surgical treatment: "*Bibitus contra serpentes et ante sectiones punctionesque ne sentiantur.*" The agent was sometimes inhaled, as is clear from Pliny's remark that, in some cases, sleep might be induced by the smell.

The Romans, as has been hinted, placed great reliance upon the curative effect of exercise, and Asclepiades brought this mode of treatment into great request. He called exercises "the common aids of physic"; he invented the *lecti pensiles* (hanging beds), that the sick might be rocked to sleep, and they became so popular that people had them made of silver. He had so many particular ways of making physic agreeable that Pliny says he made himself the delight of mankind.

In reviewing the position of medicine among the Romans in the first century, it may be said that the Hippocratic system was predominant. Its leading theory was that the causes of disease were immoral. The body was supposed to contain four humours—blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile—a right proportion and mixture of which constituted health; improper proportions or irregular distribution disease. With the Roman physician, the strong point was prognosis, or the art of foretelling the event and course of the disease. With regard to diagnosis, or the recognition of disease, he must of necessity have been less perfect, since he possessed no scientific nosology, or system of disease, and no knowledge of anatomy, to admit of a precise determination of the seat of the disease. Symptoms and crises were carefully interpreted, whilst the highest importance was attached to the applying of remedies at the right moment, and the general principle was enforced of making all influences, internal and external, co-operate for the relief of the patient. It was Hippocrates who first emancipated medicine from the trammels of superstition and corruption, and established it on a firm foundation.

He seems to have watched and recorded with great accuracy and clearness the signs and symptoms of disease.

With regard to Roman surgery, this period, it may be said, appears to have marked the dawn of the study of anatomy, and the splitting up of medical practice among a number of specialists. In Hippocratic surgery the treatment of fractures and dislocations was, in spite of defective anatomical knowledge, both skilful and complete—equally so the treatment of wounds of the head. Surgeons were evidently well acquainted with *contre-coup*. The diagnosis of empyema and treatment by incision and resection of rib was carried out—an operation which, from its frequent fatal results due to septic fever, fell into disrepute, not to be revived until it could be performed with efficient antiseptic treatment about twenty years ago. Hernia was treated by taxis and operation, followed by the heroic and probably successful application of the actual cautery to the canal after the hernia had been returned. Plastic operations for the restoration of the nose, lips, and ears were common. A name that recurs to the memory, in addition to those given, as having helped to make surgical history, is that of Herophilus, who boldly used the knife, even on internal organs, such as the liver and the spleen. The latter he regarded "as of little consequence in the animal economy." In the sister art of obstetrics, Cæsarean section was practised in obedience to the law of Numa. Among others born after their mothers' death were Scipio Africanus, Manlius, Andrea Doria, and Æsculapius. Upon children so brought forth was bestowed the name of "Cæsar," which they used as a patronymic. The family of Cæsar held in their keeping the sacred rites of Apollo.

Mention must be made of quackery and sympathetic cases. According to Blumner, belief in the latter was very general in antiquity, and was shared by unprejudiced men of considerable education. This was effected by amulets supposed to ward off or heal diseases; by magic words—which we should now describe as conjuring; by laying on of hands, symbolical washing, etc. The sellers of drugs were specially occupied with quackery; besides

rouge, paint, and other means of promoting beauty, they sold medicines and offered wares in mountebank fashion. Very often, when sick people failed to obtain alleviation or cure from a regular physician, they gave him up, and resorted to a quack.

Miss Jane Harrison, D.C.L., a high authority on these matters, has shown how history repeats itself, and that self-deception is one of the most constant of human inconsistencies—how in ancient Greece and Rome the greater part of medical and surgical treatment consisted of that curious mixture of "hypnotism and humbug" not wholly unknown at the present time.

As was usual in those days, science and religion were intimately blended. The worship of Æsculapius, affiliated with that of Apollo, was conducted in the temples, which at the same time did duty as the hospitals, while the attendant priests acted as nurses. The temples of Æsculapius were peculiar; for, in addition to provision for the shrine of the deity, long corridors did duty as wards, and a highly-prized sacred well formed one of the sanitary appliances.

The healing methods of these priests of Æsculapius were specially distinguished from those of the professional physicians by the veil of secrecy and supernaturalness that surrounded them, since they rightly understood that the love of miracle among the common people would always bring them success. The healing was effected by what was called "incubation." In a dream the god appeared to the patient, and either suggested to him the remedy which would cure him, or else undertook on the spot to heal the sleeper, so that, when he awoke, he found himself restored to health and went joyfully away. We can imagine, however, that awkward situations occasionally arose. The habitual non-dreamer and the deep sleeper would have to be arranged for. Miss Harrison quaintly suggests that, in the "half-dawn of the grey morning," when temperature is lowest and life at its lowest daily ebb, some dreamlike pageant could be arranged by the priests, and so the patient was saved from the disgrace of not dreaming, and the efficacy of the shrine was maintained.

Doubtless many of the *malades imaginaires* who to this day

are the support of the quack and the *bêtes noires* of the honest physician visited the Temple of Æsculapius. According to Dr. Caton, the priest would take such a person (as probably he took all suppliants) into the temple, and cause him to present himself before the image of the god. Prayer and sacrifices were offered, with rites of an impressive kind. The man was caused to lay his hand solemnly and reverently on the altar, and then on the part affected. If there were really nothing the matter, he was proclaimed to be miraculously healed by the god, and doubtless his imagination was so impressed that he often himself believed in the cure.

The patients spent the day in rest or exercise, as was most agreeable to them. The precincts were as beautiful as art could make them; trees formed a shady grove, protecting from the sun's heat, whilst the soft breezes and the sweet, pure air of the mountain constituted in themselves a potent agency for the restoration of health. Those who were able would ascend the mountain, visit the Temple of Apollo, or engage in the exercises of the *stadium*, or, if they could not participate, would become spectators. The plays of the theatres would often make half of the day pass pleasantly. We know that priest and patient were frequently seen there. Music, religious dances, processions, and festivals would vary the interest and occupations of the patient. The studious man could surround himself with manuscripts from the library, and, reposing in the sheltered seats, could dream over history, plays, or poetry. The solemn rites of the temple, the sacrifices, the study of the pictures and tablets, would all tend to a calm and hopeful condition of mind, eminently helpful to recovery from slight forms of illness, even though no direct medical treatment were pursued.

The patient's mind was thus prepared beforehand for miraculous effects—prepared by means well calculated to produce the highest degree of "suggestibility," which the profane describe as "gullibility" writ large. On arrival at the temple, he was not suffered to enter at once, but had first to be cleansed by bathing in the sacred well, after which he was allowed to pay his homage

to the deity of the shrine. He had an interview with the priest, and then was admitted to the altar, whereon he placed as offerings cakes and choice articles of food. On behalf of the god, they were very graciously accepted by the priest. When night came, he brought his bed into the temple, and reposed upon his pallet, which he himself provided; and after the attendants had lighted the sacred lamps, the priest entered and recited with an imposing ritual propitiatory prayers to the god. The patients were then enjoined to compose themselves to sleep, and the lights were extinguished. Full of expectation of the promised visit of the god, excited further by the solemnity of their surroundings, hypnotized as they had been by the dim religious light of the lamps, or made drowsy by the fumes of incense and the languorous atmosphere of the crowded temple, they passed, one after another, into dreamland.

Many of the cases mentioned are very wonderful. A man who has completely lost one of his eyes receives it again by means of a healing lotion poured into the socket by the god during sleep. A woman who has a worm in her body dreams that Æsculapius cuts it open for her, takes out the worm, and sews up the body again. A man has moles on his forehead; the god lays a bandage over his brow, whereupon it appears the next moment perfectly white and pure. Another man has lost the use of the fingers of one hand. The god jumps on his hand, and pulls his fingers straight, so that he is at once able to use them again. Indeed, the god not only mends sick people, but also lifeless objects. A slave has broken his master's cup, and as he sits sadly looking at it a passer-by laughingly says that even Æsculapius could not cure that. This suggests to him the taking of the fragments into the temple; and the next morning, when he opens the case in which he put them, behold the cup is whole again!

It is difficult to say what part of these stories is mere charlatanism and what refers to real medical treatment by means of operation. Naturally the priests at first got information by questioning each patient about his illness. The sleep in the sanctuary which was

indispensable for healing was probably not a natural one, but was due either to hypnotism, since the ancients were undoubtedly acquainted with this art, or else was a quasi-sleep, induced by some narcotic, probably Indian hemp, during which the priest performed his slight surgical operations on the patients.

It is thought, as Caton remarks, that in later times superstition and deception had a less share and art a larger one in this work of healing. We find the priests prescribing many things that were prudent and judicious: plain and simple diet, hot and cold baths, poulticing for certain chest ailments, and a variety of medicaments—hemlock juice, hellebore, squills, lime-water, and drugs for the allaying of pain. Water was used externally and internally, friction of the skin was resorted to, massage, counter-irritation, and active gymnastic exercise. Not infrequently it would happen that persons with real and incurable disease came to the temple and got worse, notwithstanding their sacrifices and petitions to the gods. How the priests excused the impotency of their deity on these occasions we do not know; perhaps some lack of merit, purity, or sanctity in the individual may have been imputed. We do know that in some cases the honour of Æsculapius was saved by sending the unfortunate invalid to some distant shrine. Two events were considered to desecrate grossly any hallowed precinct—namely, birth and death: neither of these must occur within any sacred enclosure.

When the cure was accomplished, there naturally came the question of fee, and the hardly less important one of the testimonial. In regard to the fee, the god appears to have been willing to accept anything in the nature of portable property. The floor of the temple was heaped with vessels of gold and silver, censers and tripods for the religious rites, ornaments of all kinds, musical instruments, mirrors, precious stones, money, and cast-off clothing. The poor usually gave terra-cotta statuettes or figures of domestic animals—horses, oxen, pigs, some represented with children on their backs, and usually painted red and blue, with the hair and eyes black—earthenware vases, or whatever else they could afford. Almost every one who found relief presented an *ex-voto* offering in the form of a leg, arm,

or whatever part of the body might have been the seat of the disease which had been cured. These were often made of gold, silver, or bronze: a statuette of the latter found in Naples represents a woman carrying an infant on her left arm, and holding with her right hand a sucking pig by its hind legs. These testimonies of gratitude were hung about the sanctuary, just as they may be seen even at the present day about numberless altars in the south of Europe: one is well seen in the Church of Santa Chiara in Naples. Nay, further, the custom of sleeping in a sacred edifice, in the hope of obtaining a miraculous cure by the healing influence of faith and prayer, is still in existence in Lesbos and other islands of the Greek Archipelago.

Dr. Sambon reminds us of the curious sight that must have been presented by the old temples, crowded with *donaria* of all kinds, which filled up each corner, covered the walls, hung from the ceilings, clustered round the shapeless *xoana* or the beautiful statues of gods, like swarms of bees. The deep-red terra-cotta limbs and blue-coated statuettes contrasted with the white bas-reliefs of marble, while bright *donaria* of bronze and gilded gifts shone among the gorgeously-coloured tablets. All these offerings told one tale of human suffering and divine charity. Together with the inscriptions which covered pillars and walls, they recorded dreadful diseases and wonderful cures. The temples became schools of medicine, and many eminent men, among whom was Hippocrates, learnt in them the principles of medical science, which were chiselled on walls and pillars, as on the leaves of a great book, profusely illustrated by the never-ending rich *donaria*.

Medicine may now be said to walk by sight, but it was not always so; and we may remember that superstition, even in its worst form, has blessed her, albeit unconsciously. A recent writer in the *British Medical Journal* says: "True science is a foe to systematic negation, which the morrow may cause to melt away in the light of its new triumphs." What appears to be a miracle to-day may therefore cease to be one to-morrow. Disease now incurable by any therapeutic means at our disposal will, there is every reason to hope, be remediable by medical art in the

future. If such a disease were to be cured now by some force differing from the resources which medicine has at its command, it would not be necessary to assume that the agency which worked the cure was supernatural. The word "miracle" must be taken in its etymological sense to denote something marvellous and opposed to common experience—that which at first sight cannot be accounted for by the agency of natural causes. Miracles not only do happen, but happen frequently, and in almost infinite varieties of circumstances. If human testimony be worth anything, cures of a marvellous nature are wrought at Lourdes, St. Winifred's Well, and other Christian shrines, as they were at the Temple of Æsculapius at Rome. Cures of precisely the same kind are effected by mesmerism and other forms of faith-healing in which the sacred element is altogether wanting. The same writer goes on to say that the secret of good statistics of "miracles" lies, as in less occult provinces of the healing art, in the right selection of cases. These should be instances of purely functional disorder; or if there be organic mischief, it should be such as is dependent on nervous disturbance. Neurosis may indeed in general terms be laid down as the indication for "miracle." Of course persons afflicted with other infirmities go to Lourdes. In the crowd attracted by the hopes of cure are sufferers from cancer, tuberculosis, obstinate tetters of the skin, blindness and deafness from organic causes; but of these little is said. When a cure is claimed in such cases, there always remains a doubt as to the diagnosis. The great majority of cures which Dr. Gasquet saw at Lourdes "were evidently in one way or another due to the influence of the mind on the body." This influence, as all medical practitioners can testify, is capable of working "miracles" as striking as those in the records of any shrine. A powerful mental emotion or shock will often cure cases of functional paralysis, hysterical contracture, and similar conditions which are the despair of medicine. Gout has literally been frightened out of a man, and strong emotion has restored the sound of a voice that has been still for years. The writer himself has seen a woman who had long

been voiceless cured of her aphonia by the mere introduction of the laryngoscopic mirror; and the story told by Herodotus of the king's dumb son who "burst the bonds of his voice" when he saw his father about to be slain before his eyes is entirely credible. In these miraculous cures, is it not the patient's faith that makes him whole?

To the writer the most interesting of all the "finds" at Pompeii were the bronze surgical instruments, about forty in number, which were discovered in what is called the House of the Surgeon, and are shown in the Neapolitan Museum. They are truly wonderful productions, many of them being identical with those used by surgeons at the present day. There is one instrument, a speculum, of which the mechanism is most ingenious, the construction so uniform and well proportioned, and the various dimensions so constantly true to the centimetric measurement, that to the writer's mind it is much superior to many similar instruments of modern manufacture. Probes, cauteries, lancets, knives, elevators for raising depressed portions of the skull, catheters—these all give a high idea both of the science and the practice of surgery among the Romans. Some of the instruments show the destructive effect of heat and oxidation; some have developed a beautiful green or bluish patina, which gives them the appearance of having been shaped out of malachite; some of them bear a name, either of the surgeon or the maker. No trace appears of needles or anything else that would indicate that wounds were sutured. No saws, trephines, chisels, or any other instrument for operations on bones were found. The scalpels and lancets had iron blades, but these are generally missing, having rusted away. The instruments made of wood were of course destroyed by fire and heat.

If we are to judge of the work of the Pompeian surgeon by the collection of instruments left behind him, he did not aspire to the performance of the major operations of surgery. Yet Larrey found under the vaults and walls of the temples of Thebes, Luxor, and Denderah bas-reliefs representing amputations effected by instruments similar to those of the present day. Celsus, who probably

lived in the time of Augustus and Tiberius, makes mention in his works, where he has summarized the knowledge of his day, of various surgical procedures, and advises a method of amputation which is still occasionally employed, and treats of the ligature, compression of vessels, and the trepanning of the skull. The last-mentioned operation, as the author has elsewhere shown (*Trephining in its Ancient and Modern Aspect*, 1894), goes back to prehistoric times.

No hospital has yet been discovered in Pompeii. Of the classic authors, Hippocrates is the only one who alludes to the sick as being cared for in the Temple of Æsculapius, but without giving any indication that there was any building specially set apart for this purpose. Yet by analogy we may be fairly satisfied that such building did exist, from the evidence of the recently-discovered Roman hospital at Baden, in the canton of Argovia (Aargau), Switzerland. The edifice is composed of fourteen little rooms, in which have been found quantities of medical and surgical appliances, together with indications that this was the hospital of the fourth and fifth legions, when they had their headquarters at Baden.

Architects, sculptors, and painters were classified in those days as tradesmen, so were the maritime merchants who carried on the foreign trade of Italy. "Owing to the dishonour in which manual pursuits were held, every large city had a superfluous population of worthless idlers—clients who lived on the doles of the wealthy, flatterers who fawned at the feet of the influential, the *lazzaroni* of the streets, mere loafers and loiterers, the hangers-on of the Forum, the *claqueurs* of the law courts, the scum that gathered about the shallowest outmost waves of civilization."

EDUCATION.—If we turn to the profession of teaching, we find that by the time of Juvenal it had become one of the recognized careers for a Roman of the middle class, and that it ranked lower in Rome than in most civilized societies. The picture that the satirist draws of a teacher is certainly unpleasant enough. Besides the monotony of teaching the same things again and again, and

the anxiety of the moral supervision of a number of boys, it appears that parents often tried to evade the payment of the fee on the pretence that the boy had learned nothing. It was the custom to begin work very early in the morning, so that idle citizens were disturbed in their repose by the sounds of the class, the *verba et verbera* with which knowledge was driven into the head of youth.

The child received its first instruction at home; either the mother was the teacher, or some female relative or freedwoman acted as nursery governess. But far more important than this modicum of learning was that practical education which it received by association with its elders and by admission, as years went on, into their activities. Thus the girl learned at her mother's side to spin, to weave, and to sew; the boy was initiated by his father or elder brothers into the mysteries of planting and harvesting, of swimming, riding, boxing, and the use of weapons. If the father was a *flamen*, the son, acting as his *camillus* (bearer of the sacred vessels), was early trained to assist at sacrifices. If the mother offered a sacrifice, her daughter acted as *camilla*. Where the father was of a station to receive clients in his *atrium*, his boys stood beside him during the ceremony. In days of family rejoicing or mourning, when the shrines were opened and the images of the ancestors displayed, the children were always present. They took part in the family meals when there were no guests.

Very early in Roman history we find mention of boys' and girls' schools. The primary teacher, or *literator*, was usually a slave or freedman, who acted as private tutor, or instructed a small class in the *pergula*, or verandah. The monthly fee was limited to fifty *denarii*—rather less than four shillings of our money. School life began usually at seven years of age. The Quinquatria, a festival of Minerva, was the period for admission of new pupils; and those who were entering brought a present to the master, that he might offer sacrifice for them and win the favour of the goddess. Holidays were long and frequent, following a system which closely approaches that of some of the public schools of our day. Besides

four months' vacation in the summer for the olive harvest and vintage, every feast day and every market day seem to have been holidays.

The substance of what was taught in these primary schools was the same as that which an old-fashioned or more carefully-secluded child acquired at home. Children were taught their alphabet by encouraging them to play with pieces of ivory on which different letters were marked; they were taught to write by using waxen tablets, on which a copy, usually a proverb pointing some useful lesson, had been previously traced; a knowledge of arithmetic was communicated through the medium of a calculating-board and counters; whilst the memory was strengthened and practice was given in writing and orthography by the master repeating aloud a passage, which had to be taken down and learned.

We find that they had wall-maps, for Eumenius says: "The boys should have daily before their eyes on the walls all lands and seas, all cities and peoples, comprehended under our empire; for the name and position of places, the distances between them, the source and outflow of rivers, the coast-line with all its sea-board, its gulfs and its straits, are better taken in by eye than ear." Professor Wilkins considers that boys and girls were taught together, and that they had some knowledge of singing and of the old ballads of their country. These epic songs were written in the Saturnian metre, of which we have an excellent specimen in the line of our nursery rhyme:—

"The queen was in her parlour, eating bread and honey."

Later there grew up an ever-increasing demand for the service of Greek grammarians, who not only taught their own language, but introduced a more scientific method of studying Latin itself, and who succeeded after a time in imbuing the Roman mind with something resembling the broad ideal of Greek culture—that is to say, the harmonious and equal development of all a man's faculties, both physical and mental. It is not out of place to mention here that probably the earliest Latin school-book was a translation of Homer's

Odyssey, made in the old Roman Saturnian metre, which served the purpose of giving the Roman youth access to the priceless treasures of Greek poetry.

Here again is seen the influence of Greece upon Roman life and education. The conquered took the conqueror captive. As a great historian of Rome has well said: "The higher Roman culture itself was, in fact, nothing else than the proclamation of the great gospel of Hellenic manners and art in the Italian idiom." The Pompeians learnt Greek at an early age. There is every reason for believing that the letters of the Greek alphabet found on the walls two or three feet from the ground were written there by children on their way to and from school.

According to Juvenal, the principal text-books read were Horace and Virgil, whilst the walls of Herculaneum show that the practice of Eton is in its minutiæ truly classical. The rod was in frequent use. Plautus mentions that if a boy missed a word in his reading his back was speedily "striped just like his nurse's cloak." The master appears to have read aloud, with the proper accent and inflection, a passage which the pupil had first to commit to memory, and afterwards to be examined upon, not merely as to its grammar and prosody, but upon all the various questions in geography, astronomy, history, and mythology which it might suggest. Writing-exercises had also to be prepared—translations from poetry into prose and original themes. The criticism of these last must have involved some elementary teaching in rhetoric; but a further pursuit of the various branches of learning comprehended under this head, according to Preston, was reserved for the higher schools of the rhetoricians. The grammatical course was deemed equally appropriate for boys and girls, and a goodly number of the latter attended the grammar schools, though plainly there was always a preference in favour of home education in their case.

At this period arms were no longer the only path to office and to glory, so it came to be a custom for the young Roman of good position to take courses under professors of literature, philosophy,

and rhetoric. These *literatores* were usually Greeks. The students were set to make speeches on one side or the other on some imaginary case, great attention being paid to the selection and arrangement of suitable arguments and language, and the proper control of the voice and features. Virgil speaks of the joy with which he turned from the empty disputes of the art of rhetoric to the serious problems of philosophy.

CHAPTER V.

HANDICRAFTS OF THE POMPEIANS.

"While manufacture is the work of hands only, art is the work of the whole spirit of man; and as that spirit is, so is the deed of it."—RUSKIN.

NOT the least interesting among the discoveries of Pompeii are those that relate to the manner of conducting handicrafts, or, as the ancients expressed them, the servile arts. It has been epigrammatically observed, that whereas with the Greeks every handicraft was an art, with the Romans every art was a handicraft. But both agreed in looking down on all manual labour for hire, whether art or handicraft.

Slaves did the work: they cast the bronze and chiselled the alabaster; they frescoed the walls; they built the triremes. To them belongs the credit of the delicate mosaic of those floors glowing with many-coloured marbles; they painted the walls also, they hewed in the quarry, they tilled the land, they spun, they wove, they cooked.

"The fame of an actor has been justly said to be of all fames the most perishable, because he leaves no memorial of his power, except in the fading memories of the generation which has beheld him. An analogous proposition might be made with respect to the mechanical arts, because the knowledge of them cannot be transmitted by mere description; the scientific part may be preserved in books, but the skill in manipulation, acquired by a long series of improvements, is lost."

The Romans appear to have been acquainted with seven metals—namely, gold, silver, mercury, copper, iron, tin, and lead.

They knew and employed various preparations of zinc, antimony, and arsenic, though we find no evidence that these bodies were known to them in their metallic state. Pliny tells us of mines of brass that had been worked out; and this substance, in his time, as now, was made artificially and by a similar process. He specially mentions four kinds, and also gives various formulæ for making bronze.

Copper was used in medicine at a very early period, and various medicinal preparations of it are mentioned by Dioscorides and Pliny. It would appear, however, that they were used externally only, never as internal remedies. The same may be said of the preparations of zinc. Pliny, by the way, speaks of institutions to which he gives the name of *seplasiæ*, the object of which was to prepare medicine for the use of medical men. They seem, therefore, to have been similar to the chemists' shops of the present day. Pliny reprobates the conduct of the persons who had the charge of these *seplasiæ* in his time. He accuses them of adulterating medicines to such a degree that nothing good or genuine could be procured from them.

Pliny does not seem to have been able to differentiate between iron and steel, nor does he tell us the method employed to convert iron into steel, but he was acquainted with the process of rendering steel magnetic. He was of opinion that a method of preventing iron from rusting had once been known, but had been lost before his time. The iron chains of an old bridge had not rusted in Pliny's day; but a few new links which had been added to supply the place of some that had decayed had become rusty.

It would appear, from the same writer, that the people made use of something very like tractors; for he says that pain in the side was relieved by holding near it the point of a dagger that has wounded a man. Water in which red-hot iron had been plunged was recommended as a cure for dysentery; and the actual cautery with red-hot iron, he informs us, was employed to prevent hydrophobia, when a person had been bitten by a mad dog. Rust and scales of iron were used as astringent medicines.

Tin was used for covering the inside of copper vessels, as it is at this day. It seems to have surprised Pliny that copper thus tinned did not increase in weight. The increase has been proved to be so small, from the thinness of the coating, that we may well excuse this early writer, who probably had never seen the increase of weight determined except by means of a rude Roman *statera*, for concluding that there was no increase of weight whatever. He was evidently not acquainted with the process of tinning iron; at any rate, no mention is made of tin-plate. Both copper and brass were tinned; but plating with silver was gradually substituted for tinning; and finally gilding took the place of plating. The trappings of horses, chariots, etc., were thus ornamented. Pliny does not give a description of the process of plating; but there can be little doubt that it was similar to what we call "rolled" plate. Gilding was accomplished by laying an amalgam of gold on the copper or brass.

Both the tin and lead of the Romans came principally from Britain, tin being worth about eight shillings per pound of our money, and lead about six shillings. Leaden pipes were made by rolling thick plates round a wooden core: the edges were then brought together and soldered; they were much thicker than those in present use. Tin was used as solder for lead. Several preparations of lead were used externally in medicine. Pliny says that *molybdæna* was the same as *galena*. From his description it is obvious that it is our litharge; it was employed, as it is still, for making plasters. The same writer gives us the process for making the plaster: the preparation is almost the same as the adhesive plaster so commonly sold at the present day.

Mercury was procured from mines in Spain, and was also obtained by distillation from cinnabar. It was employed in gilding precisely as it is by the moderns.

The Romans were apparently quite ignorant of the nature and properties of air and of all gaseous bodies, but admitted the existence of the four elements fire, air, water, and earth. With the exception of vinegar, or acetic acid, they were not acquainted with any of the acids which at the present day make up a really formidable list, and

even this one acid was not known to them in a state of purity. They were unfamiliar with all saline bases, except lime, soda, and potash, and of these they had only an imperfect knowledge; the whole range of chemical salts was unknown to them, except those which they found ready formed in the earth, or which they succeeded in procuring by the action of vinegar on lead and copper.

Pliny describes four kinds of sulphur; these differed, probably, from each other only in their purity. The Romans used sulphur for bleaching flannel by means of its fumes, for sulphuring matches, and for external application in medicine. Alumina, which was used as a mordant by the fullers, nitre, bitumen, and naphtha were known: the two last were used for lighting purposes instead of oil, and also employed externally in disease, and were considered to have the same virtues as sulphur.

Especially characteristic of these early times was the dexterous hand-work requisite to produce the results bequeathed to us by them. "Skilful manipulation necessary to fashion from the lump the delicate bronze vase, by the action of the hammer alone, would put to the blush," says Mr. C. D. Fortnum, "many a modern workman, proud of the facility with which he can apply the improved mechanism of his tools." But in the one case all is pure handicraft; the mind is excited and led on in striving to attain a dexterity which the hand and the head, and not the tool, can furnish; and the hammer, like a painter's pencil, becomes a means of communicating mind to matter, recording the painstaking assiduity and artistic skill and sentiment of the man who wielded it. Modern machinery in its perfection acts in a contrary direction. The almost self-acting tool conveys its material and mechanical quality to the human machine, who starts it into motion, and assists its labour merely by the tightening of a screw or the withdrawal of a pin; the result is the production of the machine, rather than of the man who tends it. Art and handicraft are man and wife. Mechanism and manufacture (so called) are also wedded, and are a fertile pair; but they are of a younger and less noble branch of a grand old family. Nevertheless, they are suitably adapted

to our age; yet it behoves us, in their encouragement, never to forget the more inspired works and higher artistic claims of the older members of the family.

The Pompeians evidently had municipal elections, and, from the election placards found written by the trade guilds upon the walls, we note some of the tradesmen who flourished in the city. There were dyers, bakers, pastrycooks, goldsmiths, fruiterers, carpenters, carters, saltworkers, fishermen, peasants, market-folk, muleteers, coachmen, barbers, perfumers, booksellers, clothiers, innkeepers, and others. Yet, of the trades mentioned, we find to-day only traces of a few—and of these in many cases the tools of the trade rather than the result of their work. Indirectly we know that there were many trades not included in the above list. Blacksmiths must have been common, as a great deal of ancient wrought-iron work exists; also plumbers, from the leaden pipes that have been found; bootmakers, from the frequent occurrence of boots and shoes in the frescoes; saddlers, from the many specimens of harness found, showing even the thread which secured the metal buckles and bits to the rest. In the Pompeian Museum is suspended the model of a large cart-wheel, which, singularly enough, is exactly the size and shape of the wheels used for heavy carts in Italy at the present day.

Pottery had its birth in Egypt, and was attributed, like many other arts and sciences, to the invention of the gods.

We are probably correct in saying that the art of the potter is almost coeval with the creation of man, and that his handicraft, rude as it might be, existed and flourished before tradition had yielded to history, or speech was expressed in hieroglyphics.

Roman pottery in the first century is most commonly seen in the lamps of the period, generally boat-shaped, oval, elongated, or circular, with a handle and a spout for the wick: often they are embossed. Pottery for domestic purposes was for the most part rough, unglazed, and with little or no decoration. Among the higher classes Aretine and Samian ware was most fashionable. The Aretine is of a fine clay, red in colour, with good glaze

and highly decorated with reliefs. The Samian consists of bowls decorated with reliefs; it is of harder clay, and has less brilliancy of colour and a thinner glaze. Both classes are often stamped with the maker's name. The fine sealing-wax-like red or orange on the Samian pottery is produced by an oxide or iron mixed with an alkaline silicate, forming a red enamel.

Of the remains that have come down to us from ancient times, painted vases may perhaps be considered the most graceful, curious, and instructive. Their utility and beauty, the fineness of the workmanship and material, the perfection of the glazing, the variety of subjects depicted, and their interest from an historical point of view, caused them to hold a very important place among the arts of the ancients, whilst from them modern art has obtained many beautiful models. Many, especially of the larger vases, were probably treasured as objects of art, for the paintings seem to have been executed by the best artists of the day, and were used for banquets and entertainments; others, of fifty different recognized shapes and sizes, were made to hold liquids, ointments, and perfumes. The vase was also used for sepulchral purposes. These sometimes bore representations of the nether world, or of offerings at the tombs of the departed; but more often vases were associated with the deceased's habits, or recalled circumstances the memory of which was cherished.

"Here bring the last gifts, and with these
The last lament he said—
Let all that pleased, and yet may please,
Be buried with the dead."—E. B. LYTTON.

In the character of their productions we see reflected the nature and conditions of the inhabitants of Southern Italy. The chief object desired was splendour and general effect, and both from the size and colouring of the vases we are enabled to gather some idea of the magnificence and luxury in which the people lived.

It appears likely that their dexterity and knowledge of material and method were largely derived from the Greeks, as we find that they adopted the Greek method of placing red figures on the black

surface, which allowed the artist to express, when the drawing consisted of delicately-traced lines, all the finer and more subtle gradations, which before were impracticable. Another variety was a series of studs of soft clay, laid with more or less regularity on the vases, and then finished with a glaze containing a high percentage of soda. Lead was not unknown as a glazing substance, according to Binns, but probably it was little used.

From the numerous articles of glass found in Pompeii, it is thought that there was a glass-manufactory in the neighbourhood. It is manifest that the Romans possessed much taste as regards this art; they were evidently acquainted with blowing, the working of the lathe, and glass-cutting. They made great use of glass for domestic utensils; and many funeral urns have been found composed of this material. A large number of bottles are in the Neapolitan Museum which were brought from the House of the Surgeon at Pompeii.

Strabo declares that in his day a small drinking-cup of glass might be purchased for half an *as*, less than a penny of our money; and so common was it in the time of Juvenal and Martial, that old men and women made a livelihood by bartering sulphur matches for broken fragments. As showing the great genius of these ancient workers, we may mention the Barberina, or, as it is now called, the Portland Vase, in the British Museum. The extreme beauty of this vase caused it at first to be mistaken for a real sardonyx. It is composed of a beautiful rich tint of blue glass, on the surface of which are delineated in relief elaborately-wrought figures of opaque white glass. Contemplating it, we need not wonder that in Nero's time a pair of moderate-sized glass cups with handles sometimes cost fifty pounds. Glass was also used for presenting fac-similes in both relief and intaglio, as well as for imitations of precious stones—as the emerald, carbuncle, sapphire, and amethyst. These counterfeits were executed with such fidelity that detection was extremely difficult.

The Romans possessed a very imperfect knowledge of magnifying-glasses. Seneca states that a ball of glass filled with water enlarges

minutely-written characters. Pliny tells how Nero looked at the combats of the gladiators through "an emerald"; he is known to have been short-sighted. Hence it is thought that the Romans were acquainted with the use of the lens, one of which has been found at Pompeii.

The interior of a shoemaker's shop appears in a wall-painting from Herculaneum, where one of two Cupids sitting by a table seems to beat the leather on a last, while the other is sewing at a shoe; rows of finished shoes stand in an open cupboard and on boards on the wall, which prove that the shop was used for both working and selling. Another picture represents the colonnade of a forum, where clothes, bronze vessels, ironware, and cakes are sold, whilst shoemakers take the pedal measure of people sitting on benches.

The mechanical and intellectual occupations of the slaves were continued by them as freedmen, in consequence of which the trades were shared by the *plebs* with the *liberti*.

The various guilds had their separate inns or *collegia*, their statutes and rules of reception and expulsion of members, their collective and individual privileges, their laws of mutual protection, and their widows' fund, not unlike the mediæval guilds. They had their time-honoured customs, consisting of sacrifices and festive gatherings at their inns, on which occasions their banners (*vexilla*) and emblems were carried about the streets in procession. A wall-painting from Pompeii is most likely intended as an illustration of a carpenter's procession. A large wooden tray (*ferculum*), surmounted by a decorated baldachin, is being carried on the shoulders of young workmen. On the tray stands a carpenter's bench in miniature, with two men at their work, the figure of Dædalus being seen in the foreground. The strike of the *tibicines* recorded by Livy proves that these *collegia* of workmen, at once trade-unions and clubs, insurance and burial societies, were known to be the most conservative element of society. It is interesting to note that the rate of wages appears to have been about twelve *ases* (about eightpence) *per diem* for an ordinary skilled artisan.

In the Neapolitan Museum may be seen musical instruments,

Photo by J. Hart. *City Road, London.*

RAZOR, SAFETY PIN, AND SCISSORS, FROM THE OPPENHEIMER COLLECTION.

toys, dice, theatrical tickets, toilet requisites, combs, sculptors' tools, fishing-tackle, weights, scales, steelyards of many kinds, and folding foot-rules divided into twelve *unciæ* by points on the side surface and sixteen *digiti* marked on the edge.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Oppenheimer I am enabled to give an illustration of some very interesting bronze "finds" from Pompeii, *viz.* a razor, a safety-pin, and a pair of scissors. The first and last have suffered much in condition from their long interment. The razor is certainly not fit for present use; it may possibly have had a wooden handle. The scissors show that, in the first century, the present-day type of pivoted blades with handles was not then in use. The safety-pin will remind the pin-makers of to-day that there is nothing new under the sun.

"The difference between . . . Pompeian artificers and those of our utilitarian age is especially noticeable. All these articles are designed and executed with a wonderful artistic grace. The master-hand of the artist is displayed in a simple but unaffected manner; whereas our household chattels, being made to a pattern and in vast numbers, though they answer their purposes admirably, may justly be said to testify rather to the skill of the artisan than to the taste of the artist.

"By the help of the innumerable objects contained in this unique collection, we can follow out all the hours of a Roman day, with their several duties and amusements. We sit, or rather recline, with the wealthy nobleman at his meals, and criticise his table, furniture, and almost pronounce upon the flavour of his dishes or the age of his wine. We peep into the dressing-room of his wife, and see her toilet apparatus, her rouge, her mirrors, her ornaments—in short, all the weapons with which she fought off the approaches of time. We penetrate into the kitchen, see the charcoal lighted in the brazier, hear the water bubbling in the urn; we sit with the student in the library, go out into the fields with the farmer, and visit the shops of the mechanics and artisans."

The Romans adopted a sort of mixed system of money, which

nearly every government, at the present day, finds itself compelled to accept—a system consisting partly of highly-overvalued pieces, and partly of coins at their bullion value. In modern times the overvalued money is silver and paper. In those days the overvalued pieces were made of bronze. The modern system, as shown by Del Mar, and the Roman system possessed one great feature in common. The volume of money had no specific limit; but in the Roman system, of the overvalued portion, there was a certain discernible limit, which was regulated from time to time by the senate. The principal feature of the coinage was a distinctive *sesterce*, composed of bronze, and weighing about two ounces. The coin was legal tender to any extent and for all purposes. A scale of relative value was also enacted, one *aureus* of gold equalling twenty-five *denarii* of silver (value eightpence farthing) or one hundred *sesterces*. There were also subsidiary coins of the *as* (value one halfpenny) series, which, like the copper or bronze coinage of modern monetary systems, could be tendered only in payment of a certain amount. Four of these *ases* went to make a *sesterce* (twopence). Certain privileged families, in addition to the licensed mints of Rome and its provinces, were appointed moneyers, and were paid by the State for their service. Octavius, who reformed the coinage, caused the effigy of Julius Cæsar to be stamped upon his first emission of *sesterces*. As was inevitable, the gold and silver coins, not overvalued, rose to a premium, and afterwards disappeared from circulation, and so the bronze *sesterces* became nearly the only monetary units used in calculation in Roman pecuniary affairs, though the *as* still continued nominally in use for fines and other matters connected with ancient law.

Nothing seems to have been found to reveal the existence of the pawnbroker; and as the Pompeians were remarkable for their street-signs, one can only suppose that pawnbrokers did not exist; but that their kinsmen the money-lenders existed is proved by Professor De Patra. By his success in deciphering the Pompeian tablets, he has brought to light the name of one, Jucundus, whose money-lending transactions were by monthly bills, for which con-

venience he charged two per cent. With this business the proprietor combined that of an auctioneer ; and here also the man showed great astuteness, for not only was he careful to subtract his commission before handing over the result of the sale, but he also carefully abstained from making any mention in the accounts of what percentage he charged. The mode of auction was similar to that now prevalent in this country, and was called *sub hastâ*, from its being originally a sale of the spoils taken in war, which was held under a spear, erected as an indication of the auction. The city had its public criers, who advertised a sale by auction, and then stood by the spear and called out what was offered. They also invited attendance at the public games and funerals, ordered silence at public assemblies, and when anything was lost or stolen searched for it.

Another very interesting discovery made in Pompeii was the studio of a sculptor, containing his tools, as well as blocks of marble and half-finished statues. Amongst the tools were mallets, compasses, chisels, levers, saws, etc.—

> "Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
> And softened into flesh the rugged stone."

We have to go to the museums at Naples and Pompeii to see the results of the workmanship of other trades. Many gold and silver ornaments have been found, some of them of great value and beauty. A long gold chain, with gold wheels at intervals, discovered in the House of the Faun, was probably an official ornament, as the mayor's chain of to-day; whilst the massive gold armlets of serpentine design, weighing two pounds, found in the same house, no doubt adorned some Pompeian beauty.

In the Pompeian Museum there are casts of a wardrobe, also some doors with latches, bolts, and locks. In the Neapolitan Museum there is an original wooden box roughly dovetailed, and also a very complete set of carpenter's tools. The fishermen used bronze fish-hooks, of which many have been discovered, and also a kind of drag for pulling up their night-lines.

Several bakers' shops have been found, all in a fair state of preservation; mill, oven and kneading-troughs, the vessels for holding water, and even flour leavened, have all been brought to light. The stone flour-mills were built in the shape of a dice-box outside; internally they resembled an hour-glass, the narrow, constricted wall being hooped with iron, into which wooden bars were inserted, by means whereof the upper stone was turned on a pivot of iron by the labour of men or asses. Of course the work fell upon the slaves; and as it was very hard, those who were guilty of any offence were sent to the mill as a punishment. Asses were used, however, by those who could afford it. The use of water-mills was not unknown to the Romans. Vitruvius describes their construction in terms not inapplicable to the mechanism of a common mill of the present day.

The ovens—at any rate those that the writer saw—reminded him of the old-fashioned brick ovens often met with in Yorkshire farmhouses, generally rectangular in shape, dome-roofed, and closed by an iron door. In one of the Pompeian ovens eighty-one loaves of bread were found, of which several specimens, flat, and about eight inches in diameter—about the size of hot-cross-buns—are preserved in the museum at Naples. They bore two stamps, one indicating the maker's name, and the other the quality of the bread.

A Pompeian wall-painting (Neapolitan Museum) depicts the Vestalia, or millers' feast, celebrated on the 9th of June, genii taking the place of men, as is often the case in these pictures. The day was celebrated by a family dinner, the donkeys had a resting-spell, animals and mill being adorned with flowers and garlands composed of leaves strung together.

Bakers were in great repute in Pompeii, and large sums were paid for slaves who excelled in baking and the making of confectionery. Cooks, too, were evidently at a premium. "To the Pompeian," says Stamer, "chiefest of all pleasures were those of the table. However close-handed in other matters, money was no object to him where eating and drinking were concerned. Though

he had a wife beautiful as Venus and chaste as Lucrece, she held but second place in his affections: the first belonged of right to the cook. Were it a question of loving wife or cook, he would not hesitate an instant. 'Since a victim thou must have, O Death, take my Livia, but spare my Davus!' would be the answer given to the importunate scythe-bearer knocking at the gate. 'More than one eligible maiden is there ready to console me for the loss of Livia; a cook such as Davus is nowhere to be found.'"

There seems to be abundant proof that the water-tube principle, the crowning feature of the most successful boilers of to-day, was fully understood and appreciated by the Pompeians. Amongst the bronze relics in the Neapolitan Museum are preserved two contrivances for heating water, and if they are studied, a close analogy between the ancient Pompeian boilers and the water-leg boilers, water-grates, and water-tube boilers now in use will be observed. Inasmuch as the ancients had little or no need for steam under pressure, and as their boilers were principally required for heating water, it was sufficient that the boiler shells and covers should offer but a slight resistance, merely a heavy, well-fitted cover, capable of preventing the escape of steam, being all that was required. It is interesting to note here the artistic turn of mind of these ancient people; for no matter how simple or how ordinary might be the article under construction, it seemed to be "second nature" to them to ornament every detail.

CLOTHING.—"There have been long periods of declension and bad taste in poetry and music, in painting and sculpture, in architecture and decoration; but there have been also other periods, and some of considerable length, when the world was accustomed to the finest example of genius in each of those spheres. Not so with the art of clothing ourselves. In the modern world at least we have seen no 'Augustan age' of habiliments. The custom of the ancient Greeks was indeed the perfection of utility and elegance, considered with reference to climate and the surrounding accessories.

The Romans managed to spoil it, as they did all the arts that they borrowed from their more delicately-organized neighbours; yet there was a senatorial dignity in the *toga*—which is the Oriental robe—which, as we see it represented in pictures of the old prophets and patriarchs, has an aspect extremely grand, simple, and impressive, the long sweep of the outline answering with a kind of visible harmony to the flow of the beard."

Naturally we find no traces of the tailors of the city, but we find in the inscriptions a distinction drawn between the *sagarii* tailors and the *vestiarii*, the latter being in all probability sellers of "ready-made" clothing. The loose garments worn by the Romans would seem to have encouraged the "ready-made," as against the "bespoke," trade; for [illegible]xcepting the under-garment, which was a sort of blouse, and of [illegible] woven, the clothes of a Roman, being loose, were not of a [illegible]ish fit; whilst Greeks and Romans alike forswore trousers, and [illegible]eed in despising the nations who wore them.

Both men and women wore two principal garments—the tunic next to the body, and the *pallium*, which was thrown over it when going abroad. But each sex had a distinctive article of dress, the men wearing the *toga*, or flowing outer garment, and the women the *stola*, which fell over the tunic to the ankles and was bound about the waist by a girdle. Sometimes the *stola* was clasped over the shoulder and fastened by a brooch, and in some instances it had sleeves which reached to the elbow. Both sexes also wore in travelling a thick, long cloak without sleeves, called the *pænulo*, and the men also threw over the *toga* a dark cloak, the *lacerna*.

A mark of the Roman dandy was the enormous size of his *toga*, and by the extent to which his hair was curled. Ovid advises the lover to avoid the *toga*, if he wishes to create a good impression. It was only worn out of doors, and to those in society it was considered highly improper to appear without it. Probably its irksomeness was the cause of Juvenal's sighing for the freedom of country life, where only the dead men who were buried in the *toga* were obliged to wear it.

The ladies were certainly not inconvenienced by a superfluity of clothing. A scarf crossed over the chest, a vest, tunic, and *stola*, with a pair of boots or sandals, constitued their entire apparel. Little though it was, they made the most of it. By raising or tightening the robe, the Pompeian beauties contrived to give the beholder a fair idea of their figures, when they happened to have good ones. When they had not, they let their robe hang in majestic folds around them.

At the same time the dress of Roman ladies often displayed an Oriental splendour. The elder Pliny tells us that he himself saw Lottia Paulina dressed for a betrothal feast in a robe entirely covered with pearls and emeralds, which had cost forty million *sesterces* (£432,000)—and it was known to be less costly than some of her other dresses.

Of corsets, as we understand the word, the Roman woman had none. It is a well-authenticated fact that corsets were originally adopted to conceal physical defects -that fruitful source of oddities of fashion. When or by whom the first corset was worn is a fact buried under the dust of time. It is safe to conclude, however, that corsets had their beginning in stiffened bands of heavy linen, cloth, or kid, which were wound round the chests and bodies of Roman women. The Romans greatly admired an undeveloped figure, and resorted to these measures to retard Nature's growth. With this object these heavy bands were frequently bound about the chests of growing girls.

The people had coarse *lacernæ* for winter and fine ones for summer, both of wool. The *synthesis* was another kind of robe or cloak, generally white and of light texture, and was used only at table. When reclining on the couches, a girdle was worn to keep the *toga* in its place: in this the purse was carried. The ladies affixed an ornament to the girdle, which was generally adorned with gold, pearls, or other jewels, and made so as to form a kind of breastplate or stomacher. Over this habit luxury added another robe or veil with a long train, which was called *symare*. It was fastened up on the right shoulder with a clasp more or

less rich, the arm thus being left at liberty. This robe, falling full from the other shoulder in many pleats, gave an added grace to the wearer.

The various garments were made of silk, linen, wool, or cotton. Woollen cloth was the most in use, as the *toga* was always made from it; it could be obtained in various thicknesses. It was a single piece of cloth usually about fifteen feet long and ten broad. The corners, to give it an oval shape, were rounded off. When intended to be worn, it was folded in two, lengthwise, not quite in the median line, so that one fold was broader than the other. Then one end was thrown over the left shoulder, so as nearly to touch the ground in front; the longer half was brought from behind under the right arm, making a fold in front of the chest, and leaving a loose end hanging down over the back. The folds of the *toga* were arranged with great care, so as to cover the right side as completely as possible and to hang gracefully in front of the body. Finally, the end which had first been hanging down under the folds seems to have been brought out and tucked into them, so as to hold the whole together and to keep it in its proper place.

Silk was expensive, and was imported from China. It is said that the value of a pound of raw silk was equal to that of a pound of gold. It was woven so thin that the well-known *coa* called down the censure of the moralists of that day. They had also a silk union, in which the "warp" was linen thread and the "weft" silk. The articles of dress made with silk were chiefly those of the ladies. Linen garments were worn by the priests and by attendant slaves; the linen was imported largely from Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece. As the writer has mentioned elsewhere, spinning and weaving were considered honourable in themselves, and formed the occupation of the ladies of every rank, with whom wool would probably be the material most in use. Every domestic establishment of any size, especially in the country, contained a loom or looms, with the necessary apparatus. This particular department, called the *textrinum*, was assigned to the ladies. Here they sat, surrounded

by their female slaves, directing and assisting in the cheerful toil, and doubtless keeping their tongues as busy as their spindles.

In addition to the domestic manufacture, however, cloth was made at weaving establishments. These, according to Warden, were conducted as a distinct trade or corporation, with various privileges, by *linteones* or *textores* and *textrices*, male and female weavers. Pliny, as usual, did not scruple to give his opinion as to the manufacture of linen in his day; he looked upon it as an effeminate and even dangerous innovation, and considered it would have been better to have retained the woollen clothing of his period.

The *modus operandi* of spinning seems to have been very much the same as that of our own great-grandmothers. The spindle (*fucus*), when in use, was always accompanied by the *colus*, or distaff, as an indispensable part of the same apparatus. The flax or other material, having been prepared for spinning, was rolled into a ball sufficiently loose to allow its fibres to be drawn out easily by the hand of the spinner. The upper part of the distaff was then inserted into the ball, and the lower part was held under the arm. The fibres were drawn out and at the same time spirally twisted by the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and the thread so produced was wound upon the spindle. Its lower extremity was then inserted into a small wheel of wood, called the "whorl" (*vorticellum*), to keep the spindle steady and prevent its rotation. When the bobbin of the spindle was sufficiently loaded with the yarn, it was taken out of the whorl and placed in a basket ready for the weaver. Catullus, in his description of the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, says,—

> "The softest fleeces, white as driven snow,
> Beside their feet, in osier baskets, glow."

This method of spinning is still conducted in the same way in Southern Italy.

The Roman loom was a great improvement upon the one used in Egypt, owing to the use of leashes or treadles, by means

of which the threads of the warp were decussated or drawn to either side alternately, so as to allow the shuttle to pass through between them at one stroke, and the weft to be fastened in its place by this reflex movement. This operation is now rapidly performed by means of treadles which are moved by the feet, the hands being left free for throwing the shuttle; but among the ancients this process was rudely and slowly executed by the hands. The weft was driven home by a flat piece of wood, called *spatha*, which was inserted into the opening through which the shuttle had passed; this was afterwards improved upon by a reed or comb, called *pecten*, the teeth of which alternated with the threads of the woof and were driven forcibly upwards, much in the same way as the reed of the modern weaver is driven hard up upon the cloth by the action of the lay. When we consider the various operations which the Roman workman had to perform with his hands alone, the decussating of the warp, the throwing of the shuttle, and the driving home of the weft, we can fancy how appropriate would be the application to him of the Roman proverb, "*Satigit serum sudrum*"—"He has his hands full at home."

Linen was employed not only for articles of dress, especially those worn by women and by slaves who waited at table, but for sheets. Linen towels also were used at the baths for drying those who had bathed.

When the weaver had completed any piece on the loom, the extremities of the threads of the warp, the thrums, were frequently left, being considered ornamental; in other cases they were separated into bundles and twisted and tied in knots, and so by a simple process transformed into a row of tassels.

Variety was attained in the manufacture of cloth by making it warmer, softer, or ornamental. If a checked pattern was desired, this was attained by arranging alternately black and white or other colours of the warp in a certain series. On the other hand, a striped pattern was produced by using a warp of one colour only, but changing at regular intervals the colour of the weft. The weft was also the medium through which almost every diversity of appearance

and quality was effected—the admixture, for instance, of richer and more beautiful substances, as silk and gold. The principle of varying the pattern to produce *dimity*, or twilled cloth, to which the term *bilix* was applied, was that still employed—*viz.* by using a contrivance for passing over at regular places a number of warp threads together, so that the weft might pass under one and over two, or under one and over three, and so on. It is highly probable that the productions of these ancient weavers fell very little below the beauty and variety of the damasks, shawls, and tapestry of the present day.

Some doubt seems to exist as to whether cotton goods were worn, but the Romans certainly manufactured stuffs composed of wool and linen mixed (*linostema*). As to the colours of these stuffs, the customary one was white, but it is probable that slaves wore dark-coloured clothing; the higher classes wore dark clothing only when in mourning, or when under the displeasure of the Emperor. Augustus himself was proud to wear the cloth that had been spun by his high-born wife, Livia. That ladies wore coloured robes is seen from the paintings from Herculaneum and Pompeii, where the colours are more often sky blue or violet than white. The *tunica* and *palla* were azure, covered with golden stars, and no doubt they exhibit the taste of the period. It is probable that matrons usually wore white garments, and on certain occasions coloured ones. According to Becker, these robes were made, not only of one distinct colour, in many varieties, as violet, mallow, crocus, and hyacinth, but they had a process of laying on previously some corrosive preparation which prevented the parts impressed from assuming the same colour as the rest of the piece. No doubt the *vestis impluviata* was a figured robe, whilst the *vestis undulata* was equivalent to "watered" with us. Although this process could not, of course, have been regular printing, these garments were called *versicoloria*; they were also variegated by weaving and embroidery. Stripes and borders woven in or sewn on the garments were called *paragaudæ*.

The Romans knew nothing of the washing of their clothes in their own houses, and the ladies were far better off than the king's

daughter Nausicaa. The whole dress, when dirty, was handed over to the *fullo*, whose business consisted, besides getting up clothes fresh from the loom, in attending to the scouring of those which had been worn.

The fuller's was an important and a very ancient trade. We read in the Old Testament of the "highway of the fuller's field," and of "fullers' soap." In the New Testament the dazzling garments of the Transfiguration are described as exceeding in whiteness anything that the earthly fuller's art can accomplish. According to Rolfe, there were three establishments at Pompeii where the craft was exercised. From the inscription upon it, we know that the finely-draped statue of the priestess Mammia in the Exchange was presented by the fullers, from which we may surmise that they were a wealthy and important fraternity, and probably formed one of the trade-guilds of the city. They were under the protection of Minerva, the patroness of handicrafts. As regards their legal liability, they were answerable for the work placed in their care, and were liable to action if a garment was injured or returned in mistake for the one received.

"A mighty web she wove
Of double woof and brilliant hues, whereon
Was interwoven many a toilsome strife."

Arcas instructed his countrymen in the art of preparing wool, and showed by what methods it might be woven and figured. Posterity, in gratitude for his favours, decreed him worthy of divine honours, and appointed him a place in the number of the constellations.

On their feet the men wore slippers, boots, and shoes, of various patterns. The *soccus* was a slipper, not tied, worn in the house; and the *solea* was a very light sandal, which was also worn only in the house. The *sandalium* proper was a rich and luxurious sandal, worn by ladies only. The wearing of sandals or slippers when going out to supper was quite the recognized thing. They were removed by the slave when reclining at the table. The phrase of Horace, "*Soleus poscere*" ("To prepare to take leave"), explains itself. The

baxea was a coarse sandal made of twigs; the *calceus* was a shoe that covered the foot, though the toes were often exposed; and the *cothurnus* a laced boot worn by horsemen, which also left the toes exposed. The poorer classes and the slaves wore wooden shoes similar to the Lancashire clogs.

Etiquette prescribed that when a Roman walked in the city he should wear the *toga* and the *calcei*, but they were uncomfortable and gladly dispensed with when he was rusticating. Certain differences of rank were marked by different kinds of boots, gold and purple being used by those of high rank. The *calceus patricius* was a red-coloured boot, worn on State occasions. The boots of the ordinary citizen were not so high in the leg, and were worn in black or the ordinary colour of leather. Boots of white- and red-coloured leathers, ornamented with silk embroidery, pearls, and precious stones, were worn by ladies of high rank. Roman women wore anklets and bangles; Pliny says that the plebeian women wore anklets of silver, whereas the patricians wore them of gold.

During the excavations a wardrobe has been found, in which eleven shoes of tightly-fitting shapes, each having a shoemaker's last within it, were discovered.

Much doubt seems to exist with regard to the covering of the head at this period. Pompeian ladies evidently walked out with their heads uncovered. No mention is made of hatters amongst the tradesmen of the town; so that, with the exception of the soldiers, who had helmets, it is probable that the Romans had no regular covering for the head. Possibly the hat was worn as an article of full dress. The one named the *apex* was conical, and is supposed to have been made of felt, and differed somewhat in shape. The Farnese statue of a hunter in the Neapolitan Museum is, according to Rolfe, the only Roman statue with a hat. The article is not unlike the felt hats worn at the present day. The art of making felt by beating hair or flocks into a compact mass seems to be as old at least as that of weaving. Of the many uses to which it was put perhaps the most important was the manufacture of helmets and socks.

Amongst the Romans to wear a hat signified the possession

of freedom, and the slave was bare-headed. When a slave was manumitted, he assumed the Phrygian cap, as the badge of his being thenceforth a freedman. Roman masters on numerous monuments exhibited their munificence to their slaves by having engraved caps of liberty, each cap signifying a slave who had been set free.

The custom of leaving the head uncovered naturally led to a careful treatment of the hair. According to Varro, many Romans used to wear long hair and long floating beards covering the cheeks and chin. The fashion of wearing the hair cropped short seems to have made slow progress, and only amongst the higher classes. The hair was either worn in wavy locks or it was arranged in short curls by means of a curling-iron by the barbers (*cinifiones*), who, it is said, were introduced from Sicily. The different ways of wearing the hair are apparent from a comparison of the numerous male heads on coins and statues. The "dude" of the period paid great attention to the hair, wearing artificially-arranged curls and fringes, and it was quite the fashion to wear false hair to hide baldness or to give a fuller appearance to the natural hair.

To the custom of shaving there were four exceptions: the poorer classes were not able to spare the necessary time for daily visits to the hair-dresser; the young dandy preferred the beard trimmed rather than shaven; poets and philosophers often wore the beard; and all classes, rich and poor alike, in times of mourning, let their hair and beards grow. Scipio Africanus is accredited with having introduced daily shaving.

Barbers' shops (*tonstrina*) were the gathering-places of the idlers and the centres of town gossip.

The cap, as has been already stated, was a symbol of liberty, and was worn by slaves on their manumission. This word "manumission" indicates to us one of the three ways in which the liberty of a slave was effected. The master, on a festival day, in the presence of the assembled citizens, emancipated the slave in front of the altar, by declaring before the *prætor* that the man was free; he struck him lightly with the hand, and thus literally manumitted him—that is to say, discharged him with his hand.

Gloves were not unknown to the Romans, and were probably made of sheepskin. Athenæus tells us of a glutton who used to dine out in gloves, thus being enabled to dispose of the hotter foods more quickly than the guests who were less prepared for handling them. Varro says that to pluck olives without gloves was to spoil the olive. Further, it is believed that gloves were distributed at funerals, as a challenge from the doctor, defying all who should dare to say that he had committed murder contrary to the rules of art.

Parasols were known to the high-bred dames; they were used both to shade their faces from the sun and to keep off showers. The *umbraculum* was made of leather, and could be opened and shut, and would usually be carried by a slave.

DOMESTIC DETAILS.—Of course in those days the people had not soap like ours, which dates only from 1823; but they had fuller's soap. A quantity of this was found, to the depth of several inches, on the floor of a closet in one of the wash-houses.

Soap, Pliny informs us, was an invention of the Gauls, who employed it to render their hair shiny, and it was used as a pomade by the young Roman beau. It was a compound of wood-ashes and tallow, and there were two kinds of it, hard and soft (*spissus et liquidus*). The best kinds were manufactured from the ashes of the beech and the fat of goats. It is probable that the Romans made their hard soap from the soft preparation by the addition of salt in the process of boiling.

On the other hand, the people were well acquainted with starch; Pliny's description of the method of its manufacture from *siligo* (wheat) is tolerably exact. The qualities of the starch were judged by the weight, the lightest being reckoned the best.

A single wash-house still exists in the Street of Segutius, and a picture in the Naples Museum represents the process of washing in full swing. The washermen trod upon the clothes with their feet in large metal pans, placing their hands upon the brick partitions between the pans. The large cisterns for rinsing the clothes were built of brick and then cemented, being filled from a leaden pipe

which passed up one of the pillars; and the clothes, when sufficiently dry, were placed in a screw-press. The picture in the Neapolitan Museum which represents the latter shows that it was similar in construction to those now in use, except that there is an unusual distance between the threads of the screw. The ancients, therefore, were acquainted with the practical application of this mechanical power.

There seems to be no trace of the flat-iron in Pompeii; but this fact need not surprise us, when we recollect that in England, even as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was still the custom to smooth out the recently-washed linen with flat polished stones. The safety-pin, which is considered to be quite a modern invention, was in common use in Pompeii; and a very fine specimen of wire-rope, which also is looked upon as a new discovery, may be seen in the Neapolitan Museum.

Of kitchen utensils there was a large collection, consisting of gridirons, frying-pans, spits, frames for boiling eggs, cheese-graters, colanders, saucepans (some lined with silver), kettles, moulds for jelly or pastry, etc. Drinking-cups have been found in endless variety and of many materials—bronze, silver, earthenware, and glass. The people also had spoons and knives, jugs for milk, vases for wine, and many kinds of dinner-ware in glazed pottery. Martial speaks of sulphur matches, which in modern days were rediscovered, and replaced our tinder-boxes of fifty years ago.

Feeding-bottles, in terra-cotta, have been discovered. One has the form of a duck, but usually they are shaped like the female breast. The milk was introduced by inverting the bottle, and pouring it through a tube ascending within to the middle of the base, almost to the apex, which also prevented the escape of the liquid when the bottle was placed upon its base. The child obtained nourishment by sucking through a spout on the opposite side, near to which a round handle was fixed. The bottle was so constructed that no flies or dust could reach the contents.

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE POMPEIANS.

"Come away! No more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound;
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground."—TENNYSON.

OF the various phases of Roman history, the social life of the people is probably the most interesting; and practically the social life of the Pompeians in the middle of the first century was identical with that of the citizens of Rome at the same period.

Proofs are abundant that Pompeii was almost wholly given up to pleasure. The city was to the Romans what Corinth was to the Greeks. Situated in a perfect Eden of natural beauty, where green uplands and lofty mountains and the soft inflection of rivers and valleys blend with the shifting splendours of sunlight and moonlight on the tideless sea, everything was there that tempted to indolence and ease. All spoke to the senses, and the life the Pompeian lived was the life of the senses. It was the froth of the wine-cup; that once passed, all fell flat and tasteless. Even now, when the city has been dead and buried and dug up again, one is startled by a certain air of gaiety that still clings to it. But it is the ghastly gaiety of some ancient coquette, who, spite of age and wrinkles, will persist in decking her shrivelled form with the garlands and gewgaws of youth. Pleasure was the Dead Sea fruit at which the Pompeians clutched; examples of its luscious but deceitful bloom are seen in every street, in every building, and in every picture upon which the eye may rest.

Meanwhile, home life, as it had existed among large classes,

ceased to be, and especially was this the case among those who had seemed most fortunately placed. The magnificent mansions, built and furnished at a cost which astonishes modern luxury—filled with bronzes, mosaics, costly marbles, Babylonian tapestries, carved ivories, chairs and couches of ebony and pearl, ornaments of gold, vessels of amber, murrhine vases, Alexandrian glass, wanton pictures—these were not for domestic pleasure or for individual study or labour, but for ostentation and the fullest indulgence of ambition and sensuality. Slaves were ready for any service, however detestable or however atrocious, and the most extravagant expedients were adopted to give some relish of vivacity and distinction to the monotonous round of luxury. All life with the wealthier had become a glaring show and revel. Men of moral feeling, of intellectual desires, or of a generous nature—of whom there were still many—could but stand aside, watching with bitterness the infernal procession of all the vices, always in peril of being caught in it or of being hurled by it into the unexplored abyss of death.

As with the patricians, so also with the people to feast and to be amused had come to be their one ambition. The desire for artificial excitement incessantly increased as all impulse to noble purpose passed more completely out of life; and that desire sought and found its Roman answer in exhibitions which Christendom shudders to remember, which it can hardly indeed realize as having ever been possible in the world.

"The gluttony practised and the fantastic indulgence of appetite," writes Dr. R. S. Storrs, "were simply staggering to the modern imagination." Juvenal might well say that men devoured patrimonies at a meal. We read that scores of pounds were paid for a fish; that dishes were served of the brains of peacocks and of nightingales' tongues; and that all regions were ransacked for strange luxuries for the table. Apicius was said to have dissolved pearls in his wine to make it more costly, and is affirmed by Seneca to have killed himself, after consuming in this manner an immense property, together with revenues and presents of princes, because he was afraid that, having only a hundred thousand pounds left, he

would die of hunger. Seneca wrote: "You may not wonder that diseases are numberless—count the cooks! All study is at an end. There is solitude in the schools of rhetoric and philosophy, but how famous are the kitchens!"

The theatre, and especially the comic stage, was as degraded and vicious as it could be. The baths were the centre of the vice of the upper classes, and avowed places of assignation. The degradation of woman was as great as it has ever been in the history of the world; and "where woman is degraded, man will surely be dissipated and worthless."

If we compare this period with the rural life of Italy of to-day what do we find? In the "seamy side" of life, Italians are, without doubt, the most precocious of Europeans. Nowhere is it better seen than in Southern Italy how nature and man are constantly vying with each other in the race for maturity. The children begin to exercise their mental faculties for good or evil almost before they are fully weaned; nowhere are young lives, often rich in promise, but seldom bright with hope, earlier tossed headlong into the stream of existence, nor more quickly lost in the seething whirlpool of life. They cling to the earth instinctively, as ivy clings to ancient ruins; they have no aim, no aspiration, no ideal; their rare and short-lived pleasures are taken with their dogs and their sheep and goats, with their flowers and their fruits, beneath their star-studded sky, or in their garish provincial theatre. All Italians are born musicians and lovers. Love, with them, is by no means that tranquil brotherhood to which we apply the term. It bears that relation to our love that the fierce beauty of the noonday sun bears to the calm of a soft summer eve.

The Italians succeed in love as few other people do, perhaps because of the remarkable power they possess of concentrating their affections for a time; with them love is, in very truth, a frenzy. "It is a strange enchantment which invests the most unlovely things with loveliness. The maiden, fascinated by its spell, sees everything as she would have it be." In Southern Italy passion thrills the heart of mere adolescents, who are ignorant of its name and almost

unconscious of its existence, and in their teens they are joined together in the nuptial knot with a keener sense of the delights of matrimony than of its obligations, to be rudely taught in the monotonous toiling together for a mere existence the wholesome lesson that whoso sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind. To them, however, love hath no conqueror. When death itself has worked its will, this love of theirs lives still upon the loved one's memory. Sorrow for the dead is a sacred feeling among all races; but in Italy, where the people spend their lives in the open air, it assumes forms more poetic than elsewhere. Suicide upon the grave of the loved one is, as in the old time, very prevalent.

To return, however, to the gustatory extravagances of the Romans, it is recorded of Pompey and Cicero that they planned to drop in upon Lucullus at his dinner-hour, in order to gratify their curiosity with a sight of those famous feastings for which the *gourmet* was so noted. Meeting him in the Forum one day, they proposed to dine with him in a friendly manner, just taking him as they found him. Lucullus begged his self-invited guests to defer their visit till the next day, that he might receive them in a worthy manner. They persisted in their proposal, however, and would not even allow him to send orders to his servants to prepare a dinner suitable to the rank of his guests; only this much did they consent to—that he should send home his attendant with the message that he would dine that day "in Apollo," this being the name of one of his dining-rooms. But with this seemingly innocent message he deceived his friends. Each of his dining-rooms had a definite sum always laid out upon its wines and viands, while the remaining arrangements were, at the same time, all upon the same scale. The servants, therefore, knew their master's pleasure, and prepared accordingly; so that, only a few hours after the invitation was given, Cicero and Pompey partook of a dinner which cost a sum equal in our currency to £1,200. We are naturally astonished at so immense an outlay upon a repast for three persons, and at such short notice. In Seneca's time a banquet given by a magistrate on entering upon his office cost £3,000, and he was regarded as by no means extravagant.

FURNITURE.—In trying to form for ourselves a picture of the interior aspect of a completely-appointed Roman house, we must first remember the richness of its marble-wainscotted and frescoed walls, the broad panels of pure deep colour, usually yellow or red, with graceful central figures surrounded by brilliant and delicate arabesques, such as were almost universal in Pompeii, even in houses of modest pretensions. There were colour also and grace of design in the various kinds of mosaic floors, of which so many specimens are still to be seen; and though the furnishing of the rooms may seem to our modern ideas simple and even scanty, the separate pieces were generally so excellent in design and so beautiful in workmanship that they well deserved to be set wide apart, and relieved, each one, against an artistic background. The people had no writing-tables or chiffoniers, no mirrors to place on their walls; *lecti*, tables, cabinets, chairs, and candelabra comprised the furniture, with perhaps a water-clock.

The *lectus* was neither a bed nor a sofa, but a simple frame, with a low edge at the head, made of wood, brass, or iron. The wooden *lecti* were inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell, and gold or silver, and provided with ivory, silver, or gilded feet. The frame was strung with girths, on which lay the mattress or bed (*torus*), stuffed with locks of wool, cushions (*culcita*), or pillows (*pulvini*); but the more magnificent beds and cushions were stuffed with the feathers and down of white geese, and eider-down and swan's-down were also used. Over the beds they had coverlets—*vestes stragulæ*, or *pallia*—which were used by the wealthy; they were generally of a purple colour, with interwoven and embroidered figures.

Beds for slumber, though tolerably broad, were open, for the most part upon one side only, being provided with a tall back and arms, like an old-fashioned sofa; and they stood higher upon their carved or elaborately-turned legs than even the four-posters of our own ancestors, insomuch that they could be scaled only by the help of a footstool, or perhaps a step-ladder. Bedsteads of bronze and even of the precious metals were used in later times; and seats and chairs were made of all these different materials, and were often decorated

with great luxury, while in form they ranged from the simple *sub-sellium*, or four-legged stool, to the *cathedra*, or deep commodious arm-chair.

The chest and the cabinet offered, as they have done always, suitable surfaces for the most exquisite and costly decoration ; and these massive articles doubtless possessed in a handsome Roman house the importance which they still retain in rich Italian interiors.

Chairs were not so much used by the Romans as with us, but were of various kinds. The *sella*, which had arms or no arms, was not unlike our own, except that the back inclined at a greater angle. The *cathedra* was the "lady's chair," often made of wicker-work ; but then, as now with chairs of a like description, men sat on them. The *solium* was a chair of state with back and arms, and was usually occupied by the head of the family. Cushions, shawls, and coverlets were freely used, but upholstery was unknown.

The table was a piece of furniture over which no expense was spared ; it was indeed the chief article. Cicero is said to have given five thousand pounds for one. A kind of citron-wood was the most fashionable material—plates four feet in diameter and six inches thick, resting on an ivory column. Tables of this description were termed *monopodia*. The smaller tables used at meals often had the top of marble, and were generally square ; they were called *abaci*, were frequently made of beech-wood or maple, and rested on three or four legs.

Tripods, on which to stand dishes or vases for ornament, of which many charming specimens have been rescued, would assist to furnish the dining-room.

One of the imperfections of the domestic economy of the Pompeians was their manner of lighting their rooms. In spite of their ingenuity and the elegance displayed in their lamps, they do not appear to have provided any arrangement to consume the smoke. In the houses of the wealthy, oil-lamps seem to have been extensively used ; the lamp of the poor was called *lucerna*. It is probable that wax and tallow candles were not a success ; and, instead of our wick, the people used the pith of a kind of rush. Wax candles,

however, were frequently inserted in the candelabra. Tow made from hemp and flax was utilized as the wick for lamps; and a small pointed needle and a pair of small pincers attached to a chain were used for raising and snuffing the wicks. Many of these have been found at Pompeii. The lamps were placed either on a candelabrum or were suspended by chains from the roof. The candelabra that have been found vary much in height, some having been intended to stand upon the ground; these, in comparison with the tables and sofas, were very tall.

THE DINING-ROOM AND THE DINNER.—The dining-room, called the *triclinium* (Greek, *κλίνη*, a bed), from its three couches, was a very important apartment. In it were three lounges placed around a table, and on each couch three guests might be accommodated. The couches were elevated above the table, and each man lay almost flat on his breast, resting upon his left elbow, and having his right hand free for use, eating with the fingers from dishes placed by the slaves in the middle of the table. As the guests were thus arranged in threes, it was natural that the rule should be made that a party at dinner should not be less in number than that of the Graces, nor more than that of the Muses.

As a rule the *triclinium* was twice as long as it was broad. The table, with the couches, occupied the upper end; the lower part was appropriated to the sideboard, the servants, and the hired players. The walls were adorned with suitable paintings on stucco; up to a certain height all round were tiers of shelves, on which were placed costly vessels, and over these wire gratings were drawn for greater security, together with curtains to protect them from dust. Small sideboards were arranged against the walls, on which vases, goblets, bowls, and other vessels were exhibited. The flooring was generally of mosaic-work; the ceiling was adorned with great art.

The place of honour at table was *imus in medio*, the right-hand corner of the middle couch; while the host occupied the adjoining place, *summus in imo*. This gradation of places was part of the etiquette of the dinner-table, which was carried to a

tiresome extent. The absence of knives and forks made it difficult to eat gracefully.

In the centre of the table was placed its principal ornament, the massive *salinum*, or salt-cellar. This article, which even the comparatively poor contrived to have made of silver, possessed a certain sacred significance, inasmuch as every table was consecrated to the gods; and the *salinum* contained, not merely salt for seasoning the viands, but a tray for the *molæ salsæ*, or sacrificial cakes, which were offered to the Lares, and then probably distributed and eaten by way of grace after meat. To spill the salt at table was considered ominous; setting the salt before a stranger was a recognized symbol of friendship. Horace has told us, with one of those light and sympathetic touches which are his alone, how the poor man's one article of luxury in tableware was cherished as an heirloom :—

> "*Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum*
> *Splendet in mensa tenui salinum.*"

Invitations to dinner were sent by means of a slave called *vocator*. The guests came in a festive attire termed *synthesis*, the shape of which is unknown. It was often brilliant in colour—scarlet, green, or purple; and ostentatious people sometimes changed it several times during an evening. It was not until the time of the Emperors that the people used table-cloths, which were made of woollen cloth interwoven with silver and gold. Each guest brought his own napkin whereon to wipe his hands, and on his arrival was presented with a bill of fare. A guest had also the privilege of bringing a friend with him; and that supernumerary was called an *umbra*, or shadow, in allusion to the shadow that follows the body, as those who came of themselves without being invited were called "flies," alluding in like manner to the intrusive habits of those ubiquitous insects. At the banquet wreaths were provided by the host, who thus did honour to his guests.

The tradition about the origin of the banqueter's wreath was that it had originally been worn as a tight band round the head to avert the effects of wine-drinking, and that the first wreath

had been made of ivy and worn by Bacchus himself, for which reason the ivy was dedicated to Bacchus.

The use of sauces for the tickling of the gustatory and hypoglossal nerves, and so promoting appetite, still continues with us in the nineteenth century. They are sometimes called after a favourite hunting district, and are often "prepared from the recipe of a nobleman in the county." By the courtesy of Apicus Cælius, who lived in the time of Tiberius, and wrote a book, which is still extant, wherein he treated the art of cooking from a scientific point of view, the author is able to give the recipe for the *garum* sauce; it was made as follows:—Fish, generally African mackerel, were selected, the entrails of which were steeped in vinegar for several days and then dried. They were then pulverized with pepper, frumenty, dandelion root, mint, thyme, etc., then mixed with honey and set aside for some weeks to ferment, and finally mixed with Falernian wine. In fashion history is said to repeat itself; possibly under some other name this sauce may be destined to become fashionable again. The *muria* was made from the Byzantine tunny-fish and was not so expensive.

Preston reminds us that the most classic in spirit of modern artists has enabled those who are familiar with his fascinating canvases to call up, by a mere effort of memory, the vision of a great Roman banquet. We can see the long hall, either offering a glimpse between marble columns of a rose-planted terrace and the wide glories of an Italian sunset; or filled with mellow lamplight, which is reflected from a thousand points upon the lacquered ceiling, and the clear crystal or curious jewelry of the tableware. We see the soft-stepping attendants clad in white, the deep-toned wall-decoration, the rich covering of the couches, the many-hued silken robes of the reclining guests. In the case of the men, the flowing garment which replaced the classic *toga* of the Forum was often changed with every course of the elaborate meal; the women, if any, wore graceful *stolæ*, with gem-set shoulder-clasps and sleeve-buttons and full embroidered hems; and what a choice was theirs in the colours of these beautiful garments may be gathered from that quaint passage in Ovid where

he shows his own excellent taste by entreating *des belles amies* not to affect the trying tints of Tyrian purple, but to choose rather "pale sky-blue, rose-pink, a very faint amethyst, or sea-green; otherwise, the deep tint of the Paphian myrtle, the soft grey of a crane's plumage, the brown of acorns or of almond shells."

The *jentaculum* was the first meal; it was taken early in the morning—probably at the hour at which a person rose—and was generally composed of bread seasoned with salt, and eaten with dried grapes, olives, or cheese. This was followed by the *prandium* (luncheon), which was the mid-day meal, and usually consisted of warm and cold dishes, with fish and eggs added. The meats were rather savoury dishes than solids; and sweetbreads, and often the meats of the previous day, were served cold or warmed up. The principal meal of the day was the last—*cena*—and was usually taken at the ninth hour, or later; and as business was then over, and the rest of the day might be devoted to recreation, we may conclude that the *cena* was of fairly long duration.

A remarkable painting discovered at Pompeii gives a curious idea of a complete feast. It represents a table set with every requisite for a banquet. In the centre is a large dish, in which four peacocks are placed, one at each corner, forming a magnificent dome with their tails. All round are lobsters, one holding in its claws a blue egg, a second an oyster, a third a stuffed rat, a fourth a small basket of grasshoppers. Four dishes of fish decorate the bottom of the table, above which are several partridges, hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is surrounded by something resembling German sausage. Then comes a row of yelks of eggs; then a row of peaches, small lemons, and cherries; and, lastly, a row of vegetables of different kinds.

The *cena* consisted of three courses. The first was composed of dishes intended rather to excite than to satisfy hunger—oysters and other shell-fish, with piquant sauce, and light vegetables, fresh eggs, olives, salads, and other like delicacies; the second of made dishes, fish, and roast meats; the third of pastry, confectionery, dishes made only to be looked at (*epidipnides*), fresh and dried fruits. There

was a pause after the second portion of the meal was concluded, during which the *molæ salsæ* were offered to the Lares, and then the dessert was brought in.

In the houses of the rich the carving of meats was done at side-tables; and what we should call a handsome dinner was always served in three principal divisions, each of which might consist of several courses.

FISH, FLESH, FOWL, AND FARINACEOUS FOODS.—Fish was considered one of the greatest delicacies. Amongst those in use we recognize mullet, turbot, flounder, haddock, lamprey, sturgeon. The Romans greatly prized the turbot, occasionally found with a dark skin on both sides. They probably tried to solve the problem which is still discussed—on which side to serve the turbot. The white side uppermost is orthodox in the present day. There are those who dissent from this opinion, and say that the flesh on the dark side is superior. The eccentric philosopher Sir Thomas Browne said, "Of the wry-mouthed fish, give me the left side black"; and this opinion was also held by the notorious epicure Quin. Amongst shell-fish we note oysters and purple mussels; snails, too, were in great repute. Various sauces, such as *garum*, *halex muria*, were made from fish.

Oysters were greatly esteemed, especially those that came from Lake Lucrinus. The Emperor Augustus thought so highly of the lake which produced them that he provided it with a constant supply of sea-water by cutting an artificial channel for a considerable distance. The Romans understood and practised the process of obtaining a freezing temperature, and thus foreshadowed the modern use of ice to preserve perishable articles; the oysters were transported by packing each one in closely-compressed snow.

British oysters were first brought to the notice of Roman *gourmets* in the time of Julius Agricola, A.D. 72, when that great general, having brought the civilization of Rome to the inhabitants of these islands, delighted his countrymen with the oysters of Britain. The far-famed Rutupians were taken near Richborough, in Kent, and

were much appreciated. Juvenal, lashing the gatronomic excesses so prevalent in his time, speaks of our natives in the following terms :—

> "And in our days none understood so well
> The science of good eating ; he could tell,
> At the first relish, if oysters fed
> On the Rutupian or the Lucrine bed ;
> And from a crab or lobster's colour name
> The country—nay, the district—whence it came."
>
> *Sat.*, iv. 139.

The Romans were, like ourselves, fond of sending presents of oysters to friends, who returned the compliment with a boar's head, fat ducks, or some other farm produce.

Ausonius once wrote a very amusing letter to his friend Theon, who had sent him thirty oysters :—

> "*Accepi, dilecte Theon, numerabile munus.*
> *Verum quot fuerint, subjecta monosticha signant.*"

The oysters were fine, but so few, so easily counted—they were just three times his ten fingers, or Gorgon's heads, if you multiply them by ten.

Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters were found in the Indian Sea a foot in diameter ; and Sir James Emerson Tennent was able to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottiar, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to him : one measured more than eleven inches in length, by half as many in width.

The Romans had a fine selection of shell-fish. The Pelorian mussels of the Lucrine Lake were particularly prized, as were also the sea-urchin of Misenum and the comb-mussel of Tarentum. It was extremely difficult to satisfy the epicure with fish, as may be judged by the facts that the cod-fish had to be fetched from Pessinus, in Asia ; the sword-fish from Rhodes ; the parrot-fish from the Straits of Sicily, or from the shores of Cilicia ; and the gilt-bream from the Lucrine. The best sea-wolf was caught in the Tiber, at a particular spot between two bridges ; the most savoury plaice

came from Ravenna, and the barbs from Corsica and Sicily. The choicest tunny-fish was that under a year old which came from Chalcedon; the lampreys that were in the greatest request were from the Straits of Sicily, or from Tartessus, on the Spanish coast.

The fastidiousness of Roman taste was seen equally in the case of fowls: Samos yielded them their favourite peacocks; their pheasants came from Colchis, water-hens from Seleucia on the Tigris, cranes from Media, and hazel-hens from Phrygia. The best-liked roast dish was the boar, which was obtained from Lucania, Umbria, and Etruria. The kids of Ambracia, too, were general favourites. Tame swine and sucking-pigs were esteemed delicacies. Sausages (some were smoked) were greatly relished by all classes of society, and were prepared with the blood of the animal mixed with the brain and liver and eaten warm. Hare (the shoulder-blade was the epicure's tid-bit), rabbit, roe, and goat were also in vogue. Of poultry, there were peacocks, fowls, pheasants, partridges (which they fattened in the dark), geese, ducks, pigeons, fieldfares, blackbirds, snipe, flamingoes; whilst the vegetables used were lettuce (five sorts are mentioned), cabbage (to retain its colour in boiling saltpetre was mixed with the water), turnips, mushrooms, truffles. Of cheeses, that of Nismes was the favourite; the cheese of Velabra was smoked, and that of Trebula was eaten either toasted or soaked in water. Chick-peas were the food of the poorer classes, each meal probably costing one halfpenny. What a chasm between wealth and indigence! What a gulf between gluttony and poverty!

In the present day two articles of food may be seen on every table and at every meal which were never used by the Romans. Sugar is spoken of by Pliny as a species of white gum, collected on reeds in Arabia and India, brittle to the teeth, and of use only in medicine. Possibly this was manna, the exudation from the branches of the *fraxinus*, or flowering ash, which was used by the Arabs as sugar. For sweetening purposes the Romans utilized honey. In the same way, butter was never used for culinary purposes, its place being taken, as it is at the present day in Italy, by olive oil.

Among the middle classes meat was eaten sparingly; the staple diet consisted of grain, fruit, eggs. The national dish was a mess of porridge (*puls*), and the generic name of *pulmentarium* served for anything that was added to it as a relish. A later introduction, *polenta*, was made of barley-meal; in the present day it is made of Indian meal, and used by the peasantry in Northern Italy.

The Romans had several kinds of flour, differing according to the action of the mill and the use of sieves of greater or less fineness. Bread made of finely-sifted wheat flour was called *panis siligineus*; if bran were mixed with the wheat flour, it was *panis cibarius*. The dough was prepared by moistening the flour, with water, carefully kneaded, and usually fermented—the leaven being prepared during the vintage by mixing wheat bran with must and drying in the sun, and could be kept for this purpose for a year.

Time and climatic influence have changed the taste of men almost past recognition, but we still have in use amongst us a few dishes which owe their origin to the Romans. Brawn, for example, is still made in the manner set forth by Apicus Cælius in his *De Rebus Coguinaria*. He also claims the invention of sausages pressed into skins, and lays stress upon the proper method of making the mysterious compound known in our day as "black-pudding." Cow-heel or calf's-foot jelly was quite a common dish; whilst our author gives the credit to Gallandus for the introduction of apple-dumplings, and devotes five pages of his book to their preparation.

Great care was taken to have the viands as fresh as possible, especially in the case of fish. If it came from distant seas, it was brought home in perforated fish-boxes, fastened to the vessel's keel: if obtained in the neighbourhood, running porters carried it in tubs to its destination. Often it had to be shown alive to the guests before dinner, and some even at the table, as the parrot-fish and the Lucrine mussels. The sea-barb and others were killed in the presence of the guests, who delighted in watching the changing colours of the expiring fish, which varied from a dazzling white to sky blue, and from this to the deepest vermilion.

Of the many vegetables cultivated by the Romans, only two were in any request by epicures—the asparagus and the artichoke. The poorer classes fed chiefly on porridge (*puls*) made of a farinaceous substance (*far, ador*), which served them as bread, besides vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips, radishes, leeks, garlic, onions, pulse, cucumbers, pumpkins, melons, etc. Meat was eaten only on festivals. A favourite delicacy among the wealthy was a kind of mushroom, soaked in its own gravy, and swallowed as hot as it could be borne, the glowing morsel being followed immediately by a quantity of ice, to cool the palate. The meats were highly seasoned, Spanish pepper being used in great quantities for many dishes. On the other hand, there was a lack of the *haut goût* prevailing in modern times in the case of game, which was always eaten fresh. Fowls, however, were kept some time before they were cooked, and only sheer necessity would force a Roman to partake of a freshly-killed fowl. But the skill of the cook easily removed the objection. The fowl was suffocated in red wine, which made the flesh tender. To impart a good flavour to the fowls, they were fed upon figs and dates, and, to expedite their fattening, kept in the dark.

Towards the close of the *cena*, before the drinking commenced in earnest, chaplets or garlands (*coronæ*) were distributed amongst the guests—a parallel to which custom we see in our own day, at birthday and Christmas feasts and children's festivals, in crowning the head with the varying contents of the crackers. These chaplets were no doubt originally assumed not merely for ornament or to gratify the senses, but from a belief that the odour of certain plants neutralized the intoxicating properties of wine; hence we find that they were formed, not of fragrant flowers alone—such as roses or violets—but of parsley, ivy, myrtle, and various other plants, simple or combined. Later, these considerations were thrown aside, as in winter artificial chaplets, made of dyed silks, etc., interwoven with gilded foil, were substituted.

Not less essential than the garlands to the full enjoyment of a banquet was a supply of perfumes. As the Romans were unacquainted with the art of distillation, their only vehicle was some

sort of ointment; and hence perfumes of every description were comprehended under the general term of *unguenta* (ointments). The finest perfumes were handed round and applied to the hair and face, and occasionally mixed with the wine.

Then followed the dessert, when cakes and fruit were brought in. The cakes seem to have been of many kinds, from the great number mentioned,—the most common being the *placenta*, a cake made with cheese and honey; and the *laganum*, a kind of pancake or fritter. The fruit partaken of comprised apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, peaches, pomegranates, figs, nuts, chestnuts, grapes, olives, etc. The figs were from Tusculum, the nuts from Thasos, the chestnuts from Spain, and the dates from Egypt. Other fruits and cereals, however, now commonly found in Italy were unknown to the Romans. Melons, oranges, lemons, citrons, and bitter oranges (*Pomeransen*) were not grown in Italy in Pliny's time. Melons and citrons began to be cultivated in the first century of our era. Lemons and bitter oranges came to Europe in the time of the Crusades; while the orange was imported from China by the Portuguese as late as the sixteenth century. Of corn the Romans knew only wheat and barley: oats, rye, maize, and rice were unknown to them.

Tinned fruits are to us a comparative novelty. Yet the initiation of this industry is due to the hint gained by an American who saw a jar of preserved figs opened at Pompeii. It had been taken from one of the houses, and its contents were found to be comparatively fresh. He made use of the information thus gathered—that the figs were placed in the jars whilst hot, the steam being allowed to escape by a small aperture, which was afterwards sealed down with wax—and upon his return to the West developed the notion.

WINES.—The business of regular drinking began only after the dessert had been removed. The wine was no longer mixed to taste in the separate cups of the guests, but in a huge vase, whence it was served by the attendants in *cyathi*, or ladles. The *cyathus* was the unit of measure for a systematic drinker, who, though he often used

a goblet of the capacity of several *cyathi*, always reckoned his feats by the number of the latter which he consumed.

The Romans, like ourselves, were acquainted with several drinks prepared from grain, from fruit—as the quince—and from honey and water, this forming a sort of mead; yet wine was then, as now, the staple drink of the Pompeians. From Pliny and from the bas-reliefs of vessels that have been recovered much information has been gained concerning the various processes of the vintage. After the collected grapes had been trodden out, the juice was stored in *dolia*, earthenware vessels of considerable dimensions, which remained unclosed so long as fermentation was going on, and then were placed in a cool chamber. Much wine was drunk direct from the *dolium*; but this was the common wine, that would not bear keeping, the better kind, when perfectly settled, being put into *amphoræ*, smaller earthen vessels, long and thin, with a narrow neck, and often ending in a point below, so that they would stick into the ground or in a stand. Hundreds of these *amphoræ* have been found in Pompeii. The wine was next placed in an upper storey to mature. When it was wanted for use, it had to be cleared of the lees by passing it through a *colum*, or metal strainer with a handle, and fined by the use of egg. Horace said that, if the wine was strained through a linen bag, it became much impaired.

The colour of most of the wines was probably dark; but there were also wines of a lighter tint. Just as we distinguish between white and red, so did the Romans between *album* and *atram*, the former denoting the bright yellow, and the latter the darkest red: the different growths are detailed by Pliny. He awards the place of honour to *Cæcubum*, which grew in Campania. The *Falernian* was second in rank, a capital wine that came from Vesuvius; and the third place was contended for by the *Albanum*, *Surrentum*, and *Massicum*, as well as by the *Calenum* and *Fundanum*.

The variety of conditions under which the vine is cultivated in the present day in Italy accounts for the variety in quality and character, and justifies the saying that Italy produces a greater number of different wines than any other country. In the north the

wine is light and acid. In Central Italy and the islands of the Italian Archipelago the wines are rough, very rich in colour and body, the maxim being, "The better the vineyard, the stronger the wine."

To render it more drinkable, good old wine was sometimes intermixed; and—"tell it not in Gath!"—even in those days, according to Horace, not only had the art of improving cheaper wines by mixing them with the dregs of those of finer quality been discovered, but much adulteration was practised by mixing different wines, and also by adding deleterious substances, as aromatics, bitters, essential oils, etc.

Evidence is not wanting that the Pompeians labelled their wine. In the inner room of an eating-house or restaurant were found *amphoræ* of various sizes which had been used for bottling select wine. Adams relates how one was lettered "Frvt T. Clavd. iiij L. Vitellio iij Cos"—from which we infer that the wine was bottled in the fourth year of the consulate of Tiberius Claudius and the third of Lucius Vitellius, or A.D. 47. One wine from the island of Cos is called "Covm Granatvm"—the epithet *granatum* describing possibly some peculiar flavour. It was brought from the cellar of Aierius Felix at Rome. Another jar is inscribed "Kor. Opt"—the best Corcyra. Yet another wine, called "Old Luna," appears to have been purchased by a certain Cornelia from M. Valerius Abinnericus, and to have been four years in bottle.

LVN. VET
A IIII R
X IIII S
CORNELIA

M. VALERI. ABINNERICI

The letter R probably stands for *rubrum*, "red," and X IIII S may refer to the price paid or the quantity purchased.

Pliny, in his *Natural History*, under the head of *Vina ficticia*, mentions a large number which bear a strong analogy to our British home-made wines, such as cowslip, ginger, elder-berry, etc. Just as we are said to manufacture champagne from gooseberries

and cider, so these ancients had their imitations of the most costly vintages, every variety of fruit, flower, vegetable, shrub, and perfume being brought into requisition. Figs, cornels, medlars, roses, asparagus, parsley, laurel, juniper, saffron, cassia, and cinnamon may be mentioned as a few of the many ingredients of these *vina ficticia*. The Romans also had their medicated wines, such as *vinum marrubii* (horehound), for coughs; the *scillites* (squill wine), to promote expectoration; *absinthites* (wine of wormwood), corresponding to the modern well-known liqueur *absinthe*; and, above all, the *myrtites* (myrtle-berry wine), which was supposed to possess innumerable virtues.

There were two kinds of Falernian—the dry and the sweet—neither of which improved, according to the wine merchants, after twenty years' probation in the cask. The Alban wine was ripe at fifteen years, the Surrentine at five-and-twenty. The Trifoline was an early wine; the Tibur was ripe after ten years' imprisonment. The Gauran was a scarce and fine wine, strong and oily. The Cæcuban was a grand wine, but heady. The Signine wine was ripe at six years, the Nomentan at five. The Erbalian wine, at first dark, afterwards turned white. Marseilles wine was fine, but thick and full-bodied. The Tarentine were light sweet wines. Corinthian and Eubœan wines were harsh and bad.

The ancients considered old wine not only more grateful to the palate, but also more wholesome and invigorating. Hence it became a matter of importance to hasten, if possible, the natural process. This was attempted in several ways, such as by adding various condiments, by sinking in the sea vessels containing the must, but generally by exposing the *amphoræ* to the direct rays of the sun, or to the hot air and smoke of the bath furnace.

Next to wine, *mulsum*, prepared from grapes and honey, was a favourite drink at the *prandium*. The only warm drink used was the *calda*, which consisted of warm water and wine, with the addition of an aromatic spice—as cinnamon. This drink possibly occupied the place of our tea and coffee. A very elegant bronze vessel, in the form of a tea-urn, is in the Neapolitan Museum; it contains

a cylinder for holding the coals and for warming the liquid around it, and a tap is fixed for the removal of the contents. The use of this vessel is undoubted.

It is said that these pagans were in the habit of introducing a skeleton to sit at table at their feasts, as a memorial of mortality, endeavouring to find in the idea of death a stimulus to joviality, while point was given to the exhortation, "*Vivamus dum licet esse bene*"—"Let us enjoy life while we may."

Even these early Romans had a custom closely analogous to our "saying grace." Before the guests sat down, a number of boys in white robes of byssus placed upon the table figures of the Lares, or gods who presided over the house, and then, carrying round a jar of wine, exclaimed, "May the gods be favourable!" The drinking of healths was also a Roman custom. Thus in Plautus we read of a man drinking to his mistress with these words, "*Bene vos, bene nos; bene te, bene me; bene nostrum etiam Stephanium!*"—"Here's to you, here's to ourselves; here's to thee, here's to me; here's to our dear——" Persius has a similar verse: "*Bene mihi, bene vobis, bene amicæ nostræ!*"—"Here's to myself, here's to you, and here's to our friend!"

In the summer the banquets were often held in the gardens, the tables being laid under the trees, and twinkling lamps hung about in great profusion. Bands of music were placed in the grounds, whilst in the intervals between the courses dancing girls danced down in troops between the tables, clad in thin gauze and clattering their crackling castanets. Many of these were Spanish girls, who danced in line, rising and falling in waves of tremulous motion; but there were also Syrian dancing girls, who had cymbals, which they clashed above their heads. Alternating with these were plays and pantomimes; and rope-dancers displayed their dexterity. The toasts were ushered in by the rippling of flutes, the flute-players being beautiful boys and girls, purchased at high rates in the markets of Gaul and Britain.

The *nomenclator*, or *tricliniarches*, called out the name of the rare dishes and the varieties of the wine. The cup-bearer was

generally a youth noted for beauty and dexterity; other servants were employed in looking after the silver plate, or handing round the bread in small baskets, while some attended to the lighting. The attendants were all loosely attired, with their hair curled, and were for preference tall. A particular snap of the fingers, a low whistle, or a smack of the tongue easily communicated to the servant his master's wishes, which were promptly attended to.

The person in charge of the *triclinium* was the *tricliniarches*, and was a man who had many duties to perform. He arranged the food, and took care that the dishes were served in a pleasing manner The *structor*, or carver, carved the food, and constructed artificial figures of fruit and flesh for the dessert.

Each guest was waited upon by his own servant, who knew his master's habits, and had to give his whole attention to him. He had to carry his master's slippers, as the shoes he had worn in the streets were put off when he entered his host's dwelling. He also brought his master's napkin, which was made of soft wool; and those who were privileged to wear a purple stripe on their tunic had a similar border on their napkin, which served to wipe their hands and mouths after each dish.

As has been mentioned, the Romans knew nothing of knives and forks; even the use of the spoon was very limited. As they took no soups, the guests had only small spoons handed to them when they ate an egg or some sweetmeat. In other respects the fingers alone were used. Water was placed before each guest, and in summer it was mingled with snow.

> "Meanwhile, all men spoke hotly of the quest,
> And healths they drank to many an honoured guest,
> Until the moon sank, and the stars waxed wan,
> And from the east faint yellow light outshone."

When the tables were cleared after a Roman banquet, something was left upon them. This, says Dr. Grainger, assured a continual supply for the future. On the other hand, it was very unlucky for the floor to be swept as any one rose from a meal, also if a table or a tray were removed whilst any one was drinking. The one

who left the company was thought to run the risk of being swept out of existence; if a drinker, of never drinking again. Nor were any to rise before the feast was over, lest the rising brought about the departure of the riser from the feast of life. It was of bad omen for a dish to be removed untasted, or for any one to sit at the meal without eating at all. If a morsel fell from the hand, it was put back upon the table. All were forbidden to blow the crumbs away. If from any mistaken zeal for neatness this had been done, the fragments had to be picked up, put upon the table, and afterwards burnt. The modern custom of leaving a few ears of corn in the field for a gleaner is a survival from a similar circle of beliefs.

It was usual to drink in the Greek fashion, *i.e.* according to fixed rule; and the Romans seldom drank their wine pure, but usually mixed it with water, hot or cold, which, when called for, was handed to them in jugs by the slaves in attendance. When a person drank wine with another, he first tasted of the cup himself, and then passed it to his friend with the words "*Propino tibi*," receiving his in return. In ordinary circumstances each guest would mix the wine and the water in his own cup, so as to suit his individual taste; but when the *cena* was succeeded by a regular *commissatio*, then the wine and water were mixed for the whole company in a large bowl (*crater*), from which the *pocula*, or glasses, were filled. In this case the strength of the beverage, the toast to be drunk, and all other matters connected with the festivities were regulated by one of the party, who was formally elected to the office of *Arbiter Bibendi*, *i.e.* Master of the Revels.

In case a lady was the object of the toast, the number of *cyathi* (the ladles mentioned already) to be drained consecutively was equal in number to the letters of her name. Cicero compares the end of a *convivium* to the end of a battle, where some were carried away disabled, while others remained in an unconscious state upon the field.

It is worthy of remark that the doctrine of "taking a hair of the dog that bit you" dates back to the time of Avicenna, who is credited with teaching—

"Si tibi serotina noceat potatio vini:
Hora matutina rebibas, et erit medicina."

"If overmuch wine thy brain hath offended,
Drink early next morning, and then it's mended."

It will be obvious to the reader that the foregoing is a sketch of the habits of the wealthy. Business was over so early in the day, that the whole afternoon and evening could be given up to amusement. An invitation to dinner would include the day from three in the afternoon till late at night. A banquet was not a success unless it was the talk of the town. The greater the waste, the more absurd the extravagance of the feast, the more certain was the giver to win the notoriety he coveted.

The drinking-cups were many and various. Some were glass vessels in the form of chalices or shaped like the tumbler of the present day, and some were of earthenware. Some had handles; others had none. Others, again, were made in fantastic shapes—such as shoes, legs, boats, heads of beasts, from the lower end of which the wine escaped through an orifice, and was caught in the mouth. There were also cups and jugs inscribed with brief mottoes (as "*Reple*," "*Sitio*," "*Bibe*," etc.), and some bore the name of the owner. As Becker says, all the vessels that have been discovered betray much fine taste and sense of the beautiful. They will always be a standing testimony that the whole life of the ancient Pompeians was thoroughly imbued with grace and art.

The table-ware of the affluent was very luxurious, comprising articles of great beauty of design in all the precious metals, in crystal, and in that rare and costly species of alabaster which was called *murra*. To judge by the revelations of Pompeii, indeed, not merely every article of furniture, but almost every article in domestic use had an artistic significance, due to the beauty of its form, over and above its practical value.

The conversation during the meal commonly turned upon the public spectacles, the comparative skill of the gladiators and jockeys, and the prospects of the different colours at the coming races. These topics were more popular, as offering no handle to the treachery of

the *delator*, who might take advantage of the festivity of the evening, and report an unguarded utterance as treason. As they had no newspapers except the *Acta Diurna*, the people relied to a great extent upon the talk of the dinner-table to keep them supplied with the news of the day, the state of foreign politics, the newest domestic scandal, and the latest literary sensation. When table-talk flagged, recitations were given.

The recitations—often followed by the applauding cry of "Σοφῶς," raised by way of compliment to the reciter—the display of the dancers, and the performances of the jugglers must have somewhat marred the conversation of the guests. The Romans had a taste for the deformed and the idiotic (the *moriones*); the more deformed and the more stupid the more valuable, as affording much opportunity for mirth. On a par with these were the dwarfs (*nani*), who were especial favourites of the ladies; their principal use was for dancing and playing the castanets. It was usual to have a piper present at a banquet, though his services seem to have been called for only at the sacrifice of the household gods.

The custom of giving entertainments was far more common in antiquity than at the present day; for these banquets not only took the place of our parties and other social gatherings, but were also made the opportunity, especially in the drinking that followed while sitting together over their wine, of discussing at leisure both serious and frivolous matters. There were also plenty of festive occasions which gave opportunities for these common banquets—birthdays, funerals, victories in some contest or game, the departure or return of a friend from a journey, etc.

Besides witty conversation, many games at hazard and dice helped to enliven and excite the guests. Cultivated people used to amuse their visitors with readings or vocal and instrumental music. Less innocent were the dances and scenic representations, performed at these feasts by actors and dancers of both sexes. The art of dancing on the tight-rope was carried to great perfection. If we may judge from a series of paintings discovered in the excavations, the performers placed themselves in an endless variety of graceful

and sportive attitudes, and represented the characters of imaginary beings, such as bacchanals and satyrs.

For graver society more intellectual amusements were provided,—singing women (*psaltriæ*), who accompanied their voices with the lyre, recited or sang the productions of celebrated poets; and sometimes the talents of an *improvisatore* were exercised, to the admiration of his hearers.

Before the dishes were brought in, slaves handed round water for washing the hands and towels for drying them. Since neither knives nor forks nor any instruments answering to them were in use, each diner must have helped himself, and—as in the East at the present day—have torn the food into morsels, with the fingers; hence it was of course indispensable for the hands to be washed again at the conclusion of the meal. For cleaning the hands during the meal, the crumb of bread was used.

The fact that the repast commenced with eggs and ended with fruit gave rise to the proverb "*Ab ovo usque ad mala*," i.e. from the egg to the apple, from the beginning to the end.

MEASUREMENT OF TIME.—Notwithstanding the magnificence of the domestic arrangements of the ancients, and the refined care bestowed upon everything that could make life agreeable, they were still without many ordinary conveniences. For instance, a clock to regulate the business of the day, according to a fixed measure of time, to us an indispensable piece of furniture, was for nearly five hundred years a thing quite unknown to the Romans, and even in later times was only in a very imperfect state. Originally they did not divide the days into hours at all, but guessed at the time from the position of the sun; but afterwards, on becoming acquainted with the use of sun-dials, they reckoned twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight, and divided the regular duration of the day, between the rising and the setting of the sun, into twelve equal hours, and allotted the remainder of the time to the night. Here, however, no division was attempted, and the position of the stars and the increasing or decreasing

darkness were the only means of distinguishing single portions of time. The use of the water-clock afterwards became more general; but even then the former custom, derived from the camp, by which the night was divided into four watches, remained in use to a large extent.

Sun-dials have been discovered at Pompeii, showing that they were utilized by the citizens; but on dull days there was still uncertainty about the time of day. Scipio Nasica first brought into use a water-clock which marked the hours both by day and by night. To form an idea of these clocks, we may imagine a pretty large basin filled with water, which, by a little hole pierced in the bottom, emptied itself, in the space of twelve hours, into another vessel of nearly the same capacity. The water in the second vessel, rising gradually, brought up perpendicularly a piece of cork, representing a figure pointing to the hours, which were marked one above another on columns or pilasters. These clocks differed slightly from the *clepsydræ*, which were similar in shape to our sand-glass, and took the form of a cone, wherein the hours were marked by a descending cork. According to Martial, slaves were kept on purpose to watch the *solarium* and *clepsydra*, and to report the expiration of each hour.

As the Romans reckoned twelve hours in the day and as many in the night, whatever was the season, it necessarily happened that in the summer the day hours were longer than the night hours, and that in winter they were shorter. The hours of the day commenced at sunrise; the sixth hour ended at midday, and the twelfth at sunset; then began the hours of the night, the sixth of which ended at midnight and the twelfth at sunrise. The hours of day and night were equal only in the equinox. Under the Emperors the people began to perceive that this distribution of the hours was not convenient; therefore they gradually adopted the present method of counting the twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight. The Italians still compute the hours from sunset to sunset, and reckon the whole twenty-four hours successively, saying, *tredici ore* (13 o'clock), *venti due ore* (22 o'clock), etc.

The division of time into weeks was not in use by the Romans

before the introduction of Christianity, but they were aware that the Jews were accustomed to keep every seventh day sacred. And references are to be found in Horace and Juvenal with regard to the Jewish Sabbath. A curious literary monument has been found in Pompeii. It is cut on a square block of marble, upon each side of which three months are registered in perpendicular columns, each headed by the proper sign of the zodiac. Dyer suggests that the information given may be classed under three heads—astronomical, agricultural, and religious. The first begins with the name of the month; then follows the number of days; then the *nones*, which in eight months of the year fall on the fifth day, and hence were called *quintanæ*—in the others on the seventh, and were therefore called *septimanæ*. The *ides* are not mentioned, because seven days always elapsed between them and the *nones*. The number of hours in the day and night is also marked, the integral part being given by the usual numerals, the fractional by an *s* for *semissis*, the half, and by small horizontal lines for the quarters. Lastly, the signs of the zodiac in which the sun is to be found are named, and the days of the equinoxes and of the summer solstice are determined; for the winter solstice we read *hiemis centrum*, the beginning of winter. Next the calendar proceeds to the agricultural portion, in which the farmer is reminded of the principal operations which are to be done within the month. It concludes with the religious part, in which, besides indicating the god under whose guardianship the month is placed, it notes the religious festivals which fell within it, and warns the cultivator against neglecting the worship of those deities upon whose favour and protection the success of his labours is supposed mainly to depend.

CHARACTERISTICS OF POMPEIAN SOCIAL LIFE.—It has been said sometimes that Pompeii was more a Greek than a Roman town. Boission has shown this to be incorrect. From the time when they received the rights of citizenship, the inhabitants of Pompeii considered themselves Romans. Latin was not only their official language, used by magistrates in decrees, it was the common

idiom, that of the poor as well as the rich, and no less used in private than in public life. Children who chalked their jokes upon the walls, young men addressing a salutation to their mistresses, idlers who extolled their favourite gladiator on leaving the public games, were wont to describe their impressions in Latin, almost exclusively Oscan, Greek being always the exception.

In its hankering after social distinction, in its efforts to outshine, in its endeavours to keep up appearances, in its jealousies, bickerings, hatreds, uncharitableness, and littleness, Pompeian society of eighteen hundred years ago was not so very different from civilized society of to-day. The Pompeians were probably both pugnacious and quarrelsome. History tells us how on one occasion in the amphitheatre they fell upon the men of Nuceria, their neighbours and rivals, who had come in to witness the games. Justly indignant at such a flagrant breach of hospitality, the Nucerians appealed to the Emperor Nero, who banished Lixinius Regulus, the giver of the show of gladiators and the most active instigator of the tumult, and ordered the closure of the amphitheatre and all other places of public amusement for ten years—a very severe punishment to the light-hearted and gay Pompeians.

With all their luxurious extravagance, the wealthy classes of Pompeii were extremely wretched. Their magnificence could not give them happiness any more than their uncontrolled vice gave them permanent gratification. Their lives were passed in the whirling excitement of spurious pleasure.

Ennui was the malady which infested the average Roman. His surroundings were favourable to its development—imperfect culture, vehement passions, unabsorbed by commerce or by political life, the habituation to extravagant excitement in war and the circus, and the fermentation of an age predestined to give birth to new religious creeds. The tyrants and the suicides both set before our eyes a grim picture of lassitude, relieved in vain by festivals of blood and orgies of unutterable lust. Its victims sought for palliatives in cruelty and crime. Nero stands out as a conspicuous example; but as Symonds says, "Need we stop at Nero?" Over Vitellius at his

banquets—over Hadrian in his Tiburtine Villa, weary with much seeking and with little finding, calling in vain on death—over Commodus in the arena, and Heliogabalus among the rose leaves,—the same livid shadow of *ennui* hangs. We can see it looming behind the noble form of Marcus Aurelius, who, amid the ruins of empire and the revolutions of belief, penned in his tent among the Quadi those maxims of endurance which were powerless to regenerate the world.

Gambling was universal, and ruin, then as now, followed in its train. Drunkenness was prevalent, and incurred no censure whatever,—in fact, the richer, or patrician, sections of the people seem to have been restrained by no moral code at all; while the poorer classes were as squalid and miserable in their life as the rich were luxurious and extravagant.

In the time of Nero we find Seneca complaining that, whereas human occupations used to be regulated by natural laws, the object now appeared to be to make one's habits as artificial as possible. "Daybreak," he says, "is bedtime; as evening approaches, we begin to show signs of activity; toward morning we dine. Come what may, we must not do as the common people do. (*Non oportet id facere quod populus*)."

ROMAN ETHICS OF SUICIDE.—The ancient philosophers, so far from looking upon suicide as an evidence of insanity, considered it a manifestation of the strength of the intellectual faculties. Pliny the elder thought highly of suicide, and blessed the benevolence of Mother Earth, who, out of compassion for human miseries, had placed in the hands of man so many poisons which would deprive him of life without pain.

Seneca was one of the most ardent advocates of suicide. His scheme of life may be summed up in his own words: "Does life please you? Live on. Does it not? Go whence you came. No large wound is necessary; a mere puncture will secure your liberty. Since neither infants nor boys nor lunatics fear death, it is shameful if *reason* will not inspire that indifference which *folly* commands." It is certain, says Irwell, that the bulk of the voluntary deaths, occurring

as they did among markedly degenerate people, who were deteriorating with every generation, were, like the suicides of to-day, due to insanity (using the word in its widest sense), disgust of life, and that uncontrollable desire to die which is so marked a sign of decay. The prevalence of suicide was a disease produced by a depraved condition. As vice and debauchery increased, crime, immorality, disease, and self-destruction also increased. Indeed, with the Romans under the Empire, suicide seems to have been one of Nature's most active and effectual methods of stamping out a people who had become too degraded for continued national existence.

As the Romans recognized the impossibility of preventing suicide, they established tribunals whose duty it was to hear the application of those who wished to die. If the applicant succeeded in showing what was considered to be good cause for quitting life, his prayer was granted, and he destroyed himself under the authority of the court. If any one applied for permission to end his life, and was refused, and, in defiance of the decision, committed suicide, his act was deemed illegal, and such punishment was inflicted as could be meted out in the circumstances—such as confiscation of his property. It was also illegal when it was done to shield crime, or when no sufficient reason could be discovered. But the act in itself was regarded as criminal only when, as in the above cases, it affected the State injuriously. The theory was that the suicide, by his voluntary death, evaded the just punishment which his act deserved. If an accused person voluntarily put an end to his life, the law held that he had pleaded guilty by refusing to meet the indictment. Nevertheless, the law was just; for if the accused were proved innocent, no injury fell upon his estate or his memory. The property of a person who committed suicide while under an accusation of crime was confiscated for the time being; but the heirs were at liberty to have the case tried in the same manner as if the accused were alive; and if the charge were not proved, the heirs took the estate, as if the deceased had not been under the accusation at the time of death.

Suicide, according to Inge, held a prominent place in Roman

social history—at no time probably has deliberate withdrawal from life been so common. Men committed suicide to escape the pains of mortal disease, or to anticipate condemnation for crime; many resolved to end their life when they felt old age coming upon them, or from a desire to accompany a beloved person to the tomb. The resolution was carried out with a calm deliberation which distinguishes Roman suicides from the rash and sudden acts of self-destruction with which we of the present day are familiar. We read of men calmly awaiting the verdict of their physicians on the chance of their recovery from sickness before deciding whether to live or die; of others fixing a day to end their lives, and notifying it to their relatives; of others choosing a lingering form of death, apparently with the object of dying in the presence of their friends. Public opinion was generally favourable to suicide, probably with the feeling that it was an open door through which man might escape at any time from the woes of life, and that he had a perfect right to avail himself of it.

"Life is short, they said, and death is sure and dark; therefore let us have what pleasures we may. Against the strength of death, they said, there is no herb in any garden; therefore let us pluck the flowers of life while they are sweet to us and pleasant. He sits, 'the Arch Fear,' at the chamber door, waiting for us until we leave the feast; therefore let us have a skeleton at the table, let us crown it with garlands, let us make with it our merriest jest. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, they said, for to-morrow we die. And often these men," continues this writer, "sick of the emptiness of their pursuits, tired of the monotony of their lives, have pulled back with their own hands the curtain which hides the unseen, and have gone out thus into the dark. But there have been others of a sterner sort to whom this natural wisdom taught a different practice. That life is short, and that death is dark and certain, was a black shadow, indeed, to their thought; but it bred in them the nobler purpose to live that life well and to front that death bravely. From the darkness of the heathen world there have arisen proudly and nobly men to whom none will deny the name of the virtuous, upon whose cheek we can scarcely discern the pallor of death's terrors. Socrates,

Antoninus, Zeno, Seneca, Epictetus, stand grandly and fearlessly up, and the voice of their wisdom concerning death sounds from the distance unto us, like the words of a modern poet: 'So live,' they tell us,

> 'that, when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

CIVIC LIFE.—As Inge remarks, it is an unfortunate necessity for any one who tries to write about the habits and manners of the Pompeians that he must confine himself almost exclusively to the upper classes. Copious as are the materials for the subject, they almost all bear on the higher section of society. The obscurity of the masses is scarcely illuminated by a ray of light from either literature or monuments. We can say nothing, because we know nothing, of the commonplace and industrious lives of humbler citizens. We shall do the Romans injustice and form false ideas ourselves unless we remember that we are describing only a small section of society, and not the whole. Let us keep in mind the wide differences of habits which exist in our own community, and we shall then be less likely to join in the hasty and sweeping denunciations which have been poured upon Roman civilization.

Although subject to Rome, Pompeii formed a small world apart, independent and complete; it was a *municipium*. Her citizens were permitted to select their own magistrates, to make their own laws, and to levy their own taxes. Home Rulers they were in the freest acceptation of the term. The government of the town seems to have been vested chiefly in the *ædile*, or mayor. Under him worked the *duumviri*, who were elected annually, and whose office may broadly be said to correspond with that of the aldermanic chair of the present day. They were justices of the peace, and, with the *ædile*, presided

over the *decuriones*, who formed, so to speak, the town council, which differed from that of our own times in the fact that the members were self-elected, the occupants of the higher offices, which are now selected by our councils, being at Pompeii elected by the people.

Singularly enough, the municipal elections were carried out at the same period of the year as are our own. At the time of the eruption the Pompeians were busily engaged in their municipal elections, and the partisans of the various candidates scratched or painted their electioneering appeals. We read, "Philippus beseeches you to create M. Holconius Priscus *duumvir* of justice." Another inscription requests votes for Capella, as one of the *duumviri*. A third declares Cneius Helvius to be *worthy* of the honour. Pansa was fortunate in having many friends, and was probably the popular candidate. His enthusiastic supporters go into superlatives in his praise, affirming him to be "*most worthy*." One Popidius, a youthful candidate, and, from the frequent occurrence of his name, evidently very popular, is pronounced "*verecundum adolescentem*" (a modest youth) and "*egregium adolescentem*." An elector asks Proculus to vote for Sabinus, promising that Sabinus shall vote for him in return. "SABINUM . AED. PROCULE . FAC . ET . ILLE . TE . FACIET." Other inscriptions refer to the protection which the inhabitant of the house claimed as the client of some powerful patrician.

The *ædile* acted as chief magistrate, commissioner of police, and inspector of markets, weights, and measures. He also regulated the supply of provisions to the public, and was responsible for the conduct of the public games, with regard to regularity and order. He had further to see that the temples and public buildings were kept in repair, and that private houses the condition of which was dangerous to the public safety were altered, also to exercise surveillance over the public health and morality. His power was very considerable, and he was able to enforce his orders by prosecution and fine. Thus the *ædile* could at once punish any individual who, in times of scarcity, was hoarding his corn in hopes of a rise in price, and without further ado could cause the hoard to be issued to the public

As the *amphora* was the standard measure of capacity for wine,

the *metrata* for oil, the *modius* for grain, so the *libra* was the standard measure of weight. To ensure honesty in trade, these measures were examined periodically by order of the *ædiles*: those found *iniquæ* (short) were broken and their owners banished.

An allowance for the *ædile's* expenses was made from the treasury; but he was expected, just as our mayors are, to spend his own money freely. The main object which the *ædile* always kept in view was to be more magnificent than his predecessor, and to give more splendid entertainments to the populace, in the hope that he might secure their votes when he became a candidate for the higher offices of State. Evidence is not wanting that these office-seekers practised the corrupt arts of the most ingenious of their class in modern times. The candidate went about accompanied by a *nomenclator*, who gave him the names of the voters whom they met, so that the candidate had the advantage of addressing them familiarly as he shook them by the hand. Where treating as we understand the word did not suffice, bribery was freely practised.

The *decuriones* voted posthumous honours to the departed citizens, assigned them a sepulchre in the place of honour, and, after their decease, ordered a statue to be erected to their memory in the Forum.

Inscriptions have been found, according to Rolfe, which tend to show the existence of trade societies in Pompeii. For instance:—

"MARCELLINUM ÆDILEM LIGNARI
ET PLOSTARI ROGANT."
("The carpenters and carters wish Marcellinus to be Ædile.")
"VERUM ÆD. O. F. VNGVENTARI. FACITE. ROG."
("Please make Verus ædile. The Perfumers ask you to make him so.")

Similar inscriptions in favour of different candidates are recorded by the salt-workers, the porters, the goldsmiths, and the fruiterers. These advertisements generally ended with the letters "O.V.F." (*oro vos faciatis*), which is equivalent to "Please vote for him."

Advertisements of this sort appear to have been used as vehicles for street wit, just as electioneering squibs are perpetrated amongst

ourselves. Thus we find mentioned, as if among the companies, the *pilicrepi* (ball-players), the *imbibi* (late topers), the *dormientes universi* (all the worshipful company of sleepers), and, as a climax, "*Pompeiani universi!*"—"All the Pompeians to a man, vote for So-and-so!"

The electoral bill-stickers evidently were as great a nuisance in Pompeii as with us. On the wall of his house a Pompeian writes, "Please inscribe nothing here." Another, with less suavity, doubtless exasperated at his powerlessness against these irrepressible workers who almost always took a mean advantage of the night, says in red capitals, "Cursed be the candidate who puffs himself here! May he never succeed!"

Women did not vote (nor is it clear that they ever clamoured for the privilege), but they exercised their unquestionable right of influencing voters. Many traces of this are found on the walls. This or that lady has written up her favourite candidate's name, with a prayer that the electorate would have the good sense to give such an one their vote and interest.

We find also that the rabbi or *archon* of the synagogue at Pompeii, called the *Synagoga Libertinorum*, could, in virtue of his office, take an active part in city politics and petty municipal quarrels, and in his official capacity could sign a document recommending the election of a candidate for political honours, as is shown by one of the Pompeian inscriptions in the Neapolitan Museum:—

"*Cuspium Pansum æd. (ilem fieri rogat)*
Fabius Eupor Princeps Libertinorum."

"The Romans well understood the art of encouraging public liberality by publicly recording it. All over Pompeii inscriptions are met with recording acts of public beneficence,—the erection of a theatre or temple or exchange, or their restoration; the paving of a street, the building of an altar, or the adorning of a wall, or any other public service. Sometimes the rewards were greater, and the inscription announced the presentation of a burial-plot to the benefactor, or his addition to the number of the *decuriones*, or

senate. In all its proceedings Pompeii is the offspring, the miniature, the copy in small, of the great mother city Rome."

THE POMPEIAN AT HOME.—The public life of the Pompeians has now been touched upon. Let us next take a peep at what went on within-doors.

The unity of a Roman family was remarkable, the closest of bonds existing between its various branches and the chief, or *paterfamilias*. The number of the relatives was usually large; and in the noble families the degrees of affinity were marked by the *imagines*, which formed a widely-ramified genealogical tree. The ancient veneration entertained for the ties of kindred was shown in many ways. There were the yearly festival of the *Charistia*, with its convivial meeting; the duty of mourning deceased *cognati*, and *affines*; and the *jus osculi*, which allowed the wife to be kissed by her own and her husband's relatives. The explanation that is given of this ancient custom is that it arose from the old prohibition against women drinking wine, and that the nearest relatives sought to convince themselves by this means whether the lady had taken any or not!

The power of the father was the outcome of his position as the head of the family. He alone could speak and act for the family; he was the priest of the household gods, and in the eye of the law the only holder of the family property. The house father had the *jus vitæ necisque*—the power of life and death over his children, including those by adoption as well as by blood. He could remove his son from the family either without further provision or by way of sale, even after that son had risen to the highest honours. In matters of property whatever the son acquired was held for his father's use: if a legacy were left him, the father received it; if he made a contract, the benefit of that contract, but not its burden, was transmitted to the father. The son was bound to marry at his father's command, and his wife and children were not in his own hand. They, like himself, were subject to the all-pervading rule of the father. In a word, the son had no remedy either civil or criminal

against his father for any act of any kind whatever. The power of the father over his sons and their children ceased only when he died or lost his rights of Roman citizenship—a forfeiture which the Italians still express by the stern phrase *morte civile*, or civic death: the father's power over his daughters ended when they married with *manus* or took vestal vows. In very early times there was little difference between the position of children and that of slaves: over both the *paterfamilias* had the *jus vitæ necisque*; and this right was sometimes exercised. The last Roman to exercise it over his son was Fulvius, who slew his son for taking part in Catiline's conspiracy, but this right was gradually modified in course of time under the influence of Stoicism and Christianity.

Women, by the primitive law of the Romans, were under the power of their father or under the hand of their husband: they were the property of another; and when circumstances had made them *sui juris*, *matres familias*, they were placed under a perpetual guardianship, the supervision of their *agnates* (descendants through males from a common ancestor), never having any power over their children. The woman was, in short, as is elegantly and concisely expressed by Ulpian, the beginning and the end of her family ("*familiæ suæ et caput et finis*").

If an only child, who by his father's death had just come into a large property, died himself without a will, the nearest *agnate*, though he were only a fourth or fifth cousin, could shut out the widowed mother from all share in the estate which had belonged to her husband and child. So if a woman died intestate, leaving infant children, her *agnate* ten degrees removed, if there were none nearer, could prevent her children from obtaining the least share in any property she might have left.

From the earliest times the beautiful institution of *hospitium* prevailed in Italy as well as in Greece, whereby friends were not merely bound to exercise the usage of hospitality, but also to afford help and protection to each other in all circumstances. By this treaty of hospitality they pledged themselves, on the occasion of visits of persons from other towns, both friends and strangers, to

receive them into their houses and afford them the rights of hospitality. Some small token of recognition, previously agreed upon, was used to identify the stranger—as a ring broken into two halves, or a small engraved ticket. Of course in those days the hotels (*osteria*), if we may judge by the taverns of Pompeii, were not always pleasant places in which to enjoy hospitality, as may be guessed from the hint given by Aristophanes in the *Frogs*, where Dionysius, on his journey to Hades, enquires for the inns in which there are fewest fleas.

Something further must be said of slavery, one of the most important of Roman institutions, and of the mass of human beings, probably exceeding in numbers all the rest of the population, whose legal position was simply that of chattels of the Roman people. Still, there was no difference of blood or colour from their masters, to make the one regard the other with feelings of contempt or aversion.

The simple old custom by which a few slaves only were attached to the house, and ate at the same table with their master, had given place to immense crowds of domestic slaves, and corresponding sub-division of labour. Among the most curious of these slaves, who were found in the houses of wealthy Romans, were the folder of clothes (*vestiplicus*), the custodian of the Corinthian Vases (*a Corinthiis*), and the sandal-boy (*calceator*), whose duty it was to put on his master's shoes. The *cubicularii* performed the duties of housemaids; the *tricliniarii* took charge of the dining-rooms; the *supellecticarii* kept the furniture and table-ware in order; the *culinarii* were kitchen drudges. Those who served the bath formed another distinct class, and the functions of valet and lady's-maid were distributed among a score of specialists. There were pages, more or less pampered, to run on errands; an *invitator* to summon guests; and other slaves whose special duty it was to wait upon the latter. The management of this unwieldy household was committed to the head slave, who held the post of *autriensis*. He was responsible for the good behaviour and industry of his subordinates, and allotted them their tasks. A large number were

generally employed about the *atrium*, a large number in the kitchen, and others had their duty in attending upon their master's personal wants. Horace speaks of himself as living extremely simply when he dined alone, with only three slaves to wait upon him. It was not uncommon for a wealthy Roman to possess ten or twenty thousand slaves.

We may readily wonder how this immense demand for slaves was supplied? In the first place, by the natural birth of children in the slave class. Another source of supply was opened by successful wars; whole nations were sold after a victory *sub hastâ* or *sub coronâ*, according to the Roman phrase, this being the recognized treatment of prisoners taken in war. Slavery was also the usual punishment for debt. It appears, too, that kidnapping was carried on to a great extent. The traffic in slaves was of course an important feature in Roman commerce. And they were brought in large numbers from the poorer parts of the empire to the centre of its wealth and luxury.

The literature of the period gives many examples of sincere and delicate friendship on the part of the master towards his slaves, and of devotion and attachment on that of slaves towards their masters. Much of the credit of this feeling belongs to Stoicism, which preached the brotherhood of mankind with great persistency. Augustus, though he was himself guilty of the murder of a slave for killing a favourite quail, showed on more than one occasion his disapproval of atrocious cruelty by masters. History records how Vedius Pollio once, when the Emperor was dining with him, became angry with a slave who had broken a crystal goblet, and ordered him to be thrown at once as food into the pool of lampreys. Augustus begged for his forgiveness, which his master refused to grant. The Emperor, provoked at the obduracy of Pollio, ordered every one of the goblets to be broken and his fish-ponds to be filled up.

Under Nero a judge was appointed to hear the complaints of slaves, and was instructed to punish masters who treated them with barbarity or withheld from them a sufficiency of the necessaries

of life; and we are bound to admit, says Lecky, that the Roman slave-code compares not unfavourably with those of some Christian nations.

After his liberation (*manumissio*) had been granted, the slave stood to his patron in the relation of a *libertus*. This *manumissio* was effected by the patron presenting himself with his slave before the highest magistrate of the city. After having proved his right of possession (*nista servitus*), he pronounced the words "*Hunc hominen ego volo liberum esse*," whereat the *assertor* touched the slave on the top of his head. After that the patron took his former slave by the hand, turned him round, and ended the ceremony by once more repeating the formula. Besides this liberation, called *manumissio vindicta*, there existed the so-called *manumissio censu*, consisting in the name of the *libertus* being entered in the census-list; and the *manumissio testamento*, i.e. the liberation of the slave by the owner's last will. After his liberation the former slave put on the *pileus*, donned the *toga*, wore a ring, and shaved his beard—the sign of a freedman.

As we have seen, the master of a Roman house was an autocrat. Over his slaves he had power of life and death. The law did not look upon the slave as even a personage of subordinate and degraded social position; it did not recognize his claim to be considered as a moral agent, to be a man at all. He could be flogged, chained, or crucified on the slightest provocation. It was a trite saying that a man had as many enemies as he had slaves. If a wealthy proprietor died under circumstances which created suspicion that he had been murdered by his own slave or by an unknown assassin, the whole of the slaves would be tortured.

A remarkable example of the vigorous enforcement of this law took place during the reign of Nero, when four hundred slaves were executed in consequence of the murder of their master. The cruelty and injustice of the sentence were too glaring even for the Roman populace. Some opposition was offered to the officers of justice: the *lictors* were assaulted in the execution of their duty. The senate took alarm, and a debate was held upon this Silavian law. Even

there a lingering sentiment of humanity recognized the severity of this cruel decree. It was instantly overruled by the reasoning of a learned jurist, Cassius Longimus, who quoted precedent and insinuated the peril which would result from measures of mercy. "There must be injustice done," said he, "in every great example; but the injustice inflicted upon a few is amply compensated by the benefit to the many."

Shepherd tells us that there was a regular gradation in the social standing of the slave, from the beautiful Greek youth, the spoilt minion of his master, to the servant of servants, who discharged the most menial duties of the household or the farm. The secretary or amanuensis was a slave; the children's tutor and attendants were slaves. Physicians, actors, musical performers, the buffoon, and the improvisator were of the same order. It is only fair to note, however, that the master occasionally bestowed freedom upon a slave. And there were other ways in which release could be obtained.

Nothing is more remarkable in Roman history than the ease with which a manumitted slave passed into the privileged order, and obtained for his children, if not for himself, the same rights as the high-born Roman citizen. Even in the matter of marriage, where aristocratic exclusiveness is generally strongest, the same curious phenomenon is displayed. Augustus found it necessary to make a law forbidding ladies of senatorial families to contract marriages with freedmen. In society such freedmen were not excluded from the higher circles, though their arrogance and bad manners often made them objects of hatred and disgust. The enormous wealth which they often possessed was a sure passport to social success where "everything had its price." The vast majority of freedmen were, however, in a much more humble station of life. From their numbers and position, according to Inge, they gradually gave their type to the Roman community, which assumed more and more that denationalized and cosmopolitan character which ended in final disintegration.

The male child born into a Roman household, and formally acknowledged by his father, received upon the ninth day that

religious ceremony the *lustralia*, which so evidently foreshadows the rite of Christian baptism. A girl was thus consecrated on the eighth day after her birth. A sacrifice was offered upon the family altar for the infant, who was also presented in one or more of the temples of the gods and recommended to their especial protection. As a defence against the "evil eye" there was hung around the baby's neck, by ribbon or chain, a small locket (the *bulla*), usually heart-shaped or circular, sometimes crescent or cruciform—made of gold if the parents were wealthy, otherwise of some inferior metal, and containing an amulet. The custom was probably of Etruscan origin, and at one time applied to the children of patricians only, but subsequently extended to all free-born children. A boy wore his *bulla* constantly, until he received the gown of manhood; a girl hers until her marriage. The ornament was always carefully cherished and occasionally resumed; and it is a curious fact that a *triumphator* invariably put on his *bulla* upon the great day of his public glorification, as a protection against the envy of his fellow-citizens.

There was no public registry of births, for civic purposes, before the time of Marcus Aurelius, but a private record of the *lustratio* appears to have been kept.

ROMAN NAMES.—We find every free-born Roman possessed of at least three names: first, the *prænomen* (forename), for the distinction of the individual (it was often of doubtful meaning, occasionally appearing to have reference to the time and conditions of the birth of the child: of the *prænomina* in common use there were eighteen, of which five were limited to particular families); second, the *nomen*, or name of the *gens* or clan (this was usually in adjectival form in *-ius*, and possibly a patronymic, meaning "son of," like many of our English surnames); and third, the *cognomen*, surname or family name. A further name, the *agnomen*, was sometimes added, being borrowed from some exploit or remarkable event, as in the case of Scipio Africanus. The *prænomen* was always placed first with one or two letters, as M. (for Marcus);

the *nomen* was second, as Fabius (for the Fabian clan); the *cognomen* came last, as Cæsar. This might be complimentary: thus two Claudian families had as *cognomina* Pulcher (handsome) and Nero (manly). More often it was the reverse of flattering. It is said that Marcus Tullius Cicero, the orator, received his *cognomen* rather from the fact that an ancestor had on his face a wart like a chick-pea (*cicer*) than because he grew that vegetable.

A girl's name consisted of the feminine form of her father's *nomen*; later, of his *cognomen* and a personal appellation of her own, which was not, however, very much used. Marriages had originally implied, as with us, the wife's acceptance of her husband's family name; but, in the vast majority of cases, this had been the same as her own. After mixed marriages between the members of different *gentes* became customary, the wife made rather a point of retaining her own family name.

From the moment when the Roman child first saw the light, he was absolutely under the power of his father. As the family, with its sacred rites and continuous existence, was the unit of society, so the *paterfamilias* was the despotic head of the group he represented. As he had called his child into being, so it rested with him whether that being should be continued or not.

As soon as a child was born, it was laid at the feet of the father, who, if the babe was free from any deformity, and if he was prepared to acknowledge it as his legitimate offspring, raised it from the ground and declared it worthy of the house. Infanticide was not prohibited by law, and was probably not uncommon.

In primitive times the master of the house expected to receive "good-morrow" from his children and servants at daybreak, after which he offered the morning sacrifice, and then assigned to his various people their duties for the day. A reminiscence of this custom appears always to have survived in certain of the old families, and it was adopted in the strictly-ordered household of the Antonine Cæsars. Out of it grew the ceremonious *salutatio* of late republican and imperial times—the self-interested compliments of the morning offered to an influential citizen by the clients and other lesser folk

who thronged his hall and competed for his favour; and the earlier the *salutatio* could be made the better. We read, therefore, of the Roman streets being alive before light in the winter mornings with the hurrying figures of carefully-attired clients, who elbowed one another in the stately vestibule of their patron until the doors were flung open into the *atrium*, where he stood to receive them. They then defiled before him, each making his bow and uttering his "*Ave, domine!*" to which the magnate responded by a hand-shake and a word of courtesy, sometimes with a kiss. He made a point of addressing each man by name, and if he hesitated for an instant he was prompted by the *nomenclator* at his ear—a slave whose business it was to know the proper appellation of every person present.

On the completion of his fourteenth year the Roman youth became "of age." He then assumed the *toga virilis*. To take the *toga* was to exchange the gown of the youth, with its stripes of purple, for the plain white gown of the citizen, and to go through a religious ceremony with certain rites and sacrifices, which was usually held in the Forum. The youth then obtained, if he had property, full power, and the tutelage or guardianship ceased; he could dispose of his property by will, and contract marriage. (In the case of a female, this power was obtained at the age of twelve years.) His full name was afterward inscribed on the list of citizens kept in the *tabularium* at the Capitol, or among the archives of his province. A sacrifice was offered for him at some public altar, and a banquet followed, accompanied, in the case of imperial or other very distinguished youth, by largess to the people.

After this ceremonious introduction to public life, there usually remained for the young man a finishing year—the *tirocinium*—of special preparation for the calling which he had elected to pursue. If he was to be a lawyer, or aspired to public office, as almost all the law students did, he attached himself to the train of some eminent statesman, and learned what he could by observation of his manners and methods. If he had chosen a military career, he obtained a place, in some respects resembling that of a staff officer, under some famous general; so that, without being subjected

to all the drudgery of a common soldier, he learned the routine of camp life and the duties of a commander. Boys of the middle and lower classes went directly, as they do now, from school to the business of life.

The practice of using nicknames was very prevalent among the Romans. They generally identified one another by some personal characteristic, ugly or objectionable for choice. It is rather amusing to observe this in many of those names which at the present time may be termed classic. Sylla is *distingué* to us, but the Roman's feelings must have been somewhat qualified when he was called upon to respect "Redhead." Julius Cæsar may be excused for his desire for a laurel wreath to divert the popular wit as well as to hide his baldness when the name signifies "a fine head of hair." Scipio Africanus rather fails to strike our imagination as "African Walking-Stick." The glory of Fabius Maximus is dimmed if we think of him as "General Bean." The imperial *gens* of Claudius was "Lame." Cato, on the other hand, had a proper claim to his patronymic, "Wise." Titus Maccius, the comic poet, was surnamed "Plautus" (Splay-foot); Quintus Horatius was called "Flaccus" (Loose-eared); Publius Ovidius, "Naso" (Big Nose); Brutus, "Stupid." Such names were given at first to some member of a family whom they suited; but afterwards they became hereditary, and continued to be used, as such English names as Black or White, Long or Short, are used now, long after the personal peculiarity which gave rise to them had passed away.

The Greeks loved to bestow nicknames; but since patronymics were unknown, they died out. As a rule the Greek nicknames seem to have been complimentary—though we have many like Physco, "the Big-bellied," and Grippus, "the Eagle-beaked," among private individuals. Those sweet girl names Leona, Peitho, Chrysis, and so forth lose their charm as "Miss Lioness," "Persuasion," "Myrtle-flower," "Wildflower," "Vine-tendril," "Swallow," etc.

THE POMPEIAN'S DAY.—The Roman's first occupation after partaking of the *jentaculum* was the paying and receiving of visits.

The little paid court to the great, the people to the magistrates, and the magistrates to the rich, who went in turn to pay the same homage to others. The master of the house usually spent some time in transacting business with his clients. These were the men who farmed his estates and managed the slave-labour by which the land was tilled. The usual course appears to have been to divide the produce between the landlord and tenant, the master's share being often sold by retail in a shop adjoining his house and usually opening into it. The patrons were obliged to assist their clients with their counsel and credit. The clients, on the other hand, undertook no affair without consulting their patrons; it was their duty to give their voices in the public assemblies in favour of them. Both patrons and clients were equally prohibited from accusing each other of crimes, or giving evidence or voting against each other.

As to the time of rising with the Romans, it is clear from many passages of the poets and prose writers that they kept very early hours. Pliny talks of the *officia antelucana*—duties to be performed before daylight. Horace says,—

> "*Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus*
> *Sub galli cantum consultor ubi astia pulsat.*"
>
> "The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,
> When at the dawn the client breaks his rest."

It seems probable that the Roman who made any pretension to religion spent the first hour of the day in worship. The temples were open and lighted before daybreak, and the devotions paid to the gods consisted in adoring and invoking them by public and private prayers—in offering sacrifice, incense, and perfumes. By those who could not go to the temples, the service was performed in the oratories in their houses. Juvenal speaks of the worshippers' long train of wants, real and imaginary, the idle repetitions they made, in the hope of being the sooner heard. In fine, the multiplicity of their gods, whom they were obliged to address separately for each particular need, drew them

into prolixities and bound them to ceremonies from which those are free who know how to worship in spirit and in truth. The folly of some, according to Seneca, went so far as to ask of the gods what they durst not have asked of men, addressing their vows and prayers to them in a low voice—whispering to them, as it were, that none else might hear. Others there were who, under the veil of devotion, pretended to impose not on men only, but on the gods also.

When tired with business, the gentle Pompeian strolled into what has been called with a great deal of truth "the people's drawing-room"—the street. Here he met his friends on an easy footing without formality, and from this evanescent intercourse gained an insight into the concerns of commercial and public life; or he contrasted the irrepressible buoyancy of spirit of some with the faltering irresolution or despondency of others of the various pedestrians, in the endless ebb and flow of the tide of urban life. Again, he listened to the busy hum of conversation, "the still, sad music of humanity"; then, recalled from his reverie, he passed on. He lounged for a few moments in the Forum, and finally whiled away an hour or two in the baths, or by an attendance on the performance at the theatre filled up the day, the evening being passed in revelry and merriment, enlivened by the music and dancing of professional performers.

The more polished Roman of social inclination, in addition to the *symposia*, had his club, in which vacancies were filled by ballot, and each member of which bore a proportionate part of the expense. Cicero (*De Senectute*) records the pleasure he took in frequenting the social parties of his time, termed *confraternitates*, where, according to the good old custom, a president was appointed. And he adds that the principal satisfaction he received from such entertainments arose much less from the pleasures of the table than from the opportunity thereby offered him of enjoying excellent company and conversation.

Relief to the monotony of the daily round came in the shape of numerous holidays, both public and private. To the former class

belonged the general celebrations bearing more or less of a religious character, such as the Compitalia in January, the Matronalia in March, the Vinalia Rustica in August, the Saturnalia in December; to the latter, all the birthday, betrothal, wedding, house-warming, and New Year's gatherings, with their appropriate suppers and sacrifices and exchange of gifts and congratulations, as well as the reception given when a youth assumed the garb of manhood, and the solemn banquets in commemoration of the dead.

On certain great occasions, and on particular days, the circus, theatres, and amphitheatre claimed much of the time of the Pompeians. The public games were generally solemnized in consequence of vows which the Romans had made to some divinity when they were in imminent danger or undergoing considerable misfortune: they were called *sacred games*, because dedicated to the gods; or *funeral games*, because celebrated in honour of some person of distinction after his death, to whose *manes* they supposed that these games were agreeable, whilst they were useful, too, for appeasing the wrath of the gods of the lower regions.

An undisturbed night's rest was one of the privileges of the rich. The owner of a large mansion could place his bed-chamber out of hearing of the street. But other citizens had hardly composed themselves to rest after the last diner-out and the serenaders had ceased to make sleep impossible by their drunken songs and doleful ditties, when the worker in metal began to hammer on his anvil, the schoolmaster to fulminate at his noisy class, and the hapless throng of clients to hurry through the streets to pay their respects to their patron. Those who had not to perform these troublesome duties would, of course, consult their own tastes as to the hour of rising. The elder Pliny was usually at work by seven or eight, if not earlier; but others, no doubt, preferred to sleep off the effects of the preceding night's revelry, and did not rise till a much later hour.

THE WOMAN OF THE PERIOD.—In Greece the wife was little esteemed, confined to the *γυναικών*, treated as a child, and shut

out from social life and the amusements of men. The position of the Roman ladies, according to Becker, was exactly the reverse. Although the wife was subordinate to her husband, yet she was always treated with attention and regard. The Roman housewife always appeared as the mistress of the whole household economy, instructress of the children, and guardian of the honour of the house, equally esteemed with the *paterfamilias* both in and out of the house. The ladies, it is true, held aloof from public life, since custom kept them back, yet they might appear and give evidence in a court of law. Walking abroad was limited only by scruple and usage, not by law. They took their places with the men at festal banquets. Men made way for them in the streets, and any insult offered to them would be considered a capital offence. For the most part, they were such as to call for honour and respect rather than warm affection. History has handed down to us stories of the goodness and faithfulness of Roman women, even in those days of reckless waste and luxury. In the general decay of Roman virtue which followed the rapid growth of the Republic in wealth and power, none suffered more than the women.

As to the daily life of the Roman ladies, one can hardly suppose that they carried depravity to the same extremes as did their husbands; yet, if we read the accounts of Roman life at Baiæ, by far the most renowned bathing-place in Italy—the resort of those who, leaving behind them the cares and formalities of life, gave themselves up wholly to enjoyment, in whatever shape it was offered—it is impossible to resist the thought that they did not stop far short of them. Dress and jewelry absorbed a large portion of their incomes. Beautiful indeed are the specimens of the goldsmith's art, in various forms, that have been found.

The necklaces (*monilia*) and neck-chains (*ratellæ*) were truly magnificent. A necklace was found at Pompeii consisting of one band of fine interlaced gold, from which were suspended seventy-one pendants like small ear-drops. At the end of the chain there was a kind of clasp, on both parts of which there was a frog; and at the terminal points where it was clasped there were rubies in settings.

Also arm-bands have been found in the form of serpents, in which rubies were used to represent the eyes.

Among the Romans pearls were much more esteemed than they are at present. Diamonds were very scarce, and came from India and Arabia. They did not know how to cut and polish them, and they were therefore set and worn in their rough state. Coloured stones were plentiful, and the mode of cutting them, both hollow and in relief, was perfectly understood. The best-known precious stones were the agate, which is said to have derived its name from the river Achates, in Sicily, and was usually variegated, with wavy and often concentric layers ; the amethyst, blue transparent quartz, which was thought by the Greeks to be a charm against drunkenness, and by the Jews to bring pleasant dreams ; the carbuncle or garnet, the emerald, the ruby, and the sapphire. The onyx was a banded cornelian, cut across the layers to exhibit the strips of black or brown and white. The sardius was also a red cornelian, highly valued by the Romans and extensively used for signets and intaglios. The topaz of the ancients—the chrysolite of the moderns—was of a greenish-yellow colour, and was found in Egypt and the islands of the Red Sea. Their *belioculus* seems to have been our cat's-eye. The opal, in consequence of its beauty, was often called *pæderos* (youthful love). Coral was a supposed preventive against witchcraft ; hence the fashion of ladies and children wearing necklaces and bracelets of this material. The hyacinth preserved from lightning, and the chalcedony made the wearer lucky at law.

To the consideration of precious stones and gems Pliny devoted the final book of his *Natural History*, regarding them as the most perfect works of Nature. He gives an account of the most important gems, arranged by colour, with instructions for detecting fraud. The tests enumerated involve a study of weight, hardness, conductivity, transparency, diffractive power, etc. Some of the medicinal virtues ascribed to gems may appear to us little better than the doctrines of the Magi, and Pliny rejects their supposed supernatural power.

From medals and antique marbles we know how much the

head-dress of the Roman ladies varied in different times. It consisted always of their hair, and the sole difference was in the manner of disposing of it. They usually divided it into equal parts with a bodkin, and the wives were distinguished from the maids by the manner in which the hair was separated: there are antique *bustos*, however, in which there is no separation. The women used curling-irons and adjusted their hair variously, for they covered it with a net, put into a kind of purse which fitted close to the head, tied it behind in the form of a knot, or bound it back and plaited it with ribbons—the colour of which would be probably a matter of choice, white and purple being both mentioned by Ovid.

As the edifice grew, false hair, gold ornaments, precious stones, and flowers were introduced, long hair-pins being used to fix and support the structure. Curling-irons (*calamistra*) resembling those in vogue at the present day were much employed. Blond hair was the most fashionable, and was largely imported from Germany. Female slaves were specially taught the *coiffeur's* art; they used combs, oils, dyes, and pomades, just as numbers of their sex do now. Perfumes were in great favour with the Roman ladies. Almost every object they needed was highly scented. The odour of perfumes was an offering to the gods, and scents were freely used in the baths and for anointing the person after athletic exercises. The shops of the perfumers were the favourite resort for fashionable loungers. "But it must have been provoking to the fair one not to have been able to see the general effect of her form and ornaments reflected in a large pier-glass. The mirrors were only small plates of polished metal, capable of showing more than an ugly woman might like to see, but less than a beautiful one desired."

There has been found quite recently in the ruins a casket of marble about two inches square. It was closely sealed, and contained a pomade powerfully scented with attar of roses. It speaks highly of the lasting properties and antiquity of this delightful perfume, that it should retain its fragrance after an

interment of eighteen centuries, and reminds us of the lines of Moore :—

> "You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Lord Lytton tells us that the ladies of Southern Italy, in his day, had, singularly enough, a perfect horror of perfumes, accounting them remarkably unwholesome. What is very strange is that the nostrils so susceptible to a perfume are not at all affected by its opposite; for Naples, to the writer's mind, can "hold the candle" to most Continental cities for its objectionable smells.

Another parallel between our own days and those of Juvenal may be found in this matter of woman's head-dress—or perhaps one may say that the fashion, after going through a cycle, has now returned to the point whence it set out. The satirist gives a glowing description of a belle in the first century preparing for an engagement. Her handmaids stand around her, and, under the guidance of an old nurse of experience and judgment, who by virtue of her age is president of the council, toil to complete the work of decoration :—

> "So warm they grow and so much pains they take,
> You'd think her honour or her life's at stake;
> So high they build her head, such tiers on tiers
> With wary hands they pile, that she appears
> Andromache before,—and what behind?
> A dwarf, a creature of a different kind."—*Sat.*, vi. 500.

Great care was particularly bestowed on the complexion and on the artificial reproduction of other charms, lost too soon in the exciting atmosphere of society. During the night a mask (*tectorium*) of dough and asses' milk was laid upon the face to preserve the complexion. This mask was the invention of Poppæa, the wife of Nero; hence its name, *poppæana*. Another mask composed of rice and bean-flour served to remove the wrinkles from the face. It was washed off, according to Juvenal, in the morning with tepid asses' milk. Many different pastes and powders were used to

preserve and clean the teeth. Artificial teeth, made of ivory and fastened with gold thread, were known to the Romans at the time when the laws of the Twelve Tables were made. One of the laws prohibits the depositing of gold in the graves of the dead, excepting the material required for the fastening of false teeth.

Of the secrets of the Roman toilet we will only mention the fact that they were acquainted with the use of paint. To restore the rosy hue of nature, white lead, alkanet, and a compound made from roses were in frequent use. The eyebrows and eyelids were stained black with stibium, a sulphuret of antimony. The patches (*splenia*) so common among the English ladies of the reigns of Queen Anne and the first Georges, and used to-day when ladies go to a *bal poudré*, were not unknown to Roman women.

Ribbons and pins served at once to fasten and adorn the hair. These ribbons were ornamented with pearls and jewels; frequently they were replaced by a ring of thin gold or gold thread. Strings of pearls also were tied up with the hair. Not the least graceful adornment was formed by the wreaths, consisting either of leaves or flowers joined together, or of branches with leaves and blossom. In a wall-painting from Pompeii are seen four Cupids sitting round a table occupied in arranging wreaths and garlands.

Hair-pins made of metal and ivory have been found in great numbers. A favourite one in ivory of antique sculpture shows Venus rising from the sea and stroking back her wet hair.

Buckles and brooches were employed to fasten the *palla* of women and the ends of the *toga* and *paludamentum* of men on the right shoulder; they served the ancients in the place of our buttons, hooks, and pins, and have been frequently found on the sites of habitations.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LITERATURE AND ART OF THE POMPEIANS.

"Whatever the skill of any country may be in the sciences, it is from its excellence in polite learning that it must expect a character from posterity."—GOLDSMITH.

LITERATURE is the best utterance of the mind of a people, an utterance which finds its highest embodiment in deeds set forth by the historian. It has been suggested that great literatures, like great rivers, seldom derive their origin from a single source, but rather from many tiny rivulets, or ooze from the soil in a multitude of imperceptible springs. In no literature is this axiom better exemplified than the Roman. At a very early period the Romans possessed a literature of their own. No nation perhaps was ever so rich in ballad poetry or had more completely woven into verse the whole circle of its ancient traditions. The rhythm indeed was rugged and the strain homely, but the subject was rendered clear by its appeal to family associations. Early in the first century commenced the adaptation of Greek metres to the Latin tongue. The seduction of the most harmonious, flexible, and copious of languages proved irresistible, and in the common intercourse of life Greek became a fashionable vehicle of expression. The general diffusion of literary taste among the nobility enlarged the circle of their interest and refined their sentiments. From their early youth they were instructed in eloquence as an art, they were taught to address the people in their own language, and this tended to make the political orator observe the rules of rhetoric, while retaining a pure and idiomatic Latin style; but in private life the taste for Greek rhetoric was not to be repressed. Yet it was long before it affected the freshness of thought, the purity

of taste, and the accuracy of diction which distinguished the compositions of the Augustan age. Being less a spontaneous growth, Roman literature was comparatively short-lived. Like a hot-house plant, it grew fast and blossomed for a time; but it soon began to droop and wither; indeed, it quickly died out upon the death of Augustus.

At the dawn of the Christian era the taste for verse gave place to prose. The greater ease of the style lent itself to more detailed narrative than eclogue and love poem. It is considered that in the literature of this period all varieties of modern fiction—be they romance or fable, novels both historical and religious, love stories and tales of adventure—were faintly shadowed. Perhaps the greatest favourites were the Milesian tales—crisp, witty, and grossly amorous. Of them we have no remains, but the reputation they have left behind shows the favour they enjoyed. The literary men who most immediately concern us are Horace, Juvenal, Seneca, Martial, and the two Plinys.

Horace sprang from the ranks of the people. His father had been a slave, and he himself was cradled among "the huts where poor men lie." His father became a freedman, and, having saved money, purchased a small farm. Horace, being an only child, was sent to Rome, and received the best possible education; upon its completion, he was taken by his father to Athens, then the headquarters of literature and philosophy. A little later we find him, at the age of twenty-two, commanding a legion under Brutus. The defeat of Brutus at Philippi brought Horace's military career to a close. On his return to Rome he found his father dead and himself penniless. In his early days, though he was probably best known as a writer of lampoons and satirical poems, yet he showed in other compositions signs of the true poetic spirit, which afterwards found expression in the consummate grace and finish of his *Odes*. He purchased—probably by the help of friends—a sort of clerkship in the Treasury, which he held for many years. The duties were light, and no doubt they had his occasional attention.

No writer has taken a stronger hold upon the modern mind than Horace. The grounds for this are manifold, but three may

be specially noted—*viz.* his broad human sympathies, his vigorous common sense, and his exquisite mastery of expression. Thus all find in his pages more or less to amuse and instruct, while in many a devoted Christian heart the maxims of the gentle, genial Pagan find a place—e.g. "*non omnis moriar.*"

As a commentary on the works of the great Roman satirist, the exploration of Pompeii has been of the utmost value. It has often enabled us to realize his meaning, and brought vividly to the mind's eye the world in which he lived and the people among whom he moved, whose every-day life he describes so graphically and in which he must have been more or less of a participator. The *atria* of the city take a new aspect, and seem filled again with life, when one remembers "the soft whispers in the area at nightfall at the appointed hour," and "the girl's betraying laughter from the inmost corner," and "the stolen kiss" mentioned in the ode to Thaliarchus. Every letter, every satire almost, explains some old custom, and is full of information, that, borne in mind, may fill with living persons and actual incidents the ruined forums and baths, the roofless *atria* and peristyles, of Pompeii.

Juvenal was a complete contrast to Horace, who was a genial man of the world, making his puppets play before us, but allowing them to utter only his own words. In Juvenal the subject entirely overshadows the identity of the poet. He flourished towards the close of the first century. His whole life was, so to speak, one continual protest against the encroachments of foreign and especially of Grecian customs; and whilst not blind to the vices of mankind, he took a large and philosophic view of human life. Another talent with which Juvenal was pre-eminently endowed is that of bringing before the reader's eye a graphic picture of the scene he describes.

Seneca, the noblest figure of the age, extorts our admiration by his steady perception of objective or abstract morality, and by his philanthropic desire to improve his fellow-men, in both of which respects he marks a real advance in the moral theory of his age. He has not, however, escaped the vicious style of his contemporaries. He is declamatory, epigrammatic, jerky, sometimes

unreal in tone. We cannot deny the truth of Quintilian's criticism, that he sacrificed true excellence of style to gain the applause of the vulgar. In Lucan, the representative of the age in poetry, the same faults appear most clearly.

Martial was the most brilliant representative of the Flavian era. His epigrams are absolutely perfect of their kind, and have never been surpassed or even rivalled. The obscenity which disfigures them is an evil sign of the times, but it was considered a necessary adjunct of that kind of poetry.

The first century of our era was a period of great literary activity in Italy, but perhaps of little creative power. No one is more representative of this literary activity, says Professor Church, than the author who, to distinguish him from his nephew and adopted son, is spoken of as the elder Pliny. He developed a literary taste during the time when he held a commission in the army. His period in the army completed, he returned to Rome, and wrote a treatise on the *Training of the Orator*, and at the same time he engaged in actual practice in the courts. His pen was ever busy; he left at his tragic death—and he died in his fifty-sixth year—a hundred and sixty "commonplace books," filled on both sides of the page, and in very small handwriting, with little extracts from books that he had been making all his life.

"It must be confessed," observes our authority, "that the anxiety to investigate remarkable natural phenomena personally is not characteristic of the *Natural History*, the great work—for it is great in some respects—on which rests Pliny's claim to the character of a man of science. He was an arm-chair philosopher. His industry, as we might expect, was boundless. In his list of authorities —this and his table of contents are features almost peculiar to him among the writers of antiquity—he enumerates his authorities. These amount to a hundred—a wonderful total, when we consider how small was the whole literature of the world as compared to what it is now. As a matter of fact, he quotes from more than four times as many writers; but most of these he did not rank as authorities. But he was a collector, not an investigator; he does

not verify or criticise, but heaps up astonishing masses of facts or fictions more or less marvellous. He writes on zoology, botany, mineralogy, astronomy, perhaps I ought to add anthropology, without having any pretension to be really acquainted with any of these sciences. Sometimes he makes mistakes that are really inexcusable, as when he overstates the length of the year of the planet Venus by more than a half (348 days instead of 225). He seems to have transferred the contents of his note-books, which were probably labelled with the names of various branches of knowledge, with little thought either of where he was putting them or whether they were worth putting anywhere.

"His book is vastly entertaining; he preserves a number of facts which we should not have known without his help. And when he mentions geographical or historical facts, he sometimes fills up gaps that could hardly be supplied anywhere else. And he is not incapable of vigorous thought. Commonly, indeed, he reminds us somewhat of the man of whom Robert Hall is reported to have said, when some one commended him on the score of wisdom, 'He has put so many books on the top of his head that his brains cannot move.' Yet sometimes he rises to a lofty and philosophical plane of thought. Thus, for instance, in his Second Book, really the Introduction to his work, he says: 'It is a proof of human weakness to try to imagine the form and likeness of God. Whoever He be, wheresoever He be, He is all feeling, all sight, all hearing, the fulness of life, of Spirit, of Himself. To believe in gods without number, fashioned even of the vices and virtues of men, is only double dulness. Our frail and troublesome mortality has made all these partitions, remembering its own infirmity, that each might worship piecemeal as his need required.'

"Pliny was, in fact, something of a Pantheist. Perhaps this habit of thought disposed him to accept the marvellous. 'My view of the operations of Nature has convinced me,' he says in one place, 'to think nothing that is told concerning her incredible.' It may have also taught him something of his low opinion of man, 'the most miserable, but the most arrogant of creatures,' as he calls him.

"Perhaps it is an unlucky fate which has preserved as an example of Pliny's work just that which the modern world has most outgrown. Possibly any *Natural History*, however carefully put together, would seem somewhat grotesque after the lapse of eighteen centuries. We can value the author quite apart from the merits or demerits of his book. There have been many men of greater genius in literature and in science but never a more single-minded and indefatigable student."

His nephew is a more interesting character. His letters have been well described as giving us the best picture of the Roman gentleman. The expression aptly denotes the character of the man as he has drawn it for us himself. No other work of Roman literature gives us so high an idea of the real *civilization* of the period, whilst it throws much light on the history of mankind at the time of the origin and rise of the Christian Church. The letters show a refinement of ideas and a true culture which are not apparent in the writings of his contemporaries, and they are thus a valuable corrective to the tendency to describe Roman civilization as only material and external. In most ways, says Inge, the younger Pliny is nearer to the nineteenth century than any writer of the Middle Ages. His tastes, sympathies, and even modes of expression, are strangely modern. Now he describes the beauties of Nature with a fine appreciation; now he interests himself in founding a school and free library at his native town; now he writes a letter of condolence or of recommendation; now he shows graceful consideration for his dependants. All is amazingly modern—rather, perhaps, French than English in its vanity and want of reserve, but nearer to us than the English writers of the time of Elizabeth.

His views on the introduction of the ballot into the Roman Senate are worth recording. Open voting in the election to offices of State had caused in the senate, it seems, proceedings so undignified and disgraceful that recourse was had to the ballot. Pliny says, "I fear lest as time goes on abuses spring up from this very remedy of ours. There is danger lest, when our votes are silent, a want of honourable feeling comes upon us. For how

few are equally careful of honour in secret and in public! Many stand in awe of public opinion, few of conscience."

In the Neapolitan Museum may be seen writing materials, including a bronze pen-holder, with a nib like a modern one, and bearing a strong resemblance to the well-known J pen of to-day. Ink-pots, too, have been found, showing that the Pompeians used black and red inks, the latter being prepared from cinnabar, and called *miltus*.

The books of Roman times were made of the papyrus rolled out flat. This formed a strip about three inches wide, which was cut into lengths of about six inches, and pasted together into a roll usually about six feet long. The writing was in columns, and the whole book, when finished, was wound round a stick with a boss at either end. For memoranda and messages the people had wax tablets, the use of which dates back to very ancient times, for Homer and other old writers have mentioned them. They were small slabs of deal fitted into a frame and fastened by a hinge, the inner surface being covered with wax, upon which the letter was written with a pointed instrument called a *stylus*. The two slabs would be closed—and could be sealed, if necessary—and the missive, if an ordinary note, dispatched by a slave to its destination. The receiver, having read the contents, would draw the broad end of the *stylus* across the message to efface it, and write the answer upon the same tablet. The *stylus* was usually made of iron or other metal. It was with his *stylus* that Cæsar stabbed Casca when attacked in the senate by his murderers.

The employment of the writing material just mentioned resulted unquestionably in a great loss of information to posterity. The facilities that such a mode of writing presented were as obvious as the fate of almost every composition either originally written or transcribed on such perishable material. Transferred to papyrus, the wax would be rubbed smooth, so as to be ready for further services, and thus no real stenographic writing has been transmitted to us.

McLeod calls to mind many lost literary treasures, both in Greek and Latin, which were extant at the time when these cities were overthrown, and some of which might reasonably be expected to have been found there. Herculaneum, being the wealthier of the two and the residence of more men of culture than Pompeii, must almost certainly have contained many such treasures, but these are still hidden beneath its compact and deeper covering. Such books as might be found now would run no risk of being wantonly ruined by ignorant workmen, as happened to many in the last century, but they would be carefully collected, and the delicate apparatus used in the Neapolitan Museum for unrolling the papyri would enable us to elucidate their contents. What pleasure would be given by the recovery of the poems of Sappho, "The Pride of Hellas," "The Tenth Muse," whose lyrics were acknowledged by the ancients to be as perfect productions as the great epic of Homer! What light would be shed upon a hundred dark passages in Roman history, if only the missing books of Tacitus or Livy could be found, or the works of the early historians, or copies of certain laws and treaties, or the *Annales Maximi*, in which the Pontifex Maximus recorded annually the chief events of the year! We should have no inconsiderable prize if only a *fabula togata* should fall into our hands, or the works of Varro, or the orations of the Gracchi and their contemporaries.

The author is indebted to his friend Mr. Alexander Paterson, a high authority on the subject, for the knowledge that the Romans used a system of shorthand. Marcus Valerius Probus, a famous grammarian who lived under Nero, speaks of tachygraphy being practised. The Romans, when they wished to reproduce literally anything that was being said, instead of writing certain words and names in full, merely jotted down their initial letters or several letters. Frequently there was the addition of the middle letters which began a syllable, or of one or more of the final ones. The abbreviations were called *singulæ literæ singulæ*, and were much used in both public and private life. The shorthand writers, usually freed slaves, were called *notarii*, and were held in some esteem.

Tiro, the freedman and amanuensis of Cicero, who is reported to have possessed great skill in quick writing, was probably the inventor of Roman shorthand. His symbols were known as Tironian notes, and they seem to have been much improved by Seneca. They were used then and for a long period afterwards by shorthand writers. These notes were composed of alphabetic contractions and arbitrary characters, after the style in vogue at the present day, and were employed for a great variety of purposes. All that authors of modern systems of shorthand have gained in brevity over the Romans has been by means of a simpler alphabet. The Emperors Augustus and Titus patronized and were proficients in the art, and the former is said to have established schools for instruction in it.

If we ask of what use stenography was to the Romans, we find that the art was turned to account in political, judicial, ecclesiastical, and scientific oratory; it was also made an auxiliary by authors and statesmen in their studies. The younger Pliny states that his uncle always had a shorthand writer with him when travelling, and that he himself at times made use of one. In connection with the persecution of the Christians shorthand notes were employed in the law courts.

Passing allusion has already been made to the daily newspaper—the *Imperial Daily News*—which Rome possessed at this period. Its first editor—Julius Cæsar—called it *Acta Diurna*. Its pages were quoted by the Roman historians and appealed to by orators as an authority which it would have been presumption to call in question. Although published in Rome, it circulated in the provinces; for, in addition to the graver doings of government, it furnished its readers with reports of all the noteworthy occurrences of the seven-hilled city—its trials, punishments, elections, improvements, sacrifices, prodigies, deaths, accidents, offences, etc. The reporters (*actuarii*) were active and intelligent men, the chief magistrates assisting as sub-editors and taking responsibility for the authenticity of their information. The daily issue was, for certain cogent reasons, not equal to that of the journals of our day. Nor was it in a position to proclaim with pardonable

exultation that its circulation exceeded that of any other paper by many thousand copies. The circulation was perhaps from fifteen to twenty copies. One of these was carefully preserved as an official record: the rest, after going the round of the city, found their way into the provinces, so that few Romans of education and position were long in ignorance of what was passing in the metropolis of the world.

In these old-world records we find the same conciseness, clearness, and simplicity which distinguish the incriptions upon the medals and public monuments of the ancients. They are, on the other hand, deficient in that sprightly humour and in those happy turns of expression which give charm to modern journalistic composition. Nor do they ever hint or mystify. If it rained stones on Mount Vesuvius, they simply record the shower. If an ox or an ass "spoke," they repeat as tersely as possible the observations offered by that animal. They never conclude with such hints as "This matter excites the profoundest interest," far less do they commence with such incertitude as "We are credibly informed" or "We hear," etc. The ingenious excuse for a downright fabrication, "It wants confirmation," seems to have been wholly unknown to those plain dealers and speakers. There is neither exaggeration nor compliment. The *Acta* have one characteristic: their constant reference to religious ceremonies. Scarcely a day passes without some sacrifice or festival to propitiate the gods and implore blessing upon the arms and councils of the State. Like the narratives of the Roman historians, they abound with the recitals of the performances of religious duties, while at the same time they recount the most absurd and ridiculous prodigies with all the gravity due to historic truth.

The Romans had a general form in writing letters: they usually began with the name of the writer and of the person to whom the communication was addressed, and concluded with the expression *Vale*, "Farewell" or "Adieu." Their epistolary style breathed their free spirit and followed the method adopted at the beginning of the letter.

The innate politeness of the people showed itself when any one came to visit them: they never failed to meet him half-way and to embrace him and take him by the hand, even if of inferior rank. When only two were together, the right hand was the place of honour. If any one entered whilst the twain were sitting, they rose up to do him honour. Friends and acquaintances did not meet in the streets without saluting each other—in the morning with the word "*Ave*," in the evening with "*Salve*"; and on taking their leave they used the compliment "*Vale*." It was the custom to cover the head with a corner of the robe, as protection from the inclemency of the weather; but when accosted by an acquaintance, it was immediately uncovered.

In reading of the numerous private libraries and the enormous quantity of books required by the reading public, we naturally ask how this demand could be supplied without the printing-press. The place of the press was taken by the *literati*, cultivated slaves, generally of Greek origin, who had to copy books or write from dictation. By these slaves manuscripts were copied with astonishing celerity with the aid of abbreviations. These copies went to the shops of the booksellers (*bibliopolæ*). The satirical writings of Ovid, Propertius, and Martial were in everybody's hands, as also were the odes of Horace, the works of Homer and Virgil, and the speeches of Cicero. Grammars, anthologies, etc., for schools were reproduced in the same manner.

ART has been defined as the external manifestation of the idea, the revelation through the senses of the invisible reality, the conscious utterance of thought by speech or action. It is the touching of the commonplace with the feeling of the sublime that gives to art its true power. Ruskin says that in mediæval art truth is first, beauty second—in modern art beauty is first, truth second; whilst Carlyle, in his native ruggedness, says Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom.

Art, Dr. Farrar tells us, is no mere amusement for the idle or ostentation for the luxurious, but in past ages has been and still

is a consummate teacher of mankind. True art comes from the Spirit of God. It is the outcome of an exquisite faculty, which, like "every good gift and every perfect gift, cometh down from above, from that Father of lights with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning." Art, as a faculty, is as sacred as any of the highest impulses of humanity. Whether, as the Greek legend says, it sprang from love, or from some other noble passion, it has its roots in the depths of man's being, it is well-nigh as ancient as his race.

In ancient art, Symonds points out, "those moral and spiritual qualities which the Greeks recognized as truly human allowed themselves to be incarnated in well-selected types of physical perfection. The deities of the Greek mythology were limited to the conditions of natural existence: they were men and women of a larger mould and freer personality; less complex, inasmuch as each completed some one attribute; less thwarted in activity, inasmuch as no limit was assigned to exercise of power. The passions and faculties of man, analyzed by unconscious psychology and deified by religious fancy, were invested by sculpture with appropriate forms, the tact of the artist selecting corporeal qualities fitted to impersonate the special characters of each divinity. Nor was it possible that, the gods and goddesses being what they were, exact analogues should not be found for them in idealized humanity. In a Greek statue there was enough soul to characterize the beauty of the body—to render her due meed of wisdom to Pallas, to distinguish the swiftness of Hermes from the strength of Heracles, or to contrast the virginal grace of Artemis with the abundance of Aphrodite's charms. At the same time the spirituality that gave its character to each Greek deity was not such that, even in thought, it could be dissociated from corporeal form. The Greeks thought of their gods as incarnate persons; and all the artist had to see to was that this incarnate personality should be impressive in his marble."

Great artists have always felt this sacredness of their function. When the Greek sculptor was asked why he took such pains with the hair of a statue of which the face alone would be visible to the

spectator, and that high up on the temple front where few would see it, he nobly replied, "The gods will see it." "How beautiful," says St. Gregory of Nyssa, "are the imitations of beautiful things when they preserve visibly the impress of the beauty of the prototype!" And art, thus sacred as an exquisite, God-given faculty and as the striving after the ideal, is sacred also as the expression of human feeling. It has been defined as revealing "the consciousness of emotion in the presence of the phenomena of life and nature." It springs from the depths of personality, and expresses its infinite variations.

Again, Art is the reflection of History; it is an illustrative chapter in the autobiography of nations. For art has in it an element of the inevitable. By a necessity deep as the world, says Emerson, "the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to describe a line on the history of the human race." Yet again: "Art may be in a very high sense an interpreter of Life,—of life in all its phases—various as the bosom of the sea—its storm and calm, its splendour and its squalor, its gladness and desolations. By the standard of excellence it has set up it has helped men forward in the march to higher things. As in the past, as well as to-day, it bears witness of the creative power of the mind and the aspiration of the soul to higher ideals of love and beauty."

Art was beneath the dignity of the conquerors of the world. The most ardent patriotism need not blush to confess inferiority in the use of the chisel or the paint-brush. But in truth it was not only pride but conscious inability that prevented Italy from entering the field of art in competition with Greece. Still, remarks Inge, there was an intelligent appreciation. The most skilful imitations could not arouse the same enthusiasm as new creations from the hand of a real genius; and the consciousness of this deterioration may have had much to do with the flagging interest in art generally. It was then and for ever the birthright of the Greeks, and no Roman attempted to dispute that supremacy. "No master of the manual arts ever arose to justify a boast like that of the poet who subdued Æolian song to the measures of Italy."

The modern writer is tempted to linger with mixed wonder and regret over that most exquisite product of the old civilization—statuary—and cannot help marvelling how an art once so perfect should have been so completely lost. The discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii first revealed to us how widely diffused was the possession of statuary and how rich even second-rate towns were in this species of embellishment. As to Rome itself, it was crowded with statues. Every open space in the city was occupied by monumental figures of eminent citizens, and the *thermæ*, temples, and other public buildings were decorated by the spoils of many a Greek city.

A pretty tale recurs to one's memory of how Pliny caught in the drag-net of his *Natural History* the legend of the maid of Corinth who drew a line along a shadow on a wall which was made by her lover's profile, so that she might have something to remember him by when he was sailing about the Ægean. The romantic story goes on to tell us that she was the daughter of an early Grecian potter, who, having found her father sympathetic, availed herself of his skill in modelling the decoration of his vases to induce him to fashion in relief upon the outline the features of the absent lover. To Saurias of Samos, who traced his horse's shadow on the ground with his spear, is ascribed the invention of skiagraphy, the simplest and earliest of pictoral designs.

THE SUBJECT OF ANCIENT PAINTING is so wide and diversified that it would be difficult to hazard an opinion as to when men first exercised a faculty almost as natural as the expression of thoughts or ideas by the use of words. Credit must be given to the Egyptians that they had brought the art of representation to considerable perfection. From them it seems to have spread to the Greeks, and then to the Romans. The Etrurian tombs and vases testify that at a very remote period the art of painting was cultivated among the Italian nations with zeal, and not without success.

The genius of Greece breathed the breath of life into the dead forms of plastic life. Rome, in like manner, has ever taken the first rank and stood unapproachably alone in the sister art of painting.

Painting, observes Symonds, is many degrees further removed than sculpture from dependence on the body in its physical proportions. It touches our sensibilities by suggestions more indirect, more mobile, and more multiform. Colour and shadow, aërial perspective and complicated grouping, denied to sculpture, but within the proper realm of painting, have their own significance, their real relation to feeling, vaguer but not less potent than those which find expression in the simple human form. To painting, again, belongs the play of feature, indicative of internal movement, through a whole gamut of modulations inapprehensible by sculpture. All that drapery by its partial concealment of the form it clothes, and landscape by its sympathies with human sentiment, may supply to enhance the passion of the spectator pertains to painting. This art, therefore, owing to the greater variety of means at its disposal and its greater adequacy to express emotion, became the paramount Italian art.

Our knowledge of ancient painting is indeed derived to a much greater extent from Pompeii than from all other sources whatever. "A people's art, like the language they speak, may be made to reveal more of their character than they perhaps intended or wished." The past condition of a people can be judged from their arts. "Great nations," says Ruskin, "write their autobiographies in three manuscripts—the book of their deeds, the book of their words, and the book of their art; not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others; but of the three, the only quite trusty one is the last."

"Of all the remarkable things found at Pompeii," writes a competent critic, "none are more important than the pictures, on account of the light they throw on ancient painting. While many masterpieces of Greek sculpture and architecture have come down to us, the Greek paintings, from the fragility of their nature, have perished, and it is chiefly in the Roman ruins that we find some tradition of them left. Descriptions can hardly give an idea of the charm of these pictures, of their rich harmonious colouring, which many art critics have compared to Titian, of the serene, joyous

conceptions of human life, of the grace and dignity of the figures. Stately gods and goddesses, sporting cupids, bacchantes, fauns, centaurs, dolphins, arabesques, are multiplied in infinite variety. Most of the subjects are taken from Greek mythology; but some represent scenes from the daily life of the Pompeians, and throw much light on their habits and occupations. With few exceptions the subjects are treated with taste and delicacy. In a civilization where to the gods themselves were ascribed the passions of mortal men, it is not to be wondered that art sometimes ministered to the licentious ideas of the day.

"It must be remembered that after all Pompeii was but an unimportant provincial town, in which probably there was no school of art of any merit, and where the common workman sought to imitate, to the best of his means, the skilled and highly-trained artists of Rome, or to copy and reproduce those remains of more ancient art which had even in those days been accepted as the standards of the highest taste and perfection. It is probable that the paintings on the walls of the houses of Pompeii, like the mosaic pictures of the pavements, are for the most part copies from well-known Greek or Roman works which were esteemed by the refined and cultivated citizens of Imperial Rome as masterpieces of art. This is especially so with regard to those beautiful groups of figures representing familiar subjects taken from the Homeric poems and from the classic writers of Greece. However, to some of the frescoes discovered the ancients themselves must have attached considerable value, for we find an instance of one representing Bacchus and Silenus, which had been very carefully removed from another site, and so neatly fitted into the wall with iron cramps and cement that it was almost impossible to detect that it did not originally form part of it.

"The subjects are limited in number,—generally Bacchus and Ariadne, with groups of fauns and nymphs; Hermaphroditus with Silenus, bacchantes and satyrs; Hercules and Omphale surrounded by cupids, who are sporting with his club and shield; Achilles discovered by Ulysses amidst the maidens of Lycomedes; Orestes and

Pylades; Thetis obtaining from Vulcan the arms of Achilles; etc. The treatment is singularly simple, the disposition of the figures reminding us of a bas-relief, and conveying the impression of having been suggested by a sculptured frieze. The execution is almost always inferior to what the Germans call the 'motive'—that is, the attempt to tell the story by the general composition, and the attitude and expression of each person represented: this is a sufficient proof to the practised eye that the work is a copy, or that the painting has been made up with figures or groups taken from other pictures.

"Even in technical execution, however, many of these paintings have no ordinary merit. There is a richness and glow in the colour, a subtle gradation in the flesh tints, a rich and voluptuous harmony of tone, and a vigorous outline, which remind us of the finest productions of the Venetian school, and especially of Giorgione. In violent and picturesque contrasts of light and shade they are wanting. No attempt is made to produce those striking and exaggerated effects of chiaro-oscuro which distinguish the Italian and Dutch schools of the seventeenth century. Everything is represented in the broad glare of day, and is beaming with sunlight. The colours have faded after a lapse of eighteen hundred years; but when the soil which covers a painting is first removed, they are still bright and luminous, and produce a magical effect in the clear Italian atmosphere. Some have changed completely after long exposure to the air, and this must be borne in mind in examining the paintings detached from the walls and preserved in the Neapolitan Museum.

"The details of the decoration of the rooms are frequently marked by the greatest elegance of outline and the most exquisite harmony of colour, as in the dancing fauns and nymphs set in borders of beautiful design or introduced into landscapes and architectural scenes, and the wanton cupids sporting amidst festoons of fruit and flowers. This graceful ornamentation was in harmony with the furniture of the room and the rich hangings, and must have produced the most pleasing effect. But if the dwelling of a country

gentleman at Pompeii was such as we have described, what must have been the magnificence and luxury of that of the proud and wealthy patrician of the capital itself?"

The paintings of Pompeii are the admiration and surprise of all who visit the city. Dr. Helbig of Leipzig has made of them a special study, and from his words we are able to appreciate their art the better. He has classified and described some two thousand paintings, of which nearly two-thirds represent the adventures of the gods or the legends of the heroic age, and thus cast a side-light showing how mythology held sway in this first century, and what difficulty to overcome this influence would be felt by the early Christians. What the painters preferred above all other subjects were love stories. The other paintings are either reproductions of animals and still life, landscapes or character subjects. Of the latter Dr. Helbig differentiates two distinct classes: those in which there is a certain mixture of the real and the ideal (as examples, Eros hunting, cupids angling, women engaged in their toilet with cupids helping), and the realistic, which reproduce scenes of ordinary every-day life—scenes from the street, the tavern, and the amphitheatre.

Easel pictures were usually painted on slabs of wood carefully dried and as a rule constructed in several pieces, so as to guard against warping. Canvas such as we now employ was probably rare; but that the Romans both knew of and used it we see from the mention in Pliny of a colossal portrait which Nero ordered to be painted of himself on "linen."

Boissier asks a pertinent question, "Whence came the painters who painted these pictures?" With regard to the character subjects, he considers that they represented local scenes and personages of the country, and were therefore created in the land itself and taken from reality. We may be assured that the fullers, the tavern-keepers, the bakers, and the fishmongers seen on the walls of Pompeian houses lived in the shops where their tools are still found. The painter himself had watched these peasants and workmen whom he has rendered in a manner so true to life, in their monk-like tunics, seated at a table before a glass of wine; he had seen with his own eyes this

soldier with his tawny complexion, full boots, and ample garment, saying gaily to "mine host," who offers him a glass, "Come—a little fresh water!"—"*Da fridam pusillum.*" What proves that the artist reproduced people of the country is that they still strike us by their resemblance to the people we meet on the piazza and in the shops of Naples. The artists who composed them imitated faithfully what they had before their eyes. They were done at Pompeii itself, and for Pompeii. But for the others it is a different question.

Elsewhere, and especially in Rome, the remains of dwellings have been discovered decorated exactly like those of the towns of Campania, with the same mythological subjects treated in the same manner: for example, Io, guarded by Argus and delivered by Mercury, seen in the house of Livia, in the palace of the Cæsars, exactly resembles six or seven compositions representing the same adventure at Pompeii. "Does not this prove," asks a recent writer, "that these artists had prepared a certain number of pictures beforehand, had practised painting them, and reproduced them when their services were required? But they were not really the creators of these pictures at Rome any more than at Pompeii. They imagined neither the subjects nor their arrangements. What allows us to affirm this is that in scenes of any importance the conception is always superior to the execution. It exhibits a power of invention, a skill in composition, a talent, in fine, which seems above that of the obscure artist who did the fresco.

"It is, I think, natural," continues our authority, "to conclude from this that the painting was not executed by the same person who imagined the subject; and the Pompeian artists, instead of taking the trouble to invent, were for the most part content to reproduce known paintings, adapting them to the places for which they were intended. The rapidity and inexhaustible fertility of their work are thus explained: having in their memories, and, so to speak, at the ends of their brushes, a crowd of brilliant subjects taken from illustrious masters, they could finish off the decoration of a house expeditiously. They did not therefore paint from inspiration, but from memory. The pursuit of Daphne by Apollo is the subject

of twelve pictures, while Venus is represented fifteen times in the arms of Mars and sixteen times with Adonis."

Dr. Helbig considers that it was Alexandrian or Hellenistic art which the Pompeian artists imitated, and of which their paintings may afford us some image; but it is probable that they did not confine themselves to any single school; were they not rather of those eclectics who sought style and subject everywhere, reproducing what was best of all time? In proof of this, works may be cited which differ from the rest, and which do not seem to belong to their usual manner: such, for example, is the famous picture of the "Sacrifice of Iphigenia," one of the finest discovered at Pompeii.

It will be remembered that Agamemnon was the general in command of the Greek army in the war against Troy. Whilst his ships lay off the Bay of Aulis, Agamemnon landed, and in the eagerness of the chase wantonly killed a beautiful stag sacred to Artemis, and then boasted that he was a more skilful hunter than the goddess herself. In revenge the offended goddess sent a complete calm, which delayed the ships for a considerable period. Discontent arose, and there was some risk that the expedition would have to be given up. In despair Agamemnon consulted the soothsayer Calchas, who told Agamemnon that Artemis demanded the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia. In the conflict between his obligation to his country and fatherly affection duty triumphed, and he sent his wife Clytemnestra with his daughter to Aulis, under the pretext that the maiden was to be married to Achilles. The story runs, that Artemis, appeased by the proofs of Agamemnon's submission, at the moment the priest is about to strike the fatal blow, caused Iphigenia to disappear, and a hind is found to sacrifice in her stead on the altar. The goddess carried Iphigenia to the Tauric peninsula, and made her priestess of her temple.

This is the moment chosen by the artist. Iphigenia, borne in the arms of two attendants, appeals for help to her mother, who stands on the right of the picture. She is depicted with her head veiled and averted. The figure of the maid, by a strange oversight, is drawn with no lower extremities, unless they are hidden behind one

of her supporters. The draperies are for the most part blue and purple. Above, Artemis is shown in clouds with the hind, whilst on the pedestal is seen a golden statue of the goddess, bearing a lighted torch in each hand, and with two dogs at her feet.

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA, FRESCO IN THE HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET.

These artists doubtless imitated, yet with a certain independence; they were not wholly the slaves of their models, but interpreted them freely, modifying them according to the conditions of the places which they were to paint, or the humour of the master whom they had to please; and yet, in truth, in their mythological

paintings the subjects are always borrowed from Greek traditions and legends. As the glow on the mountains reflects the rays of the sun long after it has set, so we can at least trace in the Pompeian paintings a distinct reflection of Greek art in its last great days and in its glorious decline.

C. O. Müller has suggested that the majority of the Pompeian paintings, which have been chiefly found in the private houses, correspond to the various phases of human life, and belong to the cycle of Dionysus, with his following of centaurs, satyrs, bacchantes; that of Aphrodite with the Erotes; and that of Apollo and the Muses,—representing the idealized pleasures of the senses, of the heart, of the intellect. But as in life these are all interwoven, so we find Bacchus and Eros, Eros and Apollo, frequently together.

The general arrangement of the decoration on the walls of the interior of a Pompeian house consists of a dado about one-sixth of the height of the wall, upon which stand broad pilasters half the width of the dado, dividing the wall into three or more panels. The pilasters are united by a frieze of varying width, about one-fourth of the height of the wall from the top. The upper space is frequently white, and is always subjected to a much less severe treatment than the parts below. In some examples there is a gradation of colour from the ceiling downwards: almost every variety of shade and tone of colour may be found at Pompeii. The whole style of the decoration, however, as Owen Jones has pointed out, is capricious, and it owes its greatest charm to the light, sketchy, free-hand manner of its execution, which is quite impossible to render in any drawing, and which has never been accomplished in any restoration of the style. The reason is obvious: the artists invented as they drew; every touch of their brush had an intention which no copyist can seize.

The subjects of the frescoes usually bear some relation to the use of the rooms. Thus, in accordance with that sense of harmony which the Greeks carried into all the details of life, fruit, vegetables, and Bacchic subjects are frequently found in the *triclinia*, gardens and landscapes in the *peristylia*, representations of various myths

in the *atria*. It has been ingeniously suggested that it was probably a bedroom in which were found two beautiful aërial figures on a black ground, one of which seems to rise buoyantly upwards and to typify wakening, whilst the other gently descends as if to sink to rest. Aërial figures form a large part of Pompeian decorations. The lightness and buoyancy with which they are poised in the air make them incomparably beautiful. Landscapes, still life, or animals sometimes take the place of the figure paintings: many of the landscapes represent coast scenery. The ancients had a great love for the sea, but in their marine pieces they never painted a storm. They were most familiar with the ocean's softer aspect; and the wild beauties of Nature, which exercise such a spell over the modern mind, inspired them only with awe and terror.

Remains there are of the style of decoration which we now call Arabesque or Mauresque; it is applied to a particular species of ornamental frieze or border in which we find monsters, griffins, dragons, strange birds, and chimæras passing by wild gradations from one class of beings to another by affixing the head, wings, and talons of birds to the bodies of lions, horses, or other quadrupeds, and making the upper parts of children and men and beasts spring out from amidst luxuriant foliage, etc. This strange and incongruous admixture of parts is, however, capable of being formed into beautiful arrangements, and many exquisite examples have been discovered in Stabiæ, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. "There has also been found," says Sir William Gell, "an unique method of painting, which, though calculated to decorate the wall, is by no means intelligible on a nearer approach. Take, for example, a picture in which, from a certain distance, a town, a tent, and something like a marriage ceremony might be perceived, but which on closer inspection vanished into an assemblage of apparently unmeaning blots. It is probable that those who were in the habit of painting these unreal pictures had the art of producing them with great ease and expedition, and that they served to fill a compartment where greater detail was judged unnecessary." The mural paintings of Pompeii will be considered by many the most interesting of all its relics. These

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples.*

WALL PAINTING FROM THE HOUSE OF A. VETTIUS.

were painted on the walls whilst the plaster, which had been carefully prepared with a face like marble, was quite new, and they thus became part of the wall itself, and possessed an extraordinary durability.

Excavations at Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum have brought to light numerous specimens of ancient Roman plaster, which have been analyzed, and their composition has been found to be identical with that recommended by the architectural writer Marcus Vitruvius Pollo. He recommends that plaster or stucco should be made of well-burnt slaked lime, fine sand, and finely-ground unburnt limestone or white marble dust, the last to be sifted before using. The ingredients were mixed with water and well beaten with sticks until the compound became thoroughly plastic and homogeneous.

It is possible that the best wall-paintings were executed by Greek artists living in Italy. Four monochromes at Herculaneum had the name of the artist Alexandros of Athens added to them. In most cities there were guilds of painters, presided over by a master, perhaps of Greek birth, who himself made the designs of the better pictures, leaving the mechanical part of the work to assistants.

Among the paintings of the people may be seen decorative designs conceived with exquisite taste, where the human figure, animals, still life, flowers, and fruit are reproduced in free-hand with astonishing fidelity. Everything, in short, is represented—everything except landscape. This form of art has been called rhopography, and is similar to what we call the Modern Dutch school. The background of all these subjects is simply a plain tint or an indication of an urban scene—an architectural *motif*, a stairway or colonnade in fantastic perspective. Imitations of marble occur frequently, used mostly as frames of large surfaces, adorned with pictures, statuettes, garlands, and small animals, well seen in the plate of a wall in the House of Vettius.

"In their paintings, too, we see their faith, their heroes, their drinking-vessels, their ornaments and dresses; we see their deeds, their birds, their animals, their fish-baskets and dishes of fruit, their

coins of gold and silver; finally, we see in these decorations the things they loved to look at—what pleased their eyes, and, through their eyes, touched their hearts. We see the evidence of their taste, in some degree the measure of their art; and not less accurately is there set before us the measure of their character and morals."

Their landscapes—of a style, according to Rolfe, very like the modern Chinese, with lakes and bridges, colonnades and pagodas, with boats, trees, and statues scattered here and there—were used, as a rule, for secondary decoration. They are for the most part of inferior merit, the drawing being sadly rudimentary, clothed in the most gorgeous of colours, and with a perspective which is simply atrocious. Strangely enough, they appear never to have quite hit on the law, "that all parallel horizontal lines in perspective converge to one point on the horizon," although occasionally they came near it by eye.

Totally different, however, is it with their ornamentations, for it was in this style that they excelled. Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., says that their work, although very highly finished, is done with extreme simplicity. There is no loading of colour, but perfect expression of touch, and everything appears to have been done at once, without the slightest effort. Their art was a vivid and vigorous expression of their impressions of Nature; without any straining after effect, it conveys the idea of a fresh and healthy life; the creatures all live, the gestures are all spontaneous and beautifully natural.

The Pompeian paintings may be divided into four types:—

(1) The single figures, which are merely ideals painted in the centre of the panels. These are often flying figures, with exquisite drapery and charming attitudes.

(2) Mythological pictures, which were the sacred subjects of those days, and dealt largely with the feats of the gods on earth, as handed down through the ancient Greek traditions.

(3) Heroic pictures, principally derived from the Homeric poems.

(4) The strictly Roman pictures, which portrayed scenes of every-day life in Roman times.

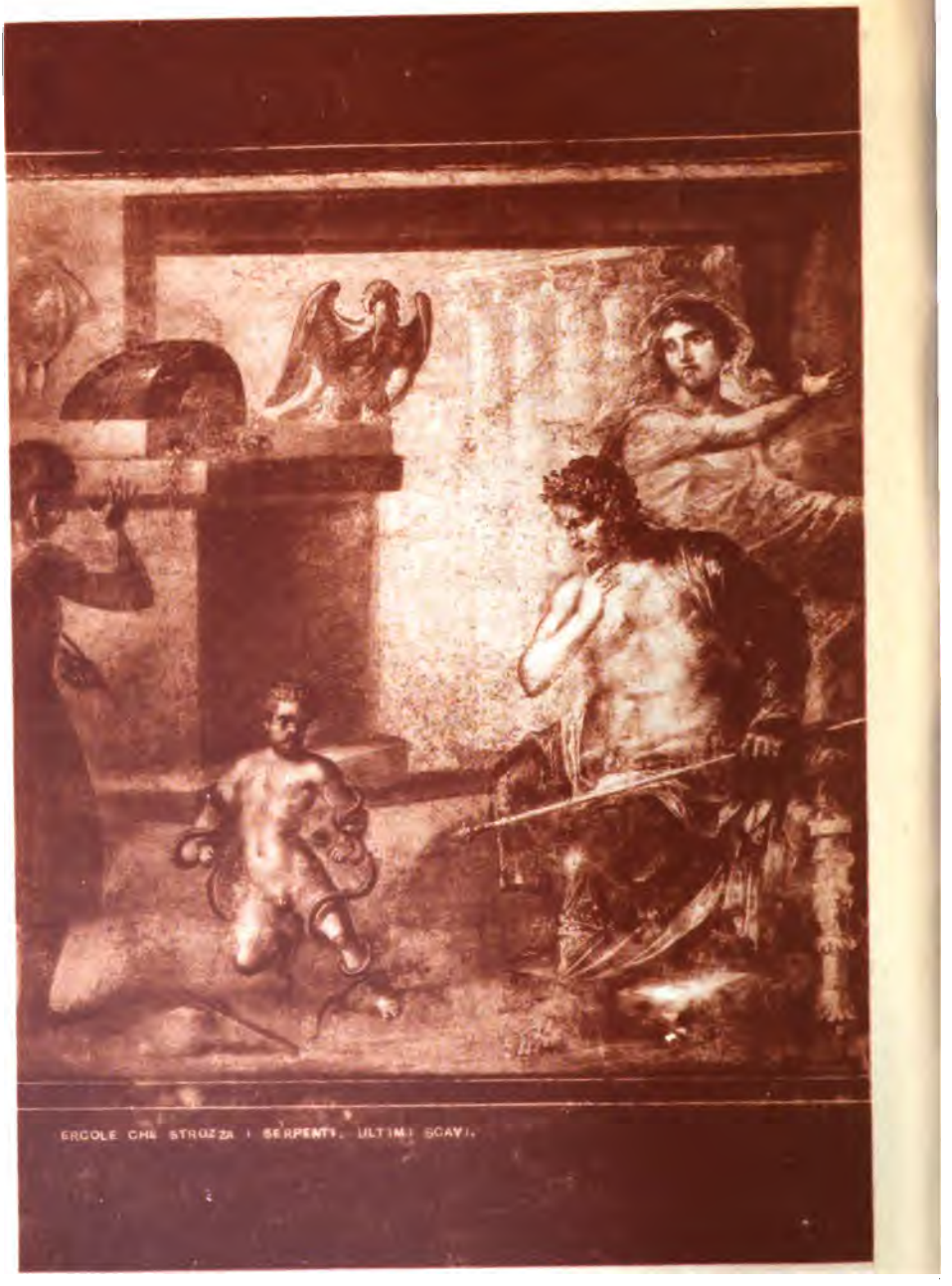
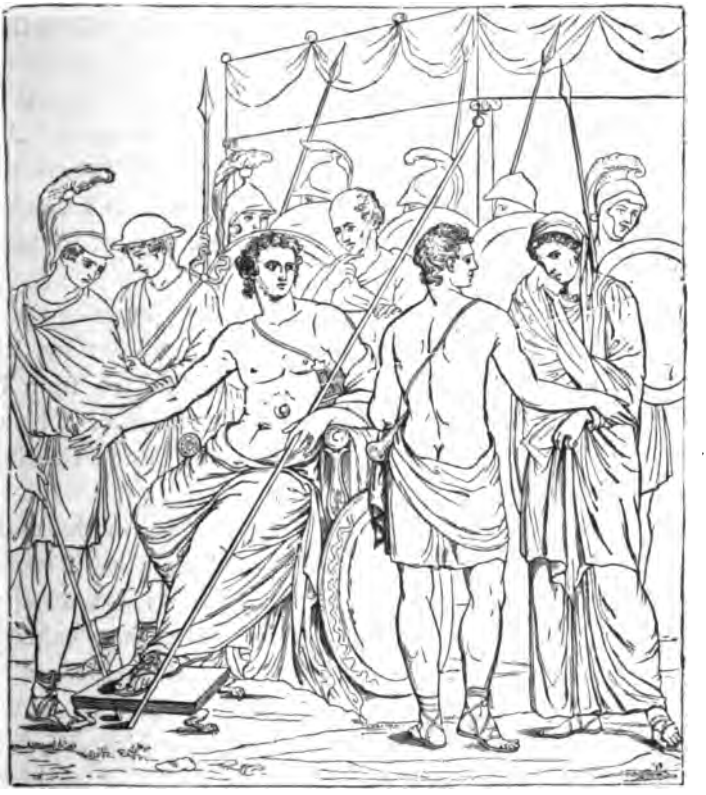


Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples.*

THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENT.
FROM THE HOUSE OF A. VETTIUS.

The most important examples of all these types have been transferred to the Museum at Naples. There we see the Forum, with its colonnades and equestrian statues, and the market people in front selling cloth and tools and other articles. Another fresco depicts a similar scene in a street, vegetables being among the things sold.



THE PARTING OF ACHILLES AND BRISEIS, FROM THE HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET.

Other street scenes show us a cart being driven, horses led, others with their riders upon them, a blind beggar guided by a dog asking alms of a lady. Another scene is a school, and its master is performing the time-honoured operation of flogging a boy "hoisted" on to the back of another, and having his legs held by a third. A baker's shop is painted in yet another, with the baker, a customer,

and a pile of round loaves with their lined tops, exactly like those that Vesuvius has charred and preserved to us.

Perhaps the finest example of this class of painting is the one which represents Achilles delivering Briseis to the heralds, who are to conduct her to Agamemnon. The scene is laid in the tent of Achilles, which is divided by a dado of drapery, behind which stand warriors, the golden shield of one forming a gloria to the head of the principal figure. The painter has chosen the moment when Briseis is handed over to the heralds Talthybius and Eurybates for the purpose of conducting her to the tent of Agamemnon. Achilles sits in the centre. Patroclus is leading in the lovely Briseis, arrayed in a veil of apple green: her face is fit for the gods to look upon, whilst the attitude, manly beauty, and expression of Achilles are very happily depicted.

In the House of the Vetti was found the picture of the infant Hercules strangling the two serpents that were sent by Juno to destroy him, the infant's mother, Alcmena, looking on from behind the chair. The figure on the left represents Amphitryon. The subject was known to be one painted by Zeuxis, a celebrated Greek artist, of whom Pliny tells a well-known story, which shows what a high degree of skill had been attained in those days in the imitation of Nature. A trial of skill was arranged between Zeuxis and Parrhasius. Zeuxis had painted a bunch of grapes so naturally that birds came and pecked at the picture. He then called upon Parrhasius to remove the curtain which concealed the picture he had brought to the contest; but what he took for the curtain was his rival's picture itself. Zeuxis immediately confessed himself defeated, saying, "I have deceived the birds, but you have deceived the artist." Another time, says Pliny, Zeuxis painted a boy with grapes, which again attracted a bird; but this time the artist was dissatisfied, observing that if had painted the boy as well as he had painted the grapes the bird would have been frightened. Possibly in both these stories there is an element of truth.

Another example of the wall-paintings from the House of Aulus Vettius is an unique and probably original picture bearing

Photo by G. Sommer and Son. *Naples.*

IXION FASTENED TO THE WHEEL BY HERMES IN THE PRESENCE OF HERA.

PAINTING FROM THE HOUSE OF A. VETTIUS.

upon one of the many Greek legends of the punishments of the under-world. It will be remembered that Ixion, a fallen god, for his crime was bound hand and foot to a wheel which turned ceaselessly with the speed of the wind. The painter represents Ixion as a small figure in contrast with the gods beside him—probably as significant of his fallen estate. It has been thought that at one time he was the sun-god, but by the Romans in the first century he was surmised to be the companion of Sisyphus, Tantalus, and the Danaïdes in the nether-world.

Few colours, besides indigo and purple, were employed by the ancients, and these were obtained for the most part from the vegetable kingdom; but their purity was so great that they have kept well to our own times, after having undergone for centuries the action of the air and the sun. The fact is particularly well seen on Egyptian tombs: the stone has been disintegrated by weathering, while the colours have been preserved. The colour that we meet most frequently is a mixture of a reddish-brown oxide of iron (red hæmatite) and clay, known under the name of Pompeian red. This colour, which has resisted for four thousand years the sun of Egypt and the action of the air, is equally proof against acids. The Egyptians reduced it, by rubbing between stones under water, to a degree of fineness that we cannot obtain nowadays by chemical precipitation. An equally precious yellow pigment, also much used, was formed of a natural oxide of iron, mixed with much clay, chalk, and water, and browned by the action of heat: the mixture of the two colours gives orange. For this yellow colour gold-bronze or gold-leaf was also employed. Blue was obtained from a glass coloured with copper minerals, and was not less permanent than the preceding, even acids having very little effect upon it. Gypsum, or plaster-of-Paris, furnished white, and also formed the basis of pale colours when organic pigments were added to it, probably madder for red. The colours were always thinned and rendered adhesive by means of gums.

To revert to the themes of these paintings, Bacchic representations occur most frequently: there is, indeed, scarcely a decorated

house in Pompeii where there is not some representation having reference to the worship of that divinity. This worship in Southern Italy had a strong mystic side, and its festivals were celebrated with much pomp. From the mysteries of Bacchus to the mysteries of Isis there was but a step. The ceremonies of initiation must have had many points in common. Osiris has been identified with Bacchus, and it is not surprising to find a statue of Bacchus in the Temple of Isis. A remarkable picture of the young god on an ivory throne with one hand stretched out, the other holding the *thyrsus*, was found in the House of Apollo at Pompeii, and is interesting as the head is surrounded by a *nimbus*. The idea of this supernatural light or glory surrounding a divinity was no doubt first expressed in art by the Greeks. It recurs several times at Pompeii, having been found round the heads of Jupiter, Ceres Apollo, Venus, etc. The colour is sometimes blue, sometimes yellow or white.

Ariadne, who was so closely connected with the worship of Bacchus, is very often found on Pompeian walls. Hardly less frequent are the representations of Perseus and Andromeda. Cupids are prominent figures on the Pompeian frescoes; they animate the scene and give it greater significance. They weep over the wounded Adonis and over the infidelity of Theseus. One cupid fights with Pan; another is loaded with fetters by Venus. Scenes from daily life in which these Erotes were the actors were favourite representations and are often found at Pompeii. Thus we see these charming winged boys leave their bows and arrows in order to give mankind a respite and to work as shoemakers and carpenters. Where Eros is, Psyche is not far distant; and they frequently, appear together either as aërial figures or in idealized scenes of daily life, such as weaving wreaths or playing on musical instruments.

Whatever may be their merits or demerits as works of art, these pictures are certainly of the greatest interest in that they have thrown a flood of light upon the manners and customs of the Romans; they are, moreover, our sole informants as to ancient style, colouring, and treatment of light and shade.

The Romans in all probability derived their passion for portraiture from the Etruscans, who modelled their gods and representations of living men and women in clay. Pliny speaks of the old Roman images as in terra-cotta, and says they were painted. The standard, artistically speaking, attained by the Etruscan workman was not high, says Gould, and yet there was a certain skilfulness shown in fixing the features, though they had not acquired the art of catching an expression. The method of taking a cast of the human face was well understood, and Pliny says that sculptors liked to have these casts to work from; they were a help to the artist when his model was not sitting, much as a photograph now assists a portrait-painter.

SCULPTURE.—It has been said with some degree of truth that the history of sculpture is almost the history of idolatry. Religious feeling has entered very largely into this art, prompted no doubt by a desire to record in some palpable and permanent form for the use of posterity the memory of uncommon events or of celebrated persons.

The history of sculpture in Italy is only the continuation of the story in Greece. Many of the best-known statues in existence were produced in the Græco-Roman period. We are bound to be impressed by the busts which resuscitate Roman history so powerfully. With what scrupulous fidelity these masterpieces portray the great men and women of the time! They show us not only their greatness and their good looks; the very deformities, the blemishes, the slightest peculiarities of the features of the originals, are all reproduced. "The smallest bits of marble, the maimed statues, the bas-reliefs in fragments, even the isolated limbs, whether the divine arm of a nymph or the sinewy thigh of a satyr, evoke the splendour of a civilization full of light, grandeur, and strength."

The statuary of Pompeii is inferior in point of artistic merit to that of Herculaneum. Still, the National Museum at Naples contains many beautiful pieces, and copies of many may be seen in Rome. They may be said to be those of masterpieces which

in the old Roman times were indispensable adjuncts to a display of wealth and refinement. The equestrian statue of Balbus the younger, prætor and proconsul, from Herculaneum, has been reproduced as an example of the highest merit, it is shown as the frontispiece.

Since it was such an important variety of Roman sculpture, special mention must be made of bas-reliefs—a form in which the persons or objects "sculptured" are not isolated, but are attached to a background or to a plane surface. The carved figures were sometimes let into the background; sometimes the background and figures were formed of the same material. These bas-reliefs were generally used for the purpose of adorning temples, altars, the bases of statues, and also sarcophagi and tombs. Sarcophagi have been found with the head of the principal figure unfinished. From this it has been inferred that the sculptor prepared these monuments as objects of sale, and did not supply the head until the sarcophagus was sold, endeavouring then to give the portrait of the deceased. The subject usually represented the last farewell of the departed. The term *alto-relievo* was used when the figures seemed almost entirely detached from the background, and was so executed as to ensure the masses of shadow which make them conspicuous. *Mezzo-relievo* was used when it was desired that the figures should project from the background about a half, and was generally employed on sculptured vases and urns; *basso-relievo*, or bas-relief, when the figures were to project slightly from the background. But common use has given to all these works of sculpture the general term of bas-relief. The work of the sculptor in bas-relief presents greater difficulty in proportion as the projection of the figure is less, since it requires finished art to give size and natural proportion to a figure slightly relieved. The finest bas-reliefs that exist illustrate fully and admirably the progress and consummation of sculpture, and exhibit in a remarkable degree all the qualities that constitute art, truth, beauty, and perfect execution.

From prehistoric times to the present day the continuous use and value of bronze has been known; at first in the production

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples*

BRONZE STATUE OF MERCURY.

of weapons of war and for the chase—the improved successors of the celts and knives, spear-heads and personal ornaments and the like of flint and stone—and subsequently for domestic and other utensils, and as a favourite and enduring material for the exercise of the sculptor's art.

The conquest of Greece by Rome was the death-blow to all purely Grecian art as embodying the Grecian sentiment and purpose. Nevertheless, more than a mere mechanical power survived, and the removal of artists, together with objects of art, to Rome was accompanied by a revival, during which works among the most precious that have been preserved to our days were executed. The inborn power of art, unable to expand into those higher regions of originality, which the period of Grecian glory has kept free, was now given up to production rather than creation, says Mr. C. Drury E. Fortnum, and to the glorification of a patron rather than as a thank-offering to and glorification of a god. The splendour of what has been called Roman art was the produce of enslaved Greek genius, and the soul of the ideal was equally in bonds. Nevertheless, some marvellous works in marble were executed, and among these are now some of the most noble gems of our modern museums. The pillage of Greece by Rome brought into the latter country, mainly to the capital, though also spread about among the imperial and other villas of the peninsula, a crowd of the finest works in bronze of all periods of Grecian art, usually taking the form of the beautiful human figure. Later an art more purely Roman displayed itself about the period of Augustus, when it became more and more subject to mere architectural decoration and portraiture. The modelling of the bronze statue of Mercury dug out from the depths of Herculaneum is superb. It is life-size. The detail of the supple body, the lassitude of the strong and beautiful limbs and winged sandals, are admirable. The Messenger of the Gods has travelled far and is weary. Weariness and grace are expressed in every muscle; but nothing is exaggerated, nothing overdone—it is absolutely simple and natural. The left foot and right hand both contribute towards bearing the weight of the body: the left holds a small piece of bronze

rod, which perhaps originally formed part of the *caduceus*—the only part of the figure which has been lost to us.

There is an exquisite statuette in bronze, conjectured to represent "Narcissus listening to Echo." This is perhaps the most precious work of the class hitherto obtained from the ruins, and is a masterpiece of ancient art. It was, curiously enough, dug out of what appears to have been the house of a fuller—judging from the number of deep earthen basins and leaden tubs discovered on the ground-floor. As it was found in the *lapillo* several feet above the level of the pavement, it had stood in an upper chamber, which must have fallen in during the eruption. Like most statuettes of this kind from Pompeii, it is probably a reduced copy of some statue of great renown amongst the ancients. The figure is nude, with the exception of a goat-skin thrown over the left shoulder, and the hunter's *cothurni*, or boots, of exquisite workmanship, laced round the ankle and reaching to the calf of the leg. The face wears an intent and peculiarly earnest expression, and the head is bent over the right shoulder in the act of listening. The hair is bound with a simple branch of ivy or myrtle, to which some berries are attached. The right hand is raised, and the first finger points to the spot whence proceeds the voice of the amorous Echo. The left hand rests daintily on the hip. The sockets of the eyes, which had once been filled with silver or ivory, are now empty.

This statuette is probably of Greek workmanship, and is marked by that elegance, grace, and voluptuousness of form which distinguish the sculpture of Pompeii. The execution is delicate; the chiselling vigorous and sharp, as in the hair and sandals; the forms are round; and the anatomy is well studied, with a sufficient deviation from the strict rules of proportion to give character to the figure. The feet, for instance, may be thought somewhat too large, the sandals helping to produce this effect. The story is admirably told. It is impossible to represent more naturally and vividly the act of an earnest listener. Who can doubt that the distant wail of the amorous nymph has struck upon the ear of the obdurate youth?

The bronzes make up a noble collection replete with interest,

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples.*

BRONZE STATUE, NARCISSUS LISTENING TO ECHO.

consisting, as it does, of at least eighteen thousand specimens, varying in size from six feet to two inches in height, and comprising all manner of subjects—colossal equestrian statues, weapons of warriors and gladiators, and even tiny grotesquely-fashioned hand-lamps. One of the finest bronzes in existence is considered to be the statuette of the "Dancing Faun," which is a figure of the old Roman god of the woods, in form principally human, with the head and tail of a goat and the ears pointed. An oaken garland with acorns—some of which seem to have fallen from their shells—encircles his head and proclaims his sylvan character. His attitude displays all the animated gestures of a drunken man; his widespread arms seem to accompany the movements of his feet, and he snaps his fingers for joy. There are many antique statues of fauns, both in bronze and marble, in the different museums of Italy, a young faun being often represented as a flute-player. But none of them, it is admitted, is equal in point of excellence to the exquisite specimen in the Neapolitan Museum.

The bronzes in this museum are rivalled only by the splendid array of hundreds of wall-paintings, unique in their character, which indicate with sufficient clearness that here are collected the results of excavations presenting, as in a mirror, a complete and charming picture of ancient Roman life.

A few words, in passing, must be said of the MOSAICS (*opus musivum*), an imitation of painting obtained by means of pieces of coloured substances, usually marble, natural stones, and glass more or less opaque and of every variety of hue, set in fine cement. They occur both on the walls and on the floors. Those on the walls are much thinner than the pavements, and are often of singular shape—star-like rosettes: others, when placed together in pairs, will form the petals of a flower.

The early history of mosaic-work is lost in antiquity. The oldest mosaics in Italy date from about 80 B.C., and there can be no doubt that in many cases they were reproductions, or at all events traditions, of famous pictures. Many floors ornamented

with mosaics have been found in Pompeii and Herculaneum. In modern Italy the art of working in mosaic is still carried on with success. Some of the best pictures of Italian masters are often copied in mosaics, thus rendering permanent their original freshness and beauty. The Popes have always been great patrons of the art, and there is a school in the Vatican for its encouragement. So perfectly are the paintings copied, and so neat are the joinings of the many pieces of which they are composed, that it needs close examination to distinguish them from the original. A very remarkable circumstance connected with this art is the profusion of such precious works that is to be met with in the houses of a second-rate city like Pompeii. Numerous pavements have been found in it of which it may be truly said that they are pictures in mosaic, and surpass in beauty any specimens which have been found elsewhere.

The successive stages in the development of mosaic are found well illustrated at Pompeii: the simplest kind is that in which different geometric or floral patterns of white rectangular stones are set in a floor of pounded brick and lime; gradually the inlaid portion becomes larger and richer, the *tesseræ* are smaller and more coloured, and less of the actual floor is seen; until finally the ground as well as the design is constructed also of mosaic *tesseræ*.

It is impossible to describe the consummate skill with which, in works of the kind, so many figures are arranged and grouped, also the correctness of the drawing, the distribution of light and shade, the graceful and elegant effects of drapery, the harmonious colours, and the scrupulous attention to the minutest accessories. One of those which merit special mention is the wonderful figure of a chained dog, life-size, found in the House of the Tragic Poet, with the inscription, "*Cave canem!*"—"Beware of the dog!" Another is a most magnificent table, which, if we may judge from the symbolic and mystic character of the design, had reference, possibly, to some secret craft or guild of the old Roman era, and may perhaps have formed the top of the pedestal in the ancient masonic lodge at Pompeii. The writer refers to the very interesting mosaic that was

Photo by G. Sommer & Son. *Naples*

BRONZE STATUE OF THE DANCING FAUN.

found on the *triclinium* table in what is called the House of the Tanner. The mosaic represents at the top a square and plumb-line; in the middle, a skull; below, a butterfly on a wheel: at the sides of this are a shepherd's crook and an upturned lance, both clothed. From Butler we get this explanation: "The square and the plumb-line point to the '*æquo pede*' of death and its inexorable justice; the wheel corresponds to fortune or fate; the butterfly on the wheel symbolizes the soul, and perhaps, taken in connection with the skull

MOSAIC PICTURE FORMING THE FLOOR OF A HOUSE AT POMPEII.

[This mosaic shows the *choragus*, or stage-manager, instructing his actors in their parts. He is represented seated, surrounded by the performers in the *choragium*, or "green room." At his feet on a stool are depicted masks, the emblem of his art, and behind him on a pedestal is seen another. One of the actors is assisting a brother-player to attire himself in a tunic. From the circumstance that two of the figures wear goat-skins round the loins, it is to be inferred that the piece in preparation was an Arcadian drama. Music is supplied by a wreath-crowned female, who plays the double flute.]

above it, signifies that it survives the body's corruption; lastly, the cloths hung on the crook and lance, the symbols of civil and military life, are indicative of the earthly goods that death takes from us." This interpretation is quite in harmony with much of the philosophy

of Horace. The uncertainty of life and the certainty of death are a frequent thought with him.

> "*Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum:*
> *Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.*"
>
> "Believe that every day is the last that has risen to you: the hour not expected will add itself gratefully."

It is possible that it was with these thoughts of Horace that the Pompeian tanner looked upon his mosaic. Even so it is extremely interesting, and strikes a more philosophic, a higher note than is usually met with in the decorations of Pompeii.

Quite recently on private ground only a few yards outside the walls a small excavation has revealed one of the finest mosaics of antiquity. Surrounded by a most exquisite garland of flowers, with a theatrical mask thrown in here and there to break the pattern, is a picture representing a group of seven philosophers, one of whom is seated with a papyrus in his hand, whilst the others are gathered around listening to him. In the background are some ruined pillars, and in the right-hand upper corner is a representation of the Areopagus of Athens, with its rocks and buildings. The mosaic is in polychrome—in diminutive cubes of very fine workmanship—and is equal in merit to those by Dioscorides of Samos in the Naples Museum, which are believed to be the only signed mosaics of antiquity. It is about three feet square, and was no doubt intended for the centre of the pavement of a room. Probably it had never been used, and was a new mosaic, because it was not found on the ground, but leaning against a wall, showing either that it had been moved from some other place, or that it was about to be put down for the first time. Its perfect condition leads one to prefer the latter conjecture. The Government has purchased it for the Neapolitan Museum.

In the Museum at Pompeii, side by side with these "finds" of rich mosaics and bronzes, there is on view an immense collection of articles in terra-cotta. This was a favourite material of Roman times, and was adapted for every domestic purpose. The Romans had dinner-services of it; they used it for lamps, stoves, jars, urns, and

children's toys; whilst the walls of the temples were adorned with it. Hence the unusually large quantity of articles in this ware to be found in the museum.

A word may be said here of some of the other contents of the Pompeian Museum. In a series of glass cases are casts of eight human corpses and one of a dog. After the poor creatures had been suffocated, the fine dust and ashes of the eruption accumulated about them, and, having become damp, hardened in course of time. When the soft parts of the bodies had decayed and shrunk, this material left a cavity exactly the shape of the bodies. By filling up these cavities with plaster, a correct cast of the inside was obtained, and thus are preserved the figures and attitudes of the victims after their death-struggles. Modelled by the hand of Death, they tell their story with a horrible dramatic truthfulness which no sculptor could ever portray. The positions generally show that the victims were all on the point of flight when arrested by the showers of red-hot *scoriæ* and by the suffocating fumes. The casts appear to be principally those of women, some belonging to the poorer classes, it has been concluded, judging by the texture of their coarse garments.

One woman seems to have been about twenty-five years of age. On one of her fingers were two silver rings, and her garments were of finer texture. Her linen head-dress drooping over her shoulders can still be distinguished. She had fallen on her side, overcome by the heat and suffocating gases. One arm is raised in despair; the hands are clenched convulsively; and her garments are gathered up on one side, leaving exposed a limb of very beautiful shape. So perfect a mould of it had been formed by the soft and yielding mud that the cast would almost seem to have been taken from an exquisite work of Greek art. She had evidently fled with her little treasure, which lay scattered around her—two silver cups, a few jewels, and some half-dozen silver coins. Like a good housewife, she had not forgotten her keys, having probably locked up her house before seeking to escape. They were found by her side.

One cast of almost colossal size is that of a man. He lies on

his back, with his arms extended by his side and his feet stretched out, as if, finding escape impossible, he had laid himself down to meet death. His dress consists of a short coat or jerkin and tight-fitting breeches of some coarse stuff—perhaps leather: heavy sandals, with soles studded with nails, are laced tightly around his ankles. On one finger is seen his iron ring; his features are strongly marked; the mouth is open, as in death; some of the teeth still remain, and even part of the moustache adheres to the plaster. Indeed, his features are so well preserved that his friends, were they alive still, could have sworn to his identity.

One is struck by the fact that very many of the victims thus disclosed expired while engaged in the act of drawing their dress over their features. Two reasons have been given for this: one, that it was done in the endeavour to prevent suffocation from the mephitic vapours given off from the volcano; the other and better, perhaps, that it was customary among the Romans to hide the face at the moment of death. Thus, true to history, Shakespeare makes Antony say of "the mightiest Julius":—

> "And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

Of two skeletons lately discovered, the larger, that of a woman, was entirely embedded in stones, and so, unfortunately, the plaster left no impression. One arm, however, left its indentation upon the ashes; it was clasping the legs of a boy of about ten years of age. It is thought, from the emaciation of his body, that he was probably ill. Doubtless the woman was his mother; and we can hardly suppose she would have carried him if he had not been unable to walk. Two bracelets of gold encircled the arm which held the boy, and on the fingers were two gold rings, one set with an emerald and the other with an amethyst; and both had figures engraved upon them.

No articles of domestic use in Pompeii were evidently more common than lamps. They have been found in clay and in metal,

in every variety of form and of all sizes. From the most common to the most costly, they all show both elegance and taste, and win our attention alike by the beauty of the workmanship and by the capriciousness of the designs.

Winckelmann places the lamps among the most curious utensils found at Herculaneum. Those of pottery generally represent boats, each boat having seven mouths or beaks on either side, in which to place a like number of matches. The vase used for pouring oil into these earthen lamps resembles a small round barque with a closed deck. Its beak is sharp, and at the opposite end is a little hollow dish with a hole, for pouring in the oil. Among those of bronze, at the hinder end of one of the largest is a bat with extended wings, which may be regarded as an emblem of night. The delicate tissue of the wings of the animal, the tendons, the veins, and the skin, are admirably wrought. Upon another of these lamps is a mouse, which appears to watch the moment when it may lick up the oil. Upon yet another is a rabbit browsing upon herbs. But the most splendid is one with a bronze pedestal and square base, upon which is a child in the nude. In one hand it holds a lamp suspended by three chains four times entwined, and in the other another chain formed like the first, to which is attached the crook for disposing the match. Near the child is a column with spiral convolutions, and instead of a capital a mask which serves for a lamp. The wick proceeds from the mouth, and the oil was poured in upon the top of the head: this hole was closed by a small plate with a hinge. The wicks were made of tow obtained from the interior of the bark of a plant. Most of the lamps were formed with single wicks, though others had two or more.

Of the more elegant articles of furniture, the candelabrum was an especial favourite, and many varieties, principally in bronze, have been unearthed. The more elaborate are remarkable for the profusion of delicate ornamentation: many of them are beautifully damasked or inlaid with other metals. This art of inlaying was of two kinds. In one the inlaid work projected above the surface, and was called *emblemata*, and was probably done by plating, with

a thin leaf of metal, figures already raised upon the surface of the article; or by letting the solid figures into the substance of the vessel, and finishing them with delicate tools after they were attached. In the second kind the inlaid work was even with the surface, and was called *crusta*. This is the same as the damask-work so fashionable in the armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which is often seen beautifully inlaid with gold.

In order to light up larger rooms, lamps were either put on stands or were suspended by chains from lamp-holders or from the ceiling. These stands or lamp-holders (*candelabra*) were among the poorer classes made of wood or common metal: the rich, on the other hand, had them executed in the most graceful and elegant forms in better material. The thin stem, sometimes fluted, sometimes formed like the trunk of a tree, rises to a height of from three to five feet on a base generally formed by three paws of animals: on this stem rests either a diminutive capital or a human figure destined to carry the *discus* on which the lamp stands. The shaft is frequently adorned with figures of all kinds of animals: a favourite subject appears to be a marten or a cat crawling up the shaft of the candelabrum, intent on catching the pigeons sitting carelessly on the disk.

Besides these massive candelabra there were others with hollow stems, into which a second stem was inserted, that could be pulled out and fastened by means of bolts, and so shortened or lengthened at will.

MUSIC AND DANCING.—To the Greeks genuineness in art was the highest delight, whereas the Romans were content with the semblance of it. In Roman life there was an absence of that mysterious and mystical element so congenial to the inventive power of the musician. And so the people cultivated music merely to increase the pleasures of existence.

The Romans derived all their public music from the Etruscans, and the art was for a long period confined to sacred use. This remarkable nation appears to have been the connecting link between Hellenic and Roman culture. The principal instrument of

Etruria was the double flute. From representations on Etruscan vases, it would appear that this instrument was not only largely employed in the celebration of the people's funeral rites, but was also utilized to accompany festive dances and for sacred services. The Roman flute had the shape of the clarinet and the sound of the oboë. The Romans also possessed a large number of martial wind instruments, the chief of which were the *tuba* and the *buccina*. The former, in the shape of a trumpet, gave the signal for the "advance" and the "attack." The *buccina*, curled round the body of the performer and passing under the left arm and over the head, was used to direct the movement of troops detached from the camp. In triumphal processions these instruments were employed conjointly; and judging from their simple construction, the sound could not have been anything more than the blare of a musical *fanfare*.

There have been found in Pompeii numerous mural paintings which depict female dancers in graceful attitudes, sometimes accompanying themselves with *crotali*, while their rhythmical movements lead to the inference that their actions were regulated by music. By the time of Nero the decline of the dance had set in; love for the beautiful was giving place to a craving for the sensual, so that even the dance of the Graces degenerated into voluptuous movements and poses. But as the Romans cultivated music only to the extent of affording pleasure to the hearer, so we cannot be surprised that it finally became the handmaid of luxurious and licentious enjoyment.

Paintings in Herculaneum exhibit the use of the Pandean pipes, called the *syrinx*, its seven reeds giving the seven notes of the scale. The *tympanum*, or hand-drum, and the *cymbalum* are known to have been employed in the Bacchanalian orgies.

There is little doubt that to some extent music was cultivated in Pompeii. From the beautiful frescoes of Pan and the Nymphs in the Neapolitan Museum, it is evident that instruments were played in symphony. The musical instruments that have been found at Pompeii are *tibiæ*, or flageolets, cymbals, trumpets, and part of

a set of bagpipes. Bagpipes were called *utricularius*, and were of a simple kind. Homer suggests the idea when he tells us of Æolus that—

> "The adverse winds in leathern bags he braced,
> Compressed their force and locked each struggling blast."
> *Od.*, x.

It is still a favourite instrument in Italy, where it is known as *piva* or *cornamusa*. We find the forms of many stringed instruments on the frescoes and the bronzes, but no specimen has yet been discovered, owing no doubt to their construction being of wood and the material therefore quickly meeting with destruction.

We are led to ask ourselves the question, Did the ancient heathen Romans use music in their temple services? There is no doubt that, after the shedding of blood upon the altar, in which the religious part of the ceremonial culminated, hymns were raised by choristers, who moved in solemn measures round the altars. This part of the ceremony took its rise in the shouts in which the worshipper summoned the god to the feast. Horace was one of the first among the Romans to give poetic expression to these utterances.

Pictures have been found representing a priestess playing upon a lyre or small harp, which she rests upon the left thigh, the foot being raised upon a step, and strikes with both hands, having in the right the *plectrum*, an article such as is used at the present day in playing the mandolin; also representing a woman striking two lyres at once, one held upon her knee, the other placed beside her on the couch upon which she is sitting.

Music as we understand it has been derived, says Inge, by continuous tradition from that of the ancients, but there is a wide difference between them. Among the Greeks and Romans it was far simpler and plainer and, so to speak, less ambitious. The chief places where music was performed were the theatres, where it was an indispensable part of the entertainment, and private houses, where trained choirs of slaves were employed to sing and play to the guests at dinner or for the delectation of their master alone.

Nero was, of course, the greatest patron of the art, and his enthusiasm gave a stimulus to the practice of it—among other ways, by leading to the foundation of musical contests.

There seems to be little doubt that originally dancing was a religious ceremony. Among the Romans there was no festival or rite without songs and dances, the latter being a series of movements regulated by music, and of a dignified and rhythmical character. The most ancient dance, the *Bacchic*, was not only consecrated to Bacchus, but to all those deities whose festival was celebrated with any degree of enthusiasm. In the reign of Augustus, Pylades and Bathyllus—masters of the art—introduced styles of dancing which became very popular: the former enacted, with the assistance of the dance alone, strong and pathetic situations, known to us as grave or serious pantomime, whilst Bathyllus represented such subjects as required a certain liveliness and agility; and thus the ancient dance attained its highest excellence in the drama where dancing, music, and pantomime were perfectly combined. The Roman citizen took no part in the profane dances—they were given by hired slaves; nor was dancing by the two sexes, such as is customary with us in social life, practised or even known.

Among the Italian peasantry of the present day we see the perfection of the art of dancing—nowhere perhaps better, as regards their national dance, the *tarantella*, than at Sorrento. Stamer has so good an account of it that one is tempted to reproduce it. "The *tarantella* is a choreographic love story, the two dancers representing an enamoured swain and his sweetheart. It is the old theme, 'the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love,'—enraptured gaze, coy side-look, gallant advance, timid retrocession; impassioned declaration, supercilious rejection; piteous supplication, softening hesitation; worldly goods' oblation, gracious acceptation; frantic jubilation, maidenly resignation; petting, wooing, billing, cooing; jealous accusation, sharp recrimination; manly expostulation, shrewish aggravation; angry threat, summary dismissal; fuming on one side, pouting on the other; reaction, approximation, explanation, exonera-

tion, reconciliation, osculation, winding up with a *pas de circonstance*, expressive of confidence re-established and joy unbounded."

WALL-SCRIBBLINGS AND CARICATURES.—No sketch of Pompeii would be complete without some reference to the *graffiti*, or wall-scribblings. Despite his withering touch, Time the destroyer has here allowed one of the most fragile and evanescent of things to remain as a silent memorial of this long-buried city.

The practice of scribbling upon walls, if we may trust the proverb, has been the resource of idlers and fools since men first learned to express their thoughts in writing. We meet it in every country. In the cities of Greece and Italy the practice was early and universal. The western gate of Athens was covered with scribblings in the time of Lucian ; and from Plautus's play of *The Merchant* it is clear that the doors and porticoes of private houses at Rome were exposed to the same annoyance.

The poetry popular with the majority of the scribblers at Pompeii was of the very lightest, and chiefly of the amatory school, often from well-known authors ; other productions were doggerel verses of unknown origin. Sometimes the scribblings are quotations from Ovid, but there are more from Horace. This is natural. Ovid presented to the Pompeian the reflex subjectivity of his own thought ; Horace charmed by a severe style. The first is the poet of sensuous feeling, the latter of cultivated intellect.

These wall-scribblings were scratched by some pointed instrument, or done with red chalk or charcoal. Though nearly two thousand years old, the thoughtless schoolboy's scrawls, the love-sick gallant's doggerel, the caricature of some friend, foe, or popular favourite, are still as clear as though executed by an idler of yesterday. Many of the inscriptions are not of much importance ; nevertheless, they are very suggestive of the humours, vulgarities, and vices of early Roman life. Some are memoranda of domestic or personal transactions. One tells us, for instance, how many tunics were sent on a certain day to "the wash" ; another, when a donkey was born ; while a third informs the passer-by that "on the 25th of July" two

hundred pounds of hog's lard and two hundred bunches of garlic were either bought or sold.

Very many of the *graffiti*, indeed, hardly admit of regular classification. Some are expressions of affection for a friend, or of respect for a master or benefactor. Some simply record, in the very same terms which may still be read in any place of public resort, that the writer visited the spot on such or such a day. Some are mere names, or names accompanied by an epithet, complimentary or otherwise, as the case may be. Thus we are told of one that he was a pilferer (*furunculus*); of another that he was a downright thief (*fur*); while a third, a certain Oppius, as if uniting the bad qualities of both characters, is addressed, "*Oppi embolari, fur furuncule.*" Some extol the charms or deplore the cruelty of a mistress; some are advertisements of lost property, with a promise of reward for its restoration or for the discovery of the thief. Some have all the pretension of philosophical apophthegms, as "*Minimum malum fit contemnendo maximum*," or "*Non est exilium ex patria sapientibus*": others appear to be the first efforts of schoolboys practising their morning lesson—lists of nouns, verbs, or adverbs, seemingly intended to be committed to memory; or even early essays in penmanship—ill-formed letters, half-finished alphabets, and other similar fragments, A few caricatures are not without a dash of rude humour. Most probably there was some amusing history connected with a certain Peregrinus, who is represented with a surprisingly-developed nose, and who, as he is drawn with a laurel crown, must have been a notable in his day. On the other hand, a similar sketch, entitled "*Nasso* [properly *Naso*, for no doubt the pun is intended] *Fadius*," represents the hero with hardly any nose at all.

Love is, however, the burden of a vast number of the inscriptions. "Crispus" and "Septumius" make no scruple of recording their love for "Rufa" or "Avitilla." More bashful lovers, who preserve their own incognito, beseechingly appeal to their cruel mistress under her proper name: "*Vale mea Sava, fac me ames*"—"Farewell, my Sava; see that thou lovest me." Even the fair themselves do not shrink from avowing their flame. A nameless lady "loves Casuntius";

"Nona," less diffident, "salutes her Pagurus"; "Auge loves Arabienus"; "Methe," still more melting, "loves Crestus *in her heart*," and prays that "Pompeian Venus may be propitious to them, and that they may ever love in concord." In a word, to live and love would seem to have been the philosophy of life at Pompeii. Thus one inscription proclaims, "*Suavis amor*"—"Delightful love"; another declares, "*Nemo est bellus nisi qui amavit*"—"No man is charming except he who has loved"; a third pronounces the sweeping denunciation, "*Quisquis amat valeat, pereat qui parcit amare*"—"May whosoever loveth flourish; but he who refraineth from loving, let him perish."

In other cases we meet tender appeals, such as love-sick swains still offer to their Delias and their Chloës. Thus:—

"*Scribenti mi dictat Amor, mostratque Cupido;*
Ah! peream, sine te si deus esse velim!"

Occasionally we find paraphrases or imitations of some popular strophe, applied at second hand to the writer's own flame. Thus an artful Pompeian lover has translated Propertius's

"*Cinthia me docuit castas odisse puellas*"

into

"'*Candida*' *me docuit* '*nigras*' *odisse puellas.*"

The tender passion and the protean changes to which it has ever been liable here stand revealed as vividly as though the idlers who were the subjects of it were still in "this breathing world." One inscription is very touching in its simplicity and suggestiveness. Within the conventional outline of a heart is the word "*Psyche*"—"My life."

The *graffiti* also cast a side-light upon the habits of the Pompeian topers. We find that some of them "mixed their liquor"; others more commonly drank it "neat." Thus we have a curious appeal for a soothing draught from a thirsty soul, whose earnestness not even the veriest churl could withstand—"*Suavis vinaria sitit, valde rogo sitit*"; and another, in which some jolly toper calls for a fresh (*adde*) cup of the famous Setinum wine—"*Adde calicem*

Setinum." But, on the other hand, a rude outline scrawled upon a tavern wall is an evidence that more temperate cups were not without their patrons at Pompeii. In this amusing sketch a customer is represented holding out his glass, with the words "*Da fridam* [*frigidam*] *pusillum*," a clear proof, we should say, if not that teetotalism was in fashion among the Pompeians, at least that the use of "cold with" is an institution which can allege in its favour precedents of most respectable antiquity. It is to be feared, however, that, as in our modern hostels, the company was not always the most select or the most reputable. So, at least, we infer from a notice scribbled upon his tavern wall by one Varius, announcing that a wine-flagon had been stolen from him, and offering a reward of sixty-five sesterces for its recovery, and of twice that sum for the apprehension of the thief who abstracted it: "*Urna vinaria periit de taberna. Sei eam quis retulerit, dabuntur h.s. lxv; sei furem qui abduxerit dabitur duplum a Vario.*"

The scribbled caricatures have been referred to. Many of them are cleverly drawn; and, as might be expected, the comic element predominates. One represents an ass engaged in turning a mill, accompanied by the words, "*Labora, aselle, quomodo ego laboravi, et proderit tibi*"—that is, "Labour, O ass, as I have laboured, and it will profit thee." Those referring to gladiatorial combats are rather numerous, and drawn with much spirit. In one case a figure is represented as about to cast a net over his adversary; while another caricature appears to represent a fight between a *mirmillo*—a kind of gladiator—and a Samnite. A third is evidently of a Samnite with a large helmet and shield; at his side the number of his victories (xxxii) may be seen enclosed between a palm-branch and a chaplet. A few full-length figures wearing the *toga* probably "take off" the dandies of the period. Others are profiles of heads, such as those of "Peregrinus" and "Fadius," already mentioned. The *prænomina* found scribbled on the walls, as "Doris," "Heraclea," "Januaria," "Vitalis," "Florentia," "Amaryllis," "Maria," "Cerusa," and "Damalis," may be taken as types of the female appellations of this period.

But in most cases, a keen observer remarks, the interest which

these inscriptions originally possessed is lost with the history of the individuals. Some of them clearly must have had a story in their day, and afford endless scope for conjecture and speculation. We cannot doubt, for example, that there was some jest under a half-defaced fragment which quizzes "sheep-faced Lygnus, strutting about like a peacock and taking airs on the strength of his good looks." In like manner, things must have come to a curious pass between Virgula and her Tertius before she could have brought herself to write up on the wall, "*Virgula Tertio suo: indecens es.*" And we may easily imagine what a town's talk Miccio had become, when a mischievous wag could venture to write, "*Miccionis statum considerate.*" But amusing as such fancies might prove, it would be idle to speculate further regarding them. Who Virgula and her Tertius were, and what was the nature of their quarrel, what were Lygnus's little vanities, or what the cause of Miccio's notoriety, must now for ever remain a secret.

There are some of these *graffiti*, however, which are sufficiently interesting even where there is no clue to the allusions which they contain. There is one which, with very little effort of fancy, might supply materials for a regular novel: "*Tenemus! tenemus!*" (it bursts out abruptly) "*res certa: Romula hic cum scelarato moratur!*"—"We have it! we have it! the thing is certain: Romula is staying here with the miscreant!" What a world of romance is hidden in these simple words! How many tender but melancholy recollections do they suggest,—Romula, the pride and ornament of her quiet home—her guileless and happy girlhood, the affectionate devotion of her family, the deeper devotion of her betrothed; and then, alas! the approach of the ensnarer—her weakness, her betrayal, her shame, her ignominious flight; the despair of the forsaken lover, the pursuit, its alternate success and disappointment, the recovery of the track of the fugitives, and the final discovery of their guilty retreat!

Nor are there wanting other and less painful sources of interest. It is refreshing, for instance, in the midst of the universal corruption which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of Pompeii, to find that the domestic virtues were not quite unknown, and that at least

one honest citizen, Primus, was not ashamed to profess that "he loved his wife Missila." In like manner, when we recollect the doom which impended over the city and its inhabitants, it is difficult to read without emotion, even though the name of the writer be unknown, the simple prayer for many happy new years—"*Januarias nobis felices multis annis*"—uttered perhaps on the very eve of the catastrophe.

It is curious, too, to find that the custom which still prevails among ourselves, of securing a place by affixing the name of the occupant, was in full use in the Pompeian amphitheatre. "*Narcissus hic*," or "*Lælius Narcissus occupat*," was to be read chalked on the benches of the circus, as honourable members among ourselves mark their seat for the night by attaching their card. Another ancient usage may be learned from an inscription which reproaches a certain Rufus, that, whereas the family of the Vibii, with all their wealth and dignity, never thought of appearing in public with a staff or sceptre in their hands, he, in his arrogance, may be seen daily with this mark of distinction, from the assumption of which his betters had recoiled.

These may seem trifling things, adds our authority; but, besides that they tend, each in its own degree, to the elucidation of obscure allusions or doubtful phrases in the old Roman poets and historians, they serve better than many a more solemn, and seemingly more important, document to realize to the imagination the men and things of the period to which they belong.

The goddess Venus was the patroness of the town. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that one of these impromptu artists chooses no better means of protecting his work than to threaten the anger of the goddess upon him who shall venture to touch it—"*Abiat Venere Pompeiani iratum qui hoc læserit*"; whilst another, who has no fear of the power of the patroness, says, "Hither to me, enamoured ones; I mean to break Venus's ribs!"—"*Quisquis amat veniat, Veneri volo rumpere costas!*"

"From the elementary style in which these sketches are executed, we see that it was men of the people or children who thus enriched

the walls with their masterpieces. Children who were allowed to get hold of a piece of chalk or charcoal sketched a gladiator as they now draw a soldier, and it is curious to remark that the manner in which those young hands proceeded has not changed The method is the same, and soldiers and gladiators resemble each other; the forehead and the nose always being represented by a line more or less straight, whilst two dots do duty for the eyes."

Yet there is something striking, as a recent writer says, "in the reflection that Time, which has taken away so much, which has robbed us of the comedies of Menander and the lyrics of Sappho, has let these poor trivial obscurities live; it is mournful to think that the idle scribblings of shameless lads and wanton women have outlasted some of the mightiest monuments of human genius. One cannot help wondering, too, what these scribblers would have felt if they had been told that their scurrilities were destined to leap to light centuries after all other memory of themselves had vanished, and to be carefully collected and copied as a permanent record against them, like a leaf from the black book of the Recording Angel. It must be remembered, however, in justice to antiquity, that these performances were the work of 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort' only; decent people were very properly disgusted. One distich scrawled up in three different parts of the town expresses contemporary sentiment: 'I wonder, O wall, that you haven't fallen in pieces since you endure the stupidities of so many writers.' In these disjointed scraps something of the past seems to live again, of the old far-off Pagan past so different from the present we know."

THE HERCULANEUM PAPYRI.—It is to be remembered, however, that the *graffiti* of Pompeii do not constitute the sole "literary" relic—if they may be dignified by such an appellation—of the overwhelmed cities. The discovery at Herculaneum in the early years of the present century of a large number of *papyri* was received in literary circles with enthusiasm and lively anticipation; they were regarded as a possible repertory of the lost literature of Greece and Rome. Our Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., took the greatest

interest in the unrolling and deciphering of the *papyri*. Large sums of money, both public and from his private purse, were expended by his order in Naples and at home. His private chaplain, the Rev. J. Hayter, was appointed to the work of restoring the *papyri*; and, under his care, the manuscripts deciphered, wholly or in part, rose from eighteen to two hundred. The occupation of Naples by the French in 1806 caused the Bourbon Court to withdraw to Palermo, and Mr. Hayter shared their flight. A serious misunderstanding arose, however, as to the ownership of the manuscripts, and this put an end to the work; but, eventually, a portion of the manuscripts was given to the Prince, who presented the collection to Oxford University, and the manuscripts were published by the Clarendon Press merely as a *fac-simile* of the deciphered *papyri*, without translation or commentary. In 1818 the Prince commissioned Sir Humphry Davy, who had initiated a theory as to the chemical composition of the *papyri*, to proceed to Naples and to report upon them; but Sir Humphry's experiments added little to the results previously obtained. For their further elucidation we are indebted to the Neapolitan *literati* and the *savants* of Germany.

Among so large a number of *papyri*, discovered upon such classic ground, it was reasonable to expect that specimens of the work of the best authors of both countries would be brought to light. "Where more naturally than in the library of a scholar of this luxurious city might it be hoped to recover the long-lost Menander and the other masters of Greek comedy?" asks one who writes with authority. "Could anything seem more unlikely than that, among the many hundred volumes of such a collection, there should not turn up a few at least out of the many missing plays of the great tragedians Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus—some contribution to our scanty store of Greek comedy—a few additional plays of the sadly mutilated Aristophanes, or some specimens of his utterly unknown fellow-poets Eupolis, Cratinus, Crates, or Teleclides? Surely, too, the historical student might calculate on the recovery of many important materials wherewith to fill up the *hiatus valde deflendus* in the series of Greek writers on Roman history, Polybius, Dion, Dionysius, and

their continuators; and if such were the anticipations as to the Greek writers, how much more confidently were the *papyri* looked forward to for the lost treasures of Latin literature—for the missing decades of Livy, the lost books of the *Annals* of Tacitus, the dramas of Plautus and other Latin imitators of Greek comedy, the philological treatises of Varro, and, above all, the long-regretted poems of Varius, the superior, as an epic poet, if we may believe Horace, even of Virgil himself:—

'forti epos acer
Ut nemo Varius ducit!'

"The issue of all these high hopes is well known. Not only did the *papyri* prove to be in a state of mutilation far beyond what had been anticipated, but the character of the collection itself utterly disappointed the expectations which had been formed as to its extent, its variety, and its value. In general literature, whether Greek or Latin, it proved a complete blank. Not a single one of the longed-for authors appeared among its remains; harldly even a single fragment of their writings. It was found to be a class collection in the narrowest sense of the phrase, its contents being exclusively philosophical, and indeed confined to one particular school of philosophy—the Epicurean—and the authors being for the most part entirely unknown, except as members of one of the least literary of the philosophical sects of antiquity."

The degree of real worth which is to be attached to what has been published is to be estimated upon special and limited considerations. It lies partly in the independent value of the isolated fragments themselves, partly in the relation which they bear to other and better-known sources of knowledge; but most of all in the light that, imperfect as they are, they throw on a subject regarding which little other information is available—the literary history of the Epicurean school of philosophy.

"Most of the treatises are on ethical subjects, and the greater number of these eminently practical, as *On Pride*, *On Death*, *On Vices and the Virtues opposed to them*, *On Anger*, *On Flattery*, etc. Even those subjects which, at first sight, seem to be purely

literary, or even technical, are treated, not from the literary or artistic, but mainly—or, indeed, we may say exclusively—from the moral point of view. Thus Philodemus's treatise *On Rhetoric* does not deal with the principles of criticism or the rules of rhetorical art, but with discussions on the lawfulness of the practice of that art, and with its bearings on the interests of morality and on the social and political well-being of mankind. In like manner the treatise *On Music*, to the infinite disappointmeat of antiquarian *cognoscenti*, proved to be a purely ethical essay, without a single detail of the musical system of the Greeks. And even the *papyrus* upon Homer, which was eagerly looked forward to, as promising a most interesting specimen of classical criticism, turned out to be merely a half-moral, half-political disquisition upon the opinions contained in the Homeric poems, 'regarding what is good for the people'! Now, although these and other similar subjects are grievously disappointing, and may appear in themselves excessively dull and uninteresting, yet it cannot be doubted that, on the one hand, as illustrating the moral teaching of the Epicureans, they are interesting, and that, on the other, everything tending to throw light upon that subject possesses, in the present condition of our literature, a higher importance than any mere literary acquisition.

"A second fruit of the Herculanean *papyri* is the accession which has thence accrued to the list of Greek writers on philosophy. It is true that most of the authors were already known by name, being referred to at some length by Diogenes, and occasionally by Cicero, and even by the Roman satirists. But this notice hardly went beyond the mere mention of their names; and, at all events, as regards their literary style, and the details of their philosophical opinions, we were almost entirely without information."

Nearly all the manuscripts had lost their first leaves, but the titles are repeated at the end. They are written in columns from three to four inches wide, each column containing from twenty to forty lines, and separated from the next by the space of about an inch. The sentences are not distinguished by stops of any kind.

It has been suggested that it may be doubtful whether literature and art have lost much by the destruction of Pompeii. Extremes meet; the highest point of wealthy civilization touches upon the extreme of intellectual debasement. We may have lost some great memorials of art, of an imaginative and graceful form of decoration, the reflection of the happy sensuousness of an Italian people living under the influence of a joyous sky, and a philosophy which taught in strains of the highest poetry that man should prefer the present to the future, the actual to a possible ideal—omit to think of the morrow, and seize with ecstasy the brimming cup of pleasure which the *day* presented to his lips; but it is probable that nothing which could teach nations how to live, could add an invention to promote social happiness, or a virtue which could stimulate as example, has perished beneath the ashes of this City of the Plain.

It is well to remember that "the progress of civilization is closely allied to the development of the fine arts. Through them a people endeavours to express its idea of perfection, exhibiting thus, besides its standing in the civilized world, to a certain degree, its religious position. For the beautiful and the good are inseparably connected. Perhaps nothing could manifest this more clearly than the fact that the strength and purity of æsthetic form decrease simultaneously with morality. In ancient Greece the reign of art had reached its maximum glory before corruption found a way among the multitude, while most of her citizens were yet trained and hardy soldiers with scarcely a touch of sensual debauchery. After gladiatorial combats and other such public scandals had rotted the morals of her people, Rome never produced another orator like Cicero, never again brought forth writers like those of the Golden Age; but her arts sank lower and lower, till, had not Christianity with its renovating spirit at last swept over the broad Empire, that proud mistress bade fair to end almost as barbarous as she began."

[The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to articles in the *Edinburgh Review* for much help on the subjects of the Herculanean *papyri* and the *graffiti* of Pompeii.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE POMPEIANS.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

As You Like It, ii. 7.

WHEN the adage tells us that a man is to be known by the company he keeps, it is only to affirm that his character is often best developed in his amusements; for every-day familiar intercourse is a recreation founded upon congeniality of disposition. The profession or trade in which we are engaged is not always a matter of choice; often it is prosecuted from duty or necessity rather than from inclination, and affords, therefore, no certain test of individual predilection. It is in our diversions, where we follow the spontaneous impulse of the mind, that its genuine qualities are revealed. It is here seen, as it were, *en déshabillé*, in which state its real beauties and deformities can be much more accurately determined than when it is tricked out in the appropriate garb of station and profession, or disguised in any of the manifold varieties of conventional observance.

Every man is an actor, who, if he wishes to ensure the successful performance of his part upon the stage of the great theatre of the world, must practise a certain degree of illusion; but he cannot deceive either himself or others in his private pursuits. There is no hypocrisy in our pleasures; in these, nature will always predominate; and the relaxation in which we indulge will be generally found, says an ancient writer, proportionate to the previous constraint

that has warped us from our proper bias, just as the recoil of the unstrung bow will be commensurate with the tension from which it is released. The more trivial our recreations the more accurately will they often reveal the qualities of the mind, as the lightest feather we can toss up will best determine the direction of the wind.

If this be true of an individual, it will be equally applicable to a nation, whose familiar and domestic character we may much better ascertain from their sports, pastimes, and amusements, than from those more prominent and important features to which historians have usually restricted themselves in their delineations. For the diversions of a people, being commonly interwoven with some immutable element of the national life and character, or perpetuated by circumstances of climate and locality, will frequently survive when every other national peculiarity has worn itself out and fallen into oblivion.

From the earliest times public games were connected with religious acts, the Roman custom corresponding in this respect with the Greek. Some games were promised to the gods to gain their favour, and were afterwards carried out as a sign of gratitude for their assistance. The nature of the games necessitated different local arrangements. Horse and chariot races took place in the circus, fights of gladiators and wild animals in the amphitheatre, and scenic representations in the theatre.

It is not to be wondered at, says Fergusson, that a people who delighted so much in the bloody scenes of the arena should feel but very little pleasure in the mimic sorrows and tame humour of the stage. The brutal exhibition of the amphitheatre fitted them, it is true, to be a nation of conquerors, and gave them the Empire of the World, but it brought with it feelings singularly inimical to all the softer arts, and was perhaps the great cause of their ultimate debasement.

The nature of the pieces represented, and the method of putting them upon the stage of the Roman theatre, differed largely from those of modern times. The play did not admit of more than three

interlocutors at once; it was composed much more of set speeches, and ran less into natural broken dialogue. There was no change of scene during the piece, and a body called the "Chorus"—a sort of medium between actors and spectators—bearing no analogy to anything in modern drama, was introduced. These took little share in the action of the piece, and did not come upon the stage, but occupied the orchestra, at times taking part in the dialogue, at other times varying it by choral songs and dances.

In regard to the scenery and mechanical appliances of the Roman theatre there is but little known: most likely they resembled those of the Greek stage. After the performance the curtain (*aulæum*) did not drop, but was raised. Besides this chief curtain there was a second one (*separium*), which closed between the acts; it parted in the middle.

The professional actors were mostly slaves or freedmen united in troupes, and kept by a manager, frequently by an old leading actor. This manager treated with the magistrate, who had the *cura ludorum*, and who paid the salary of the actors. Their costume varied in accordance with the different kinds of masks required for tragedy and comedy—in the former, long flowing garments and the high *cothurnus* were worn, while comedians appeared in an every-day dress of the loudest possible colours and in low shoes.

As interludes to the serious drama they had the *abellanæ* and the *mimics*, two kinds of burlesque, and the *pantomime*, in which a single actor indicated by a dramatic dance or by gesticulations the subject of the story.

The subjects of the pantomime were various—generally love adventures, Mars and Venus, Jupiter and Leda, etc.; any mythical or historical subject would suffice. A chorus sang *cantica*, accompanying the various dances. The music appears to have been of a florid and showy character; the time was given by *scabillarii*, who beat a set of cymbals with their feet. The real charm of the performance lay in the "poetry of motion" of the dancer, the excellence of execution, splendid dresses, and "eloquence." This was such that St. Augustine considered the pantomimes a far more

insidious and destructive disease sent by Satan than the savage pest of the circus.

Though the theatre never rivalled either the amphitheatre or circus in popularity, the Romans of the first century were not indifferent to this form of entertainment, and it always remained an important feature in Roman life. Nor is there perhaps any better indication of the character of a nation than its stage. This has been well seen in our own history; whether it be in the Elizabethan era or the present day, the drama has always presented a faithful image of the tastes of the time to which it belongs.

Dramatic entertainments were paid for out of the public purse, or were given gratuitously by wealthy or ambitious persons; and as they were intended to hold the male population of a city, the theatres were usually of great size, and were not used, as at the present time, in the evening, as a recreation when the labour of the day was over. They opened only at certain times, and then by day, often simply as part of the amusement of a holiday. There is no doubt that a religious vein ran through these early dramatic productions, and this seems to have exercised a powerful influence over the Drama.

In tragedy the *dramatis personæ* were invariably taken from the mythic ages, from a class whom time and fable had invested with preternatural grandeur, men either the immediate offspring or the descendants of gods, and accustomed to see and converse with gods upon earth—capable alike of greatly daring and greatly enduring, and exalted above the common run of humanity in the qualities of both mind and body. Everything therefore was to be great, but calm: the violent passions, the stormy scenes, which in the hands of our dramatists produce such powerful effects, would not have found favour with a Roman audience. The dialogue consequently was regular and sustained, the speeches were long and rhetorical, and good recitation was of more importance than good acting.

The shape and size of the theatres contributed also to produce this effect. In their huge area the expression of the face, the modulation of the voice, together with what we term "by-play," would

have been lost to the greater part of the audience. It was the fashion for the actor to appear masked; the mask was made to contain the whole head, and was covered with hair of the colour suitable to the character intended to be represented.

> "He fights, plays, revels, loves, and whirls, and stands,
> Speaks with mute eloquence and rhythmic hands;
> Silence is voiceful through each varying part,
> In each fair feature—'tis the crown of Art."

"It is indeed true," points out Mr. Lecky, "that the tragic actor can exhibit displays of more intense agony and of grander heroism than were ever witnessed in the arena. His mission is not to paint nature as it exists in the light of day, but nature as it exists in the heart of man. His gestures, his tones, his looks, are such as would never have been exhibited by the person he represents, but they display to the audience the full intensity of the emotions which that person would have felt, but which he would have been unable adequately to reveal. But to those who were habituated to the intense realism of the amphitheatre, the idealized suffering of the stage was unimpressive. All the genius of a Siddons or a Ristori would fail to move an audience who had continually seen living men fall bleeding and mangled at their feet. The gladiatorial games destroyed all sense of disgust, and therefore all refinement of taste, and they rendered the permanent triumph of the drama impossible."

Comedy took the form of the old Atellan farce, with the well-known *personæ*. Macchus, the amorous old *roué*; Dosseunus, the swindling soothsayer; Bucco, the babbling fool, exhibited their familiar characteristics in new and old combinations, to which was added a large admixture of grossness and ribaldry—the representations indicating an extremely low and degraded taste on the part of the people, a sure sign of an irreligious and corrupt society.

In speaking of the Roman masks, Mr. Thomas Wright says that they were all the more interesting because they were probably the origin of many of the grotesque faces so often met with in mediæval sculpture. The comic mask was indeed a very popular object among

the Romans, and appears to have been taken as symbolical of everything that was droll and burlesque. From the comic scenes of the theatre it passed to the festivals of a public character, such as the Lupercalia, with which, no doubt, it was carried into the carnival of the Middle Ages, and to our masquerades. The mask thus became a favourite ornament, especially on lamps and on the *antefixa* and gargoyles of Roman buildings, to which were often given the form of grotesque masks, monstrous faces, with great mouths wide open and other figures like those of the gargoyles of the mediæval architects.

Plautus left his mark upon Roman comedy, and it lasted long after his death. This was largely due to his aptitude for depicting Roman manners. Along with a purity of language and a refinement of humour, he possessed great originality. His plays were generally introduced by a prologue, spoken sometimes by a character in the play, at others by one of mythological origin. In the prologue was given the outline of the play and the plot—a practice which differed from that of the comedy of our day, since we prefer to leave certain things in doubt to be accomplished by degrees as the play progresses. The prologues of Plautus frequently contained familiar instructions and appeals to the audience. Mothers are requested to leave their babies at home, and the children are reminded that silence is expected of them. Wives are requested not to interrupt their husbands, who have come to see the play, and the audience is asked to be moderate in applauding. We are probably safe in supposing that, if the ladies' hats had been equally annoying with those in the present day, a notice concerning their removal would have appeared in the prologue.

Plautus must have possessed an inexhaustible fund of gaiety; his situations, while often ludicrous, were usually far-fetched, but he wrote for the people, and his motto appears to have been, "It is only fair that customers should be served with what suits their taste." Quite twenty of his plays have come down to us.

Mention must be made of Punchinello. Punch is a universality, and of so remote and indisputable antiquity, that it is impossible

to say where he had his origin; indeed, his genealogy has been traced to the Atellan *farceurs* who amused the people of Campania and the citizens of Rome as far back as the times of the Tarquins. Italian antiquaries find a convincing resemblance between Punchinello's mask and a little figure in bronze with a beak or chicken nose to its face which was discovered at Rome. Later, another bronze figure was picked up among the bronzes dug out of Herculaneum, and in the guard-room at Pompeii there was a figure drawn upon the wall by some idle Roman soldier which closely resembled the Neapolitan Punch not only in feature, but also in costume and gesture.

The Atellan or Oscan farces were played upon planks and trestles. One of their never-failing characters was Macchus, a roguish clown or buffoon, who made merry with everybody and fun of everything, and also is believed to have worn a mask exactly like that of the modern Neapolitan Punch. The old Oscan had a true elegance and an almost immeasurable share of good-nature, he had no envy or malice, and in his most satirical allusions his object was to excite joyous and innocent laughter. Hence in the most high and palmy state of the Empire he and his farces were admired by all classes of the community. Livy laid down his historical pen to listen to his drollery, Cicero paused to hear him as he went to or returned from the Forum, and critics of refined tastes applauded his jests.

Punchinello's dress of to-day consists invariably of a large white blouse; he travels "pickaback" on the shoulders of an aged crone, who is merely a make-believe, as he really depends on his own legs for locomotion—the deception, however, is perfect; he is accompanied by two or three clowns; the music is obtained from a fife and a big drum.

> "Bang, whang, goes the drum—tootle-te-tootle the fife;
> Oh, a day in a city square's the gayest thing in life!"—BROWNING.

To Nero, perhaps, in his *rôle* as an actor and a musician, we owe the invention of the *claqueurs*, whom he had stationed in various parts of the theatre, and who by many rehearsals were

rendered proficient in giving three distinct kinds of applause, to come in at certain parts of the libretto. The first order of applause consisted in isolated shouts of "Bravo," as though due to the spontaneous admiration of separate individuals among the audience. The second order was even more artfully contrived, for it consisted in starting applause, and then as suddenly repressing it, then allowing it to break out anew, but again restraining it, for which purpose certain contingents of *claqueurs* were told off, who were called the "cold water men," whose duty it was to hush by hisses and expostulations the incipient clapping and stamping of their fellows. This device of Nero's must certainly obtain the credit of originality, and perhaps went further than anything else towards winning him his theatrical triumphs—for there were few among the audience who suspected the very hisses of partisanship, and often, in anger at the sound of the latter, they would take up the applause themselves, which it was the cue of the "cold water men" at once to subdue. The third order of plaudit was the vulgar and ordinary one of indiscriminate and loud applause from all the *claqueurs* alike; but this was not so commonly employed as the other two, being too coarse and patent not to arouse suspicion.

It is singular how this custom, ascribed to Nero, holds sway in the present day. Luckily our English theatres are free from it; but in Paris these *claqueurs* have for a long period been a powerful body, whose favour it is the interest equally of authors and players to conciliate. They still exist even at the Grand Opéra, where it is said that the actors themselves object to the complete eradication of the nuisance, though they are easily recognized by the obtrusive and simultaneous vigour of their exertions. Even to this day they enjoy the appellation of "Romans" (*Romains*). The descent of these mercenary applauders may be traced in a distinct ancestral line to the days when inconsolable Roman families hired mourners to follow their deceased relatives to the sepulchre with a due amount of sobs and tears—when red eyes had their price, dishevelled hair received its stipulated payment, and torn garments were remunerated by tariff.

CHARIOT-RACING.—According to Juvenal a Roman cared only for two things—bread, and the public shows. Without the former he could not exist; without the latter he would have felt that life was not worth living. The origin of the games has been ascribed to Etruria; it certainly was of Italian growth, and probably arose from the custom of sacrificing slaves on the death of their master; later the slaves were allowed to fight with each other for their lives, and finally they were trained for the purpose as a speculation. At first it was limited to funerals, but in later days the expense fell upon the giver, who was usually the Emperor, or an aspirant to public office, or sometimes a wealthy *parvenu*. Skill and chance both played an important part in the games, and the danger which attended every race added zest to the enjoyment of the spectators. The sculptured reliefs and other representations of races which have come down to us nearly all represent chariots overturned and men and horses struggling in wild confusion on the ground. The excitement thus caused was added to by the existence of factions pledged to favour one of the four parties into which the competitors were divided. These parties were named after four colours—red, white, blue, and green—and every charioteer was identified with one of these parties, and wore its colours on the day of the races.

> "Black, red, and white in various clouds are tossed,
> And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost."
>
> CHRISTOPHER SMART.

The drivers, if they escaped being crushed or dashed to pieces, usually secured a comfortable competency after a few years of danger, daring, and notoriety. Their social position, though higher than a gladiator's, was still a low one. Most of them were either slaves or men one step above slavery. It was considered highly disreputable for a Roman citizen of rank to exhibit himself in the costume of a jockey; yet so great was the enthusiasm evoked by the circus, that even senators and knights could not be restrained from appearing there.

The announcement of gladiatorial fights was made by *libelli* ("correct cards"), sent to the people in the neighbourhood, or by

advertisements on the walls. An inscription found on the *basilica* of Pompeii announces the appearance of the "family" of the *lanista* N. Festus Amphatus. In the advertisement the number and names of the gladiators and the mode of their fighting were set forth.

On the day of the performance a solemn procession of gladiators walking in couples goes through the streets to the arena. The law courts and places of business are closed; the town is *en fête*; the streets are filled by the inhabitants and the crowds of strangers who have come in for the games and are on their way to the amphitheatre. Those who are already there beguile the tedium of the waiting hours by eager converse on the chances of the favourite gladiator, or may be the reports from the various stables as to the condition of the horses or charioteers. The betting is running high, as much on the chances of the different gladiators as on those of the charioteers. Perhaps this is one of the earliest sidelights given by Martial of the antiquity of gambling with which we are acquainted, and shows how the fascination of "two to one bar one," which in the present day pervades all classes of society, is of classic origin.

As the Roman charioteers, unlike the Greek, who appeared naked, wore a short tunic strapped tightly around the upper part of the body, they used to carry a curved knife in their belts, in order to cut the traces should the horses run away. Their head-dress consisted of a leathern cap resembling a helmet. The left-wheel horse was watched with particular anxiety, because it had the most difficult task in doubling the *meta*; its running against or being frightened at the *meta* exposed chariot and charioteer to the danger of destruction. In the public inscriptions the names of victorious horses are frequently mentioned together with that of the charioteer who guided them to the goal.

GLADIATORIAL GAMES.—No games or races of the old Greek type could meet the Roman demand for inordinate excitement, which grew by what it fed on, and was more insatiate after every indulgence; and so the awful gladiatorial exhibitions became the really distinctive feature in the social and popular life of the

Romans. At such displays were gathered representatives of the most illustrious families—senators, judges, philosophers, poets, ladies of highest rank and breeding in magnificent apparel, and Vestal Virgins in their sacred dress occupied the seats of honour; whilst around were gay tapestries covering the stone benches and balustrades, with festooned flowers and shining metallic statues of the gods; above were parti-coloured awnings sheltering from the sun; below went on the hideous unimaginable work of cruelty and death.

The fascination which these contests had for the Roman populace seems to us now almost incredible. There is a fine passage in that wonderful book of St. Augustine, his *Confessions*, which relates how one day one of his most intimate friends was haled with familiar violence by some of his boon companions to the amphitheatre; but, closing his eyes, he determined not to look upon the unhallowed spectacle. Hearing, however, a great shout go up from the populace as one of the contestants fell, he was overcome by curiosity, peeped into the arena, and became so possessed by the spirit of cruelty and intoxicated by the desire for blood that he returned again and again to the amphitheatre, and even seduced others to accompany him.

Let us observe what is going on in this street. It is in the possession of a straggling crowd, for the most part orderly and silent. On the three sides of the amphitheatre are lines of idlers, broken here and there into groups. These loungers are mostly slaves, a motley crew, *urbana* and *rustica*, the gardener, the gamekeeper, the pampered menial or personal attendant of the *parvenu*, or the driver of the rich Pompeian's *biga* or the bearers of his lady's *lectica*. Nearly all wear an expectant look—some both an anxious and worried one. They are for the most part too agitated to talk, unless it be to break out into a nervous guffaw or a coarse jest, as they stand eager and keenly, acutely observant. Observant of what? There has been no struggle with the *prætors*; everything in the street is humdrum and commonplace; nothing is heard except the distant and busy hum of the conversation from the occupants or the shouts of those who follow the events inside the amphitheatre. Yet here are

hundreds of men for whom the sights of the circus give no real pleasure. Their thoughts are centred upon the events of the day, but in a different fashion. Weary with anxious waiting, the silent dalliance has become tedious; then there is a hush in the hubbub of voices, followed by a deep roar, and finally an immense shout goes up in the roofless amphitheatre, and a man is seen to dash out of the building into the expectant throng. There is immediately a sense of movement in the distance, and the crowd is swayed by a sudden impulse to close upon the quick-footed man, who now joins a group. Immediately the scene changes to one of vivid animation. The shout is raised, "*Satrius vicit*," which is carried from mouth to mouth among the eager throng. The pallor of a deadly shock is seen on the faces of five out of six of these denizens of the street; for a rank outsider has won the chariot race. Few, therefore, are stirred by the elation of a successful wager, but rather in the great majority by bitter chagrin that they have fooled away in a few moments the fruit of a month's toil.

The conquered looked to the people, or to the Emperor, if present, for life—his antagonist had no power to grant or refuse it; but if the spectators were dissatisfied and gave the signal of death, the sign being the turning down of the thumbs, he was obliged to become the executioner of their will. As a sign of mercy the handkerchief was waved. If any of the combatants showed a trace of fear, their death was certain; if they, on the other hand, awaited the fatal stroke with intrepidity, the people generally relented. The bodies of the slain were dragged with a hook through a gate called *hibitinensis*, the Gate of Death, to the *spoliarium*. The victor was rewarded with a sum of money contributed by the spectators or bestowed from the treasury, and with a garland of palm ornamented with coloured ribbons. When the exhibition was advertised to be held *sine missione*, it was understood that no quarter would be given.

Different games were celebrated in the amphitheatre. The prefect, if present, started the sports by flinging down a scarlet napkin. The blast of a trumpet rang out between each event.

The races may be mentioned first. Sometimes two chariots, drawn by two horses or four (the *biga* or the *quadriga*), entered for trial of speed. Each had two horsemen for its management. Seven times they whirled round the course, the applause of the excited spectators constantly sounding in their ears, and the victor would step from his car and mount the *spina* to receive the prize.

Another game was the realistic exhibition of battle by equestrians and infantry. Again, gladiatorial combats were often the order of the day. Other games would be athletic ones—running, boxing, wrestling, throwing the discus or the spear, and other exercises testing the entire physical system with much thoroughness. And it was not uncommon in the arena to fight blindfold.

The *retiarius*, or net-fighter, who was armed with a net and a trident, fought with a *mirmillo*, who was called from so wearing a helmet with a crest shaped like a fish. The object of the *retiarius* was to throw his net over his adversary's head, entangle him, and then stab him with his trident. If he failed, the *mirmillo* pursued him round the arena, striving to slay him before he could prepare his net and make a second cast. The Samnites also were a class of gladiators; they fought in complete armour.

One day the amphitheatre would be filled with huge trees, and savage beasts would be brought to be hunted down by criminals, captives, or men specially trained for the desperate work that constituted their profession. "Wild beasts fought with tame beasts and with wild beasts, and beasts with men. Bears, lions, and tigers were worried and hacked by armed *bestiarii*, and sometimes a *bestiarius*, in his turn, lay rolling on the sand, crushed by a bear, or torn by the fierce struggles of a panther. Lastly, some unskilled, defenceless criminals were turned loose into the amphitheatre amid a fresh batch of animals, infuriated by hunger and mad with excitement. None of the poor weaponless wretches—*sine armis, sine arte, seminudi*—could stand up for a moment against the bear's hug or the tiger's leap. They waited in attitudes of despairing stupefaction, watching the horrible rolling gait of the bears, or the crouching of the tigers as they glared on them with yellow eyeballs,

lashing their haunches with their tails, and at last, with a hoarse, carnivorous roar, curved their backs for a final spring.

'Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
Was death or life, the plaything of a crowd.'—BYRON.

"Next two horsemen of well-tried prowess and well-matched strength rode out to fight in mortal conflict. The combat between them was long and fierce, for each knew that it might be his last. They charged each other furiously, raining on heads and shoulders a tempest of blows, till, after a tremendous bout, one thrust his spear through a joint in his opponent's armour; and the stream of crimson blood which followed was greeted by the roar of '*Hoc habet!*'—'He has it!'—from ten thousand throats. The rider fell lifeless. He required no finishing-stroke, and the mob cried, '*Peractum est!*'—'There is an end of him!' After this other mounted gladiators joined combat. In a very short time nearly all were wounded, and some had to acknowledge their defeat. Dropping their swords or javelins, they raised their clenched hands, with one finger extended to plead for mercy. For his fate was in the hands of the spectators. If he had fought well and bravely, they signified by applause and by waving of handkerchiefs their wish that he should be spared. The plea was vain. No handkerchief was waved in sign of mercy, and, standing over them, the victors callously drove their swords into the throats of their defeated comrades. The poor conquered fighters did not shrink. They looked up at the shouting populace with something of disdain in their faces, as though to prove that they thought nothing of death and did not wish to be pitied.

'What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.'—MILTON.

To see that none were shamming death, a figure entered, disguised as Charon, who smote them with his hammer; but the work of the sword had been done too well—he smote only the slain.

"By this time the whole atmosphere of the place seemed to reek with the suffocating odour of blood, which acted like an intoxicant

on the brutalized multitude. The audience became frantic with excitement; their cruelty could go no further, yet the words '*Hoc habet!*' were re-echoed, not only by the debased populace, but from the lips of royalty, by purple-clad senators and knights, by noble matrons, and even by those consecrated maids the Vestal Virgins, whose presence elsewhere saved the criminal from his fate, but whose function here it was to consign the suppliant to his doom, by reversing the thumb, upon his appeal for mercy."

This office of the Vestals dates, it will be remembered, from the very commencement of the Roman Empire, the mother of Romulus being a Vestal. It was required that they should be of good family, and without blemish or deformity. For thirty years they were to remain in the greatest continence, the first ten years being spent in learning the duties of the order, the second ten in discharging them with sanctity, the last in instructing such as had entered the novitiate. At the termination of their time of office they often re-entered the world, and many married. Their employment was to watch and feed the sacred fire, kept perpetually burning in the Temple of Vesta, the accidental extinction of which was held to be the forerunner of some great calamity to the State. Severe punishment awaited the culpable custodian. A more terrible penalty awaited the Vestal who violated her vows of chastity.

So strictly were these vows interpreted, that the mere probability of yielding to temptation was deemed sufficient to require punishment. A Vestal was condemned to death for having owned that, but for the pleasant prospect of a subsequent marriage, she would prefer to die ("*Moriar, nisi nubere dulce est*"). Criminal as she was, the dignity and sacredness of her office clung about her to the last, and the unhappy creature went to her lingering death with the pomp and solemnity that might befit a royal funeral. Previously, without the gates, a cavern had been prepared, within which had been placed a small couch, a lighted lamp, a loaf of bread, a cruse of water, a phial of oil, and a bowl of milk, in order that religion might not be offended in permitting to die of hunger one consecrated with ceremonies so august and holy.

Sad and mournful was the day that witnessed one of these terrible processions winding in awful silence through the crowded ways: the people standing aloof with eyes fixed upon the moving tomb—a litter so constructed as not only to conceal but almost to stifle the cries of the miserable occupant. On arrival at the cavern the wretched criminal, amid the mysterious prayers of the priest of the Vestal order, was guided to the ladder by which she had to descend into her living grave. The ladder was then withdrawn, and the aperture walled up in such a manner as to leave no trace—this to signify that she who had been left beneath was alike unworthy to be reckoned among the living or the dead.

The Vestals were abolished and the fire of Vesta extinguished by Theodosius the Great.

Prudentius draws an amusing distinction between the Vestal modesty which, while it covered their faces with blushes, found a secret delight in the hideous conflicts of the arena; of those downcast looks that were greedy of wounds and death; of those sensitive souls who fainted away at the sight of blood and blows, yet always recovered when the knife was about to be plunged into the throat of the sufferer; of the compassion of those timid Virgins who themselves gave the fatal signal that decided the death of the blood-stained gladiator.

The one branch of the satire, to which no parallel can be found in the history of any civilized nation, was the custom of women fighting in the public arena. This, the latest and most extraordinary fancy of the sex, is more than once alluded to by Juvenal; and incredible as the charge might otherwise be held, the most sensational accusation of the satirist is fully supported by the independent evidence of more than one historian of the time. Tacitus, in his history of the reign of Nero, writes: "In the same year were exhibited gladiatorial shows on a scale no less magnificent than those of previous years; but many women of noble birth, and many senators, disgraced themselves by appearing in the arena." Suetonius also expressly asserts that women took part as combatants on the occasion of some shows being celebrated in the reign of Domitian.

It is difficult to understand how such a state of things could have been tolerated by any Roman Government, and scarcely less difficult to realize the state of society in which any woman—above all, any woman of rank—could voluntarily engage in such encounters and not forfeit (to say nothing of her own self-respect) not only her position in society, but even every claim to be looked upon as a woman at all. We shall perhaps not be wrong if we attribute the phenomenon, in part at least, to the reaction consequent on the relaxation of a strictly enforced code of propriety, followed—as in our own history at the time of the Restoration—by a general growth of extravagance and immorality of such a description that any outrage on common decency could hardly fail to meet with pardon and applause, it being regarded as a virtual protest against the rigid notions of a detested *régime*.

As to the apparent indifference of the Government on the subject, it may be explained as being but a part of the traditionary policy of the Empire. From the days of Augustus it seems to have been a maxim with the ruling powers to allow great latitude to the people both in the discussion of religious questions and in social matters generally, in the hope that these might act as safety-valves and give a vent to the more active spirits of the day, and so postpone the dreaded explosion between the governors and the governed. Moreover, the general prevalence of suicide, which about this time came to be almost a fashion, made it well-nigh impossible for the Emperor to keep a firm hold of any determined spirit. When a man or woman has once so ceased to cling to life as to be ready to summon death as a happy release from any momentary trouble or annoyance, how shall any power restrain him or her from doing that which seems right in his or her own eyes, except by a system of universal coercion, which it would of necessity be wholly impossible to maintain?

Smith, in his *Games and Festivals*, has shown us that not only was art exhausted and every incentive applied to perfect the skill and animate the courage of the unhappy victims of the arena, so that they might die becomingly, but the utmost ingenuity was employed in rendering more terrible the murderous weapons with which to

assail one another. It was not by chance that a Thracian gladiator was opposed by a *sentator*, or that a *retiarius* was armed in one way and the *mirmillo* in another; they were purposely combined in a manner most likely to protract the fight, and make it more sanguinary. By varying the arms, it was proposed to diversify the mode of death.

We must agree with Inge that no element of excitement and interest was wanting. The vast assemblage of human beings, all intent on a common object, was enough in itself to blunt the susceptibilities and rouse the ardour of each individual spectator; the magnificence and variety of the entertainment dazzled the eye and kept the attention constantly riveted; the splendid courage with which the combatants always faced wounds and death took away most of the hideousness which usually attends the violent extinction of human life; and the spirit of partisanship, which is necessary to identify the spectator with the scenes he witnesses, was excited both by the person of the gladiator and by the method of his equipment and fighting. We have in these considerations an ample explanation of the strength of this institution which nothing but Christianity could eradicate.

The gladiatorial games form, indeed, the one feature of Roman society which to a modern mind is almost inconceivable in its atrocity. Originally religious ceremonies celebrated at the tombs of the great, and intended as human sacrifices to appease the *manes* of the dead, they were afterwards defended as a means of sustaining the military spirit by the constant spectacle of courageous death. The influence of the games gradually pervaded the whole texture of Roman life. They became a commonplace of conversation; the children imitated them in their play; the philosophers drew from them their metaphors and illustrations.

One of the first consequences of this taste was to render the people absolutely unfit for those tranquil and refined amusements which usually accompany civilization. To men who were accustomed to witness the fierce vicissitudes of deadly combat, any spectacle that did not produce the strongest excitement was simply insipid. The only amusements that at all rivalled the spectacles of the

amphitheatre and the circus were those that appealed to the sensual passions, such as the games of Flora, the postures of the pantomimes and the ballet. Roman comedy indeed flourished for a short period, but only, as Mr. Lecky tells us, by throwing itself into the same career.

The social position of the gladiator bore some resemblance to that of the jockey in some circles of modern England. His trade was always considered a mean one, but the passion for sport so raised the successful performer into a hero that the champion *secutor* or *retiarius* divided with the heroes of the circus the honour of being talked about more than any one else in the city. The stigma, however, still remained. It was rare for the sons of gladiators, even when rich, to hold official positions; and those who left the arena without having saved money often sank, according to Inge, to the lowest depth of poverty and misery.

Every gladiator who had served three years in the arena was entitled to his dismissal, a privilege sometimes granted to him by the people upon any extraordinary display of valour. The reward of a victorious gladiator was a palm and a sum of money. For those who would obtain absolute freedom, it was necessary to be many times victorious. When they obtained their freedom, they wore a garland or crown of flowers, entwined with woollen ribbons which hung down upon the shoulders. When they abandoned the gladiatorial profession, they dedicated their arms to Hercules, their tutelary deity, by hanging them up at the gate of his temple.

"*Hic victor cestus artemque repono.*"—VIRGIL.

"Here, victorious, I lay aside my cestus and my net."

Verification comes in a singular manner as to the method of both these gladiatorial and animal conflicts of the arena. One of the most perfect of the tombs disinterred at Pompeii was covered with coloured bas-reliefs in stucco, presenting minute details of the amphitheatrical games and combats. At a short distance from the monument was found a marble tablet that had fallen from it; it bore an inscription, which may be rendered: "To Auricus Scaurus,

the son of Aulus, of the tribe of Menenia, Justicial Duumvir, to whom the Decurions have granted the site of this monument, two thousand sesterces for his funeral, and an equestrian statue in the Forum."

While sitting upon the silent seats, the modern visitor may repeople this Pompeian amphitheatre and call up in vision long-past scenes. There were *tesserœ*, or tickets, for places. Many have been discovered of bone or terra-cotta, shaped like an almond or fish, and indicating the seats to which the holder was entitled. The ticket was delivered to the *locarius*, a man who found the seat and took the owner to it. Programmes were also sold to the spectators at these games. No effort was spared by the management to ensure comfort and ease. In one public announcement on the walls it is stated that the great veil over the top will be drawn for a sunshade, and that there will be a sprinkling of perfumed water. It ends by saying that the entertainment will take place no matter what weather it may be—"that the day is fixed, and the gladiators are furious." Sometimes the wind prevented the use of the awning. To the hysterical women the copious sprinkling of scented water must have been highly refreshing after some of the sickening scenes of the arena. A batch of slain gladiators were hooked and dragged off to the *spoliarium*. Immediately there fell a soft and perfumed shower. The hush and tension that held the vast multitude in a spell of morbid sympathy ended, gaiety was at once resumed.

The cruel and revolting exhibitions in the amphitheatre, developed by the degraded tastes of the Romans from the innocent athletic contests of the Greeks, seem to have reached the climax of their splendour and horror in the first century of our era or about the time when Pompeii was destroyed. Their subsequent suppression was one of the greatest triumphs of Christianity, the last of these contests being that in which the monk Telemachus sprang into the arena and separated the contestants. Although he was in consequence stoned to death on the spot by the infuriated mob, Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom and the title of saint, which surely has never been awarded before or since for a more

noble exploit. His action made such an impression on the growing conscience of the world, that the Emperor Honorius was led to issue an order forbidding such performances, and the gladiatorial shows became a thing of the past.

Nothing is so difficult to control as a popular custom. We know for how many centuries the Pagan games survived the deities in whose honour they were first instituted. More willing to surrender their antiquated religion than the amusements connected with it, the people could be won over to Christianity only by a compromise which enabled them to incorporate with their new faith many of the festivals and pastimes of Paganism. They took other names indeed; they were baptized anew, and consecrated to saints and martyrs rather than to demigods and heroes; but the populace cared little for form and title, provided they got the kernel—the holiday or festival.

> "And oft, conducted by historic truth,
> We tread the long extent of backward time."

A trite saying of Homer was, "We boast ourselves to be far better men than our fathers." A modern writer reminds us that "we are greater than the ancients, but let us ever remember that we stand upon their shoulders. Will the new Olympic games bring together a greater mass of individual merit than the old? Are we doomed to find that methods and machinery improve, not men? We Englishmen shoot farther and truer than our forefathers. Is it only because we use guns instead of bows?"

The festivals of a nation are potent factors in the education of its people. It is interesting to note how certain festivities and customs have resisted all power to crush them; and they are those which have been handed down from fathers to sons—from Romulus to the present day. For instance, the origin of exchanging wishes or presents on the first day of every new year is traceable to the Sabines. *Strenna* means in Italian "New Year's gift," and is derived from Strena or Strania, the name of a goddess who was the protectress of youth, health, and strength. On the first day of the

year the priests of her temple used to distribute to the people verbena and other plants. The giving of the verbena was always attended with great ceremony. Gradually, as Rome advanced in civilization, this simple *strenna* gave place to flowers, fruit, and cakes, and later to toys, trinkets, and jewelry. Then the consuls threw large sums of money among the people to gain favour, whilst the poor and all inferiors were compelled to give *strennas* to their superiors. Sometimes these gifts consisted of animals, or products of the farm, sometimes of money.

Berry reminds us of another old Roman custom which has survived in Italy to our time—that of giving a supper on New Year's Eve. No lights or fires, however, are lit until midnight, nor is any one allowed to speak. As soon as midnight strikes, however, the house is suddenly illuminated, and every bell in it set ringing. If there be a piano or any other musical instrument in the place, that also is played, whilst every one who can sings or shouts, "*Evviva!*" After this hosts and guests silently count all the silver money they have in their pockets. But no *gold* is shown, for that is an omen of bad luck! Silver, on the contrary, is supposed to bring good luck. Ancient Romans carried this superstition so far as to receive only silver from conquered foes. They would not receive gold. Pliny mentions this custom, and wonders at it. Even Carthage paid its tribute in silver.

Unmarried ladies in ancient Rome used to throw their sandals to a distance. If they fell with the toes directed towards the person of their choice, they would be married within the year. If not—alas! alas! Young ladies in modern Rome still do the same!

The Roman Carnival is a direct descendant of the old Roman festival Saturnalia. During the Saturnalia the world enjoyed, in thought at least, a perfect freedom. Schools were shut and business suspended. Men who had gone to bed as slaves rose, for the time, their own masters. From the *ergastula* and dismal, sunless cages they went forth to ramble in the streets and fields. Liberty of action as well as of speech was allowed them, which they frequently used to proclaim publicly how their masters treated them; nor

did they fail to satirize those vices of their lords to which, on other days, they had to minister. Mirth, riot, and debauchery reigned supreme; slave and noble sat together at the games, and ate at the same table at the public banquets, whilst at this festival only the priests made their sacrifices and offerings with the head uncovered. Thus, by a strange negation of logic, which Symonds calls a prompting of blind conscience, they negatived the philosophic dictum that barbarians were by law of Nature slaves, and acknowledged the higher principle of equality. The Saturnalia stood out for the whole year as a protest in favour of universal brotherhood, and the right of all men alike to enjoy life, after their own fashion, within the bounds that Nature had assigned them.

Presents of all kinds were made at this season, the most common being wax tapers (*funales cerei*), which may possibly have a symbolic reference to the Festival of Waning Light in the season of *bruma*, and the *sigilla*, small statuettes of baked dough or terra-cotta, which may be regarded as a relic of human sacrifice to Saturn, and gave the name to the street Sigillaria.

A modern author asks, "Are these old customs worth maintaining?" He admits that it is open to question whether they did really adorn the past, and asks whether a great deal of the glamour of old customs is not to be accounted for by the fact that they are old. No doubt many of the customs and institutions the rapid decay of which we are in the habit of lamenting nowadays were trivial enough in their infancy, and derive their present charm solely from their incongruity and their suggestiveness of a bygone time. However much the original meaning of an ancient celebration may have been forgotten, the celebration itself appeals pleasantly to the mind. Take an example from almost a mediæval period—curfew—which in some of our churches is still rung, bringing down to our very modern times the unbroken tradition of eight hundred years. Though the bell be unmusical and the observance useless, some of us take an almost personal pride in the performance of the practice. And so these old customs, however quaint and useless, serve to remind us of a past which we could never have known so well without them. They

give us a sense of our heirdom of the ages, and they unite the present with the past in such a way that we are prevented from thinking that the world began with our own generation and will end with it. It is by this quickened sense of historic continuity that we are admonished and humbled and shorn of our modern conceit. A deeper study of the past may lead us to suspect that all the best things of life are as old as life itself.

Inge points out that the transition from public exhibitions to private amusements is not so great as may at first appear. The public bath ought certainly to be classed among the recreations of the Roman populace. It absorbed a very large amount of time in the life of every citizen, and perhaps the greater number indulged in it every day.

That the ladies had innocent amusements is abundantly proved by paintings in the Museum at Naples, where we find them portrayed playing the lyre or sketching a statue. That they spent a great part of their time in the temples is also certain—in fact, the main reason why the worship of Isis was abolished was because the Roman ladies spent hours in pretended celebrations of religious rites, during which time they were completely uncontrolled. Juvenal directed his satire against them, and says that both laws and custom were disregarded, and all sense of morality, and even common decency, was lost throughout Roman society, and gives his reason thus:—

> "Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts
> Pour like a deluge in from foreign parts,
> Since gold obscene and silver found the way
> Strange fashions and strange bullion to convey,
> And our plain, simple manners to betray."

We can well imagine that, with the love of comfort and indolence of the Pompeians, provision was made for means of locomotion without exertion on their own part. It is known that Cicero was riding in a covered *lectica*, or litter, when he was overtaken by his murderers. The *lecticæ* were made of costly wood, embellished with designs in gold, silver, or ivory, and fitted internally with soft

cushions and sumptuous coverlets, the whole fabric being carried on poles on the shoulders of slaves.

The indoor games were pursued, not only for recreation, but also for the purposes of gambling. So intense was the love of the Roman for games of hazard, that Professor Lanciani says that, wherever he has excavated the pavement of a portico, of a *basilica*, of a bath, or any flat surface accessible to the public, he has always found gaming-tables engraved or scratched on the marble or stone slabs, for the amusement of idle men, always ready to cheat each other out of their money.

"Two paintings were discovered in 1876 in a tavern at Pompeii, in one of which are seen two players seated on stools opposite to each other, and holding on their knees the gaming-table, upon which are arranged in various lines several *latrunculi* of various colours—yellow, black, and white. The man on the left shakes a yellow dice-box, and exclaims, '*Exsi!*'—'I am out!' The other one points to the dice, and answers, '*Non tria, duas est!*'—'Not three points, but two!' In the next picture the same individuals have sprung to their feet and show fight. The younger says, 'Not two, but three: I have the game!' whereupon the other man, after flinging at him the grossest insult, repeats his assertion, '*Ego fui!*' The altercation ends with the appearance of the tavern-keeper, who pushes both men into the street and exclaims, '*Itis foris rixsatis!*'—'Go out of my shop if you want to fight!' We may assume as a fact that taverns were frequented more for the facility they offered for heavy gambling, in spite of official prohibition.

"The tables already found belong to six different games of hazard; in some of them, however, the mere chance of dice-throwing was coupled with a certain amount of skill in moving the 'men,' or *tesserœ*. Their outline is always the same. There are three horizontal lines at an equal distance, each line containing twelve signs, thirty-six in all. The signs vary in almost every table; there are circles, squares, vertical bars, leaves, letters, monograms, crosses, crescents, and immodest symbols. The majority of these tables (sixty-five) contain words arranged so as to make a full sentence

with the thirty-six letters. These sentences speak of the fortune and good or bad luck of the game, of the skill and pluck of the players, of the favour or hostility of bystanders and betting-men. Sometimes they invite you to try the seduction of gambling; sometimes they warn you of the risks you incur.

"The table is divided into two sides by a middle line, each half being allotted to one of the partners, and the points of each being marked on the section on the right. The number of dice used was three, being marked with a minimum of one and a maximum of six spots. The most fortunate throw, called *venereus* by Cicero (*De Divin.*, i. 13) and *basilicus* by Plautus (*Curculio*, ii. 379), was when the dice showed three *seniones*, or eighteen spots. The progress of the game was marked on the board by the movement of the men (*latrunculi*) backwards and forwards. The gravity of the losses depended naturally upon the amount of money at stake and the fines that were paid when the dice showed one or more aces.

"It is difficult to explain what skill had to do with such a game. Still, Isidorus describes how inveterate gamblers could succeed in throwing the six and in avoiding the unit. I suspect," adds our authority, "that this skill was not always innocent, and that a heavy particle of lead was, perhaps, concealed on the side of the unit. In a *graffito* at Pompeii an honest player congratulates himself for having gained a good sum of money without fraud."

Tower-shaped dice-boxes were found at Herculaneum, larger below than above, with a spiral staircase inside and a funnel at the top, so that the dice made leaps or cascades before their fall. It was thought that with this precaution cheating was made impossible.

The chess-board, or *abacus*, was of Asiatic invention. Pliny describes one with *tesseræ* (men) brought thence, four feet long and three broad, made out of what he calls two gems, probably glass or laminæ of spar; it was divided by twelve lines (called the *duodena scripta*), on which the men were placed, according to the points thrown by the dice. The twelve lines were intersected by a transverse line called the *linea sacra*, which they did not pass, except under compulsion. When the counters had got to the last line, they were

said to be *ad incitas*, a metaphor for being reduced to extremities. This game was similar to our backgammon, and was one of chance, and quite different in origin and character from the *latrunculi*, which was played with counters. It was certainly intended to represent movements in warfare; whence the squares were termed *polis*, a city, or *chōra*, a region, and the men were termed *milites* or *latrones*. These men were round counters made of pottery, glass, ivory, or bone. They were thirty in number, fifteen of one colour (red), and as many of another (white). How the game was played is no further certain than that it was not chess, and that two men of one colour took (*ceperunt*) one of another, whose move, if it was prevented, was termed *ligatio*. Progression of the game was expressed by *dare* and retrogression by *revocare*. This is probably one of the oldest games in the world, as old as Homer, and is represented in Egyptian tombs.

Another game mentioned by Horace consisted in one person's guessing whether the pieces of money or nuts that his opponent held in his hand were in number odd or even. Children early learnt their love of gambling by games with nuts. One game still popular among Italian boys is to make a pyramidal "castle" with four nuts, three at the base and one at the top, and then to try to knock it down with the fifth nut thrown from a certain distance. The game is represented in two ancient bas-reliefs, one discovered at Ostia, the second in Rome. The second way of playing was to design a triangle on the floor with chalk, subdividing it into several compartments by means of lines parallel with the base: the winnings were regulated according to the compartment in which the nut fell and remained. Italian boys are still very fond of this game, which they call *campana*, because the figure designed on the floor has the shape of a bell: it is played with coppers. Another system was one in which the players placed their nuts in a vase with a large opening. The one who succeeded first in throwing his missile inside the jar would claim the contents.

Not very different from the chance of *pair* and *impair* was the one of betting on which side a piece of money that was thrown up

in the air would come down. The Greeks used for this game a shell, black on one side, white on the other, and called it *νὺξ ἢ ἡμέρα*. The Latins used a copper *as*, with the head of Janus on one face and the prow of a galley on the other, calling it *capita aut navim*. Cheating was possible also in this game of heads and tails. A coin of Nero has been found which had been sawn in two, an uneven piece of iron placed between, and the two halves readjusted, so that the coin was sure of falling on the same side on each throw.

Of the games and exercises, those in which the use of a ball entered appear to have been the greatest favourites, possibly because, thereby exercise was gained which produced bodily health and vigour with grace of movement. There appear to have been four or five different sizes of balls used in the same number of games. The baths and country houses had ball-courts attached to them. Of the balls there were the *larpastum*, used in the *pila trigonalis*, or *trigon*, which answered pretty nearly to our catch-ball, six balls going at one time among three players; *arenaris*, hair-stuffed balls, of varying size and hardness; the *paganica*, stuffed with feathers; and the *follis*, which was an air-blown ball, in its construction similar to our football, but not so hard. It was struck with the hand, and was considered suitable for old gentlemen and children. There is no trace of football, nor of any kind of racquet or bat.

A curious *graffito*, which has been preserved and deciphered as the programme of a match at *pila*, specifies not only the challengers and accepters, but also the markers in the game:—

"*Amianthus, Epaphra, Tertius, ludant cum Hedysio. Jucundus Nolanus petat. Numerent Citus, et Iacus, Amianthus.*"

One of the players here enumerated, Epaphras (a name which, as well as that of Tertius, is familiar to us from a very different source, *viz.* the Epistles of St. Paul), was evidently a leading notability of the tennis-court, in which he could reckon both enemies and admirers. There is a curious illustration of the doubtful position which he occupied in public estimation. A *graffito* preserved by Garrucci addresses him in terms by no means complimentary to his

skill as a player: "*Epaphra, pilicrepus non es!*"—plainly informing him that "he was no 'tennis-player.'" But, fortunately for his reputation, some friend has recalled this depreciatory judgment by drawing a line over the offensive words, which, although thus erased, are still distinctly legible.

The simplest game was where the ball was thrown up and caught and thrown back again by the different players who stood in a circle, changing the direction unexpectedly in order to take the receiver unawares—a game described in the words *datatim ludere.* Another kind of game at ball is described by the words *expulsim ludere.* As to its nature nothing is known; it is possibly identical with an exciting game played by modern Italians, in which the ball, before touching the ground, has to be caught and thrown back with a wooden ring round the under part of the right arm. The *harpastra* employed any number of players, and was a rough, exciting game. Several balls were thrown up into the air by one person, whilst the player standing next tried to catch them.

Myinda was a game of which there appear to have been three varieties,—in the first, one of the players was blindfolded, and, searching for the others, compelled any one whom he caught to be blindfolded in his place (similar to our "blindman's-buff"); in another variety, one player sought for the others, who, while he had his eyes covered, hid themselves, until he found them (clearly this second variety was our "hide-and-seek"); whilst the third form required the blind man to guess the name of any one who touched him or spoke.

It was long before the Greek athletic contests naturalized themselves on Roman soil; and though encouraged by the Emperors, they excited a comparatively languid interest. The contests were arranged in imitation of the Greek πένταθλον, and consisted of running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, or throwing the javelin or quoit.

Field sports were popular. Coursing was perhaps the most common of them, but fishing with both bait and fly was also a favourite amusement. Hunting the wild boar with dogs was much liked too.

Driving in the city was prohibited, except by *triumphators*, higher magistrates, and priests on solemn occasions. (Probably this explains why there were so few stables and coach-houses in Pompeii.) But, for driving outside the city walls and for long journeys, wheeled vehicles were employed. The carriages depicted on monuments, however, were generally of a type employed not so much in private life as in public functions, festive processions, games, or war. Some have two and some four wheels.

The apparatus by which the animals, either horses or mules, were connected with the carriage was quite different from ours—as, in preference to traces, the *jugum*, or yoke, was used, fastened archwise across the neck, and attached in front to the end of a centre-pole. It was only when three or four animals were employed together that the outside ones, called *funales*, drew with traces.

The Romans had some means of hardening the hoofs of horses and mules. When the hoofs were tender or cracked, they were shod with hempen cloth or iron, probably tied on. Nero had his mules shod with silver, and Poppæa's with gold.[1]

Two horses yoked to a carriage were called *bigæ*; three, *trigæ*. Pliny speaks of a chariot drawn by six horses joined together abreast. Nero drove a chariot at one of the Olympic games drawn by ten horses. These *curricula* had only two wheels.

A carriage in which the matrons were carried to games and sacred rites, *pilentum*, had four wheels, and was usually painted in various colours and upholstered with soft cushions. The *plaustrum*, an open carriage for heavy burdens, had two wheels, sometimes four, and was usually drawn by two oxen, but sometimes by asses or mules.

No public provision was made for private travellers, their needs being met by individual enterprise. There were men in most of the Italian cities who let out *rhedæ*, four-wheeled carriages, and *cisia*, light two-wheeled gigs. The offices of these men were placed outside the city gates, and here the bargain was made, either for changing carriages and horses from stage to stage, or for making the whole journey with the same team. The drivers were subject to penalties for careless or dangerous driving.

CHAPTER IX.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE POMPEIANS.

"Where the banner of truth waves unfurled, there you will always find superstition lying in ambush."—PLATEN.

THE religion of early Rome was Paganism in perhaps its most favourable form; it had for its basis the domestic relations, and these it transferred to the relations between man and the object of his worship. Thus the old Romans were governed by a religion of strictest veracity, fidelity, and honour; and this was the foundation upon which the greatness of the old republican time was reared, the whole life of the Constitution depending on it.

The religion of the Roman was in no sense a theology, for it did not teach man what the gods were, but merely the duties which man owed to them, and how he might win their favour. Nor did it make any pretence to know what the gods were in themselves. As it has been well remarked, the gods appeared out of the unseen all-surrounding spiritual world to influence human life; but before the eye of man had caught their form and the heart had drawn near to them, they had sunk back again from sight and touch like a wave into the bosom of the ocean. Professor Wilkins suggests that all the Roman knew of his gods was that the custom of his fathers required him to offer to them prayers and sacrifices at particular times and seasons. To do this was his bounden duty; and holiness, according to the words of Cicero, was the knowledge of the rites which had to be performed. If the proper prayers were offered, and the sacrifices duly paid, a bargain was made with Heaven; the worshipper had done his part of it, and he expected that the gods would then do

theirs. But of any sense of what we now call piety there is hardly a trace to be found. It has been said that the essence of the Greek religion was to do under the sanction of the gods just what a man would have liked to do without it. The spirit of the Roman was almost the very opposite of this—it was rather to do that which one did not like to do, because the gods demanded it.

With the fall of this faith and the introduction of the gods of Oriental and Greek mythology fell also the probity and valour by which the Empire had been won, and eventually the Empire itself. And yet these people of old possessed, as all who are human must possess, an unconquerable yearning for the divine. For a solution of life's sore problem the nations of old took flight from the dreadful realities of their position to ideal realms where fancy rules instead of fact. What their philosophers, their mathematicians, and their historians failed to accomplish was done for them by their national idols—*i.e.* their poets. These wizards of the stylus peopled groves with deities; they sang the praises of dryads secreted in nooks and shrines; they gave to every tree and leaf and flower a portion of that superior existence for which they and their brethren sighed. In a word, they were longing for God, and they sought to find Him. They searched in glens and by the river-banks; they looked up to the stars and around the mountain-tops for a gleam of lost divinity. They sang of heroes whom they elevated to the rank of gods, but the subjects of their songs would never have become immortal had they not echoed the sentiments, the dreams, the longings, of the multitudes looking for something beyond the confines of this world. Gluttony, caprice, extravagance, ostentation, impurity, rioted in the hearts of a society which knew of no other means whereby to break the monotony of its weariness or to alleviate the anguish of its despair.

The general conclusion must be that the heathen world was, ethically as well as religiously, at the point of dissolution; that it had become bankrupt in the matter of religious faith; and that there was no power at hand from which restoration could proceed. The honest and strong hearts which still remained among men and women could no more hope to bear up against the tumultuous flood

of iniquity than a man amidst the rapids of Niagara can check their current, or than one caught in the suction of a whirlpool can fight the force which drags him down.

Rome thus began to crave for a more concrete god than the Capitoline Jove, and found a living and most terrible deity in the person of her Emperor. Earth could offer nothing more divine in the sense of a majesty at once recognized and obeyed, and Paganism did but push its principles to their consequence in deifying the Cæsars.

From the time of Julius and Augustus the Emperor's person, says Bryce, had been hallowed by the office of chief pontiff and the tribunician power. To swear by his head was considered the most solemn of all oaths; his effigy was sacred, even on a coin; to him or to his genius temples were erected and divine honours paid while he lived; and when, as it was expressed, he ceased to be among men, the title of *Divus* was accorded to him after a solemn consecration.

This form of worship was the "Church by law established" of the Empire. Festivals and games were associated with it; and of every one, even "the Julius," it was inexorably required that he should worship the Emperor. Other gods he might neglect without immediate hazard, but the deified Emperor he must adore.

Augustus had taken to himself every title coined, and every magistracy in his person. As Imperator and Consul, he commanded the armies and exercised executive power; as Proconsul, he was supreme in the provinces; as perpetual Censor and Princeps, he reigned over the senate; as Tribune, he was master of the people. And, formerly called Octavius, he had caused himself to be declared Augustus, a sacred god among men, having his temples and his priests, worshipped in his lifetime as a divinity merely deigning to visit the earth. And, finally, he had resolved to be supreme pontiff, annexing the religious to the civil power, and thus by a stroke of genius attaining to the most complete dominion to which man can climb. He spared no effort, for he well realized that human omnipotence, the mastery of mankind and the world, lay in that union of sovereignty, in being both King and Priest, Emperor and

Pope. All the strength of a mighty race, all the victories achieved, all the favours of fortune, were displayed by Augustus in an unique splendour. He was really the master of the world, amidst conquered and pacified nations, encompassed by immortal glory both in literature and in art.

In trying to imagine how the Roman thought and felt, we must allow due importance, says Dr. Grainger, to the constant apprehension of danger. He was beset on all sides by imaginary foes. The restless spirits of the dead, the evil eye of the living, threatened him and his. And the actual harm that overtook him was but an instalment of that against which he had to guard. The destruction caused by lightning seems to have been regarded always as possessed of special meaning, and accounts for a large proportion of the prodigies recorded by Livy. Many of the details related of Jupiter have reference to his character as the god of lightning. The importance of blood in ancient ritual is so great that we are not surprised to find the excited imagination detecting its presence under strange conditions. In times of terror, we are told, the rivers flowed with it, that sometimes it would rain blood, or, when not raining blood, that it rained stones or chalk or milk. Occurrences such as these were regarded as tokens sent by the gods or other spirits to warn men of impending dangers or of the displeasure of these unseen powers. In this way the people were brought into relation with that spirit-world amid which the Roman lived and died. The man of pleasure, who scoffed at the idea of moral retribution for the grossest of crimes, trembled at a serpent in his path. The despot who trampled without scruple on every law, human or divine, would crawl under his bed or into his cellar at the sound of thunder.

Lecky has pointed out that, in the earlier days of Rome, religion was looked upon as a function of the State; its chief object was to make the gods auspicious to the national policy, and its principal ceremonies were performed at the direct command of the senate. Boissier, in his *Archæological Rambles*, says: "It was pretended that morals were much better in the country than in Rome. Tacitus

and Pliny everywhere delight to extol the decent and frugal life of the Italian *municipia*; and to hear them it would appear as though Rome was the rendezvous of all the vices, and virtue began just beyond the walls of Servius. I am very much afraid that there must be in this opinion a little of that illusion which makes us think that we should be far better off everywhere that we are not. At any rate, it was not true of the town we are just studying. Possibly virtue was not found in Rome, but it is certain that Pompeii was not the place to look for it. This charming town is situated in an enchanting country, where everything inclines to voluptuousness, where the velvet-like sheen of the fields, the tepid warmth of the air, the rounded outlines of the mountains, the soft windings of the rivers and the valleys, are so many seductions for the senses, where everything calls to repose, and in which nothing jars."

It was situated near to Naples, already called "lazy Naples" (*otiosa Neapolis*), and its story well justifies the proverb that "idleness is the mother of all vices." It lay opposite to Baiæ, the most beautiful place in the world, but one of the most corrupted—to Baiæ of which Martial says, that the Penelopes who were so unfortunate as to venture thither became Helens. Everything therefore combined to make a sojourn in this country dangerous to virtue; and inscriptions as well as monuments prove to us that the inhabitants of Pompeii had not resisted those powerful seductions of climate and example.

"The age of the Cæsars was emphatically an age of superstition, a time of dreams, divinations, omens, talismans, prodigies, astrology, necromancy, and witchcraft. The streets teemed with the votaries, ministers, and ensigns of foreign gods,—dark-skinned daughters of Isis, with drum and timbrel and wanton mien; devotees of the Persian Mithras, imported by the Pompeians from Cilicia; priests of Berecynthian Cybele, with their wild dances and discordant cries; worshippers of 'the great goddess Diana,' the many-breasted Ephesian Artemis, type of material Nature, so different from the chaste huntress of Greece or the rustic Italian spouse of Dyanus; here and there some barbarian captive or hostage, fresh from the

gloomy rites of Teuton forests or Scandinavian isles; Syrians, Jews, Chaldean astrologers, and Thessalian sorcerers."

Inge has shown how the Roman religion was radically altered by the various foreign elements that became incorporated with it. The gloomy faith of the Etruscans, the genial mythology of the Greeks, the fanatical mysticism of Asia, all left their mark on the liberal religion of the Republic, always ready to tolerate and find room for the various gods of the nations whom the sword of the legions had ejected from their homes. But so long as the Romans were Romans by blood and not by adoption the foundation of the national religion continued firm. Neither imagination nor enthusiasm was congenial to the Roman spirit, and that spirit was faithfully reproduced in the national belief. The moral law as promulgated under the sanction of religion resembled a code rather than deductions from a principle. The services of the gods generally consisted—as has already been said—in a kind of bargaining, in which the worshipper expected to receive full value, generally in kind, for every act of homage and devotion.

Unworthy as this conception of religion was, it was not without its usefulness. The gods were not less truly believed in because their natures were dimly conceived and their attributes were of a character not very exalted. In so far as sacrifice was a means of ensuring the presence and countenance of a deity, it was adopted naturally when prayer was to be made. On entering the temple, the Roman kissed his hand to the image, turned completely round, and prostrated himself. He then touched the altar, and threw a few grains of incense upon the flames. If his prayer was to the gods above, he raised his hands with the palms upwards; if to the gods below, he turned them downwards. A certain sanctity seemed to attach to the knees. The feet and knees of the gods were touched and handled in prayer—perhaps, says Pliny, "because they are the seat of life." The kneeling attitude of the worshipper brought him in contact with the earth of the holy place. It was a kind of prostration, and probably took its rise in the worship of earth, and was then extended to other worships. The story of Antæus gives us a useful

hint: the prostrate devotee renews his strength by contact with the ground.

The vow was a peculiar kind of prayer, remarks Grainger. The worshipper promised certain offerings, provided that the prayers which accompanied the promise were granted. In this way he ensured that his gifts should not fail of their effect. In no respect was the business-like temper of the Roman more obvious than here. The conditions of the vow were recorded upon wax tablets, and sealed as a kind of contract. If the god failed to perform his part, the worshipper was free from his vow; on the other hand, if the prayer was answered, he was bound to carry out his promises. The tablets were hung upon the knees of the god, so that he might be reminded of them continually. Vows were made conditionally upon recovery from disease, upon safe return from a journey, and many other occasions.

If we compare Roman worship with that of the Greeks, we find that it was characterized by a certain dry formalism, and therefore loses somewhat of the brilliant gaiety which the latter knew so well how to give to their sacred functions.

Boissier has pointed out how very difficult it was for a Pagan to forget his gods; for he came upon them everywhere, not only in the temples and places of public resort, which were filled with their images, but in his private dwelling, on the walls of those halls and chambers where he lived with his family, so that they seemed bound up with all the acts of his private life, and he who abandoned them appeared at the same time to break with all the memories and affections of the past. It was on these pictures that the child's first glances rested: he admired ere he understood them; they entered his memory and became mingled with those youthful impressions which are never forgotten.

One of the great sources of strength to the ancient religions—which possessed no sacred books, and were not fixed and held together by doctrines—was their ability to accommodate themselves easily to the opinions and tastes of each successive age. That of Greece sufficed for the needs of centuries, and this is why it lived so

long. From Homer down to the Neo-Platonians it was able to take all forms. Serious at times, at others sportive, always poetic, it served the poets for the purpose of expressing their most varied ideas and their most conflicting sentiments, and allowed philosophers to clothe their most profound doctrines in brilliant colours. At the period we are considering, it bent with its usual suppleness and fertility of resource to the caprice of a society fond of repose and pleasure, rich and assured of the morrow, freed from serious political cares, and left only with that of passing life gaily—a society which loved to represent itself under the image of its gods, and idealize its own pleasures by attributing them to the inhabitants of Olympus.

The dawn of the Christian era was felt even in Rome; the new faith could not be hidden or excluded. Indeed, we are told that the city offered to the Christians' God a place in her Pantheon, within whose precincts were found the lowest depths of infidelity, of sensualism, and of crime. Public morality was apparently at its extreme ebb. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, strongly denounced the prevailing evils; whilst the poet Juvenal was equally severe when he wrote, "Succeeding generations can only imitate our vices; they cannot add to them."

Two phases sum up the characteristics of Roman civilization in the days of the Empire—heartless cruelty, and unfathomable corruption. The upper classes were "destitute of faith, yet terrified at scepticism." They had long learnt to treat the current mythology as a mass of worthless fables, but they were the ready dupes of every wandering quack who chose to assume the character of a *mathematicus* or a *mage*.

At the summit of the whole decaying system—necessary, yet detested—elevated indefinitely above the very highest, yet living in dread of the very lowest, oppressing a population which he terrified, and terrified by a population which he oppressed—was an Emperor raised to the divinest pinnacle of autocracy, yet conscious that his life hung upon a thread—an Emperor who, in the terrible phrase of Gibbon, was at once a priest, an atheist, and a god.

Augustus, a grand historical figure, though himself a Pagan,

and whose proudest title was *Pontifex Maximus*, made serious efforts to arrest the evil tendencies towards atheism and immorality which had been gathering strength since the time of the civil war. With considerable shrewdness he gave encouragement to the deification of his uncle, for Julius Cæsar had openly proclaimed himself a descendant from Venus, to whom he dedicated a temple under the title of *Genitrix*, the Ancestress. This assumption of a divine origin bore fruit after his decease, for he received the unprecedented distinction of burial within the walls, and a shrine was erected over his remains, which was afterwards converted into a temple, whilst his soul was said to have been received into the heavens. The appearance of a blazing star or comet, which was visible for seven days during the continuation of the games instituted by Augustus in honour of Julius Cæsar, caused the common people to believe that the portent indicated his reception among the gods.

On the death of Augustus the senate was not indisposed to gratify the general sentiment by pretending formally to enrol him among the denizens of Olympus, whilst Numericus Atticus, one of the senators, willing to convert the adulation of the times to his own benefit, received a large sum of money for swearing that he saw him ascending into heaven. No doubt therefore remained among the people concerning his divinity.

Against this frightful enthroned wickedness came the then unrecognized power of Christianity—a new, unlawful, despised religion, coming out of the East, and undertaking to change and vitally renew the moral life of the Empire. A child offering to stop with his breath the blast of the tornado, and to force it upwards into the air, would hardly have seemed more audacious in his challenge than did this new religion in the work it undertook. Christianity conquered because, as Mr. Lecky says, it united with its distinctive teaching a pure and noble system of ethics, and proved itself capable of realizing it in action; it produced more heroic actions and formed more upright men than any other creed; it transformed the character of multitudes, vivified the cold heart by a new enthusiasm, redeemed, regenerated, and emancipated the most depraved of mankind. There

was but one man beside the Christian who would not bow the knee in worship to Cæsar; he was the Jew.

It has been contended, and many still believe, that in ancient Rome the doctrine of Christ found no proselytes except among the lower and poorer classes of citizens. That is certainly a noble picture which represents the new faith as exploring the haunts of poverty and slavery, seeking to inspire faith, hope, and charity in the occupants; to transform them from mere chattels into human beings; to make them believe in the happiness of a future life, to alleviate their present sufferings; to redeem their children from shame and servitude; and to proclaim them equal to their masters. But the Gospel, says Lanciani, found its way also to the mansions of the masters; nay, even to the palace of the Cæsars.

A thoroughly cosmopolitan city, all forms of faith were tolerated in Pompeii; but true religious worship there was none. The temples were maintained with great splendour, and the ritual was carried out with extreme minuteness. The greatest deity was Olympian Jove, whom the Romans had inherited from the Greeks. Yet even Jove was believed in only by the lower orders. Horace has it that they believed Jove reigned because he thundered. Janus was one of the most important and widely-worshipped gods of the Romans. To him was ascribed the origin of all things, the succession of years, the alternation of the seasons, the vicissitudes of fortune, the continuance of the human race and its progress in agriculture, art, and religion. As the god of beginnings, the first day of each month, and particularly the first days in the year, were sacred to him. As the keeper of the gate of heaven, whence the sun issues, he was invoked at the beginning of each day. Ovid records his opinion that the gods were made by the poets; Seneca, that "the gods are an ignoble crowd"; and Martial preferred "the favour of Cæsar to that of Jupiter." What wonder, then, that Gibbon should be enabled to say, "The philosopher believed every religion false; the people believed all religions to be equally true"? By this he meant no doubt that in the common mind the religious instinct is indestructible, and wells out under every possible phase of social being, filling the

individual with a vague terror, and also a vague hope to propitiate the anger dreaded. The operation of this instinct in a corrupt age results in superstition, and so it came to pass that an age intellectually debased and sensualized was one which readily grasped at the counterfeits and cheats with which false religions were ever ready to beguile the fears of men.

Machiavelli, whose testimony on such a point may be supposed to be impartial, and whose perspicacity is undoubted, held that one great secret of Rome's success in better times was its religious spirit in acting under and with a sense of the support of its deities. In the imperial days before the destruction of Pompeii, the ruling class were less obedient and had less faith. But they felt that to show a decorous respect to religion and to identify with it the established government strengthened the latter and gave it a deeper and stronger basis.

From disbelief in the gods of their own mythology, and because ignorance must be fed by superstition, foreign gods were constantly taking the place of the national in the Roman system; moreover, "as if the worship of the gods of Rome was not vile enough, as if the adoration of Bacchus, Venus, and Fortune did not already overstep the bounds of debauchery, these foreign religious rites vied with one another in infamy and wickedness, till the very heathens themselves suppressed them one by one, perceiving that they were sapping the very life-blood and energy of the people. And thus it was that the maintenance of a creed supported only by pandering to the vices of its devotees led more and more to the depravity of the nation, ruined the self-respect of the people, and hurried on the decline of the Empire."

Of the many temples of Pompeii the finest was the Temple of Isis. Isis was a celebrated Egyptian deity. Her festivals, having become very licentious, were forbidden by the Roman Senate 58 B.C.; but they were restored by the Emperor Commodus. Mr. Marriott says this worship of Isis in Pompeii indicates the natural proclivity of a cultured age, in its luxurious decline, to assume for fashion's sake the customs, philosophies, and ornamentations of a former

epoch. But, beyond this instance of the Roman Empire, already creeping past its zenith, patronizing the rites of an ancient Egyptian deity, there seems also to be indicated the existence of Egyptians themselves, or at least of their descendants, in Pompeii, instilling their ancient creeds into the minds of the frivolous world of that day, who took up this worship as the latest and most artistic "cult"; and that this is probable is seen by the way in which many of the houses are decorated with ornamentation in the fresco-work essentially Egyptian, with such birds as the ibis, and with peculiar shapes in the borders not characteristic of any other country. The emotional and mythological element of such cults degenerated into orgiastic or immoral rites, the object of which was to produce violent excitement rather than to impart knowledge or elevate the soul.

In such high repute was the worship of Isis that the wealthy devotees even sent to the Nile for its water, so that they might sprinkle it over the altars of the goddess. A statuette of Isis was found in the portico of her temple. Within the side-doorways were secret stairs, leading to the hollow pedestals for statues, where the priest hid and delivered the oracles as if they proceeded from the statue of the goddess herself. We need not dwell on the nature of the forms of worship of Isis, Osiris, and Serapis. But there seem to be three points worthy of notice: unlike the old Roman faith, they were directed by priesthoods forming a caste quite distinct from the people; their object was the excitement of religious emotion; but, like it, their connection with morality was slight, and they did little to help the worshipper to a purer and nobler life.

"At Pompeii nothing has changed since the awful day when Vesuvius waked from his immortal stupor and in one terrific outburst effaced the cities at his feet. This it is that so impresses the mind: the sight of a city paralyzed while in full health, of a city that fell asleep, of a time when Jupiter and Mercury, Isis and Venus, were the deities to whom all addressed their prayers, to whom all turned for help, deities whose divinity it was blasphemy to doubt; and that woke to find these deities passed by and gone, even as a generation of mortals passes by and vanishes—nay, more,

for the mortals did at least once exist and the gods are now said never to have existed at all, save in the imagination of their worshippers. Can any parallel be found for a change so sudden and so stupendous as this? That countless generations of mortals should have come and gone—that is nothing; it is their appointed lot. But that the Immortals, the Great Gods themselves, should have perished in the interval—that shakes the very foundation of all faith. And yet there must have been some men in Pompeii whom it could not have greatly surprised. Look at the bronze image of Diana found in the Temple of Apollo,[1] and observe her fine inspired expression; she used to utter oracles, and worshippers vowed they even saw her eyes move; the priests of the temple, with pious fervour, sang her praises, and the people shouted, 'Great is Diana!'

"But let us look more closely, as we can, now she is no longer standing on an altar. Did not the priests know of this speaking-tube leading from the back of her inspired head? And were they unaware that her eyes were of glass, and could be moved by strings passed through two small holes beneath the shoulders? Were they really the hypocrites and impostors that these things seem to show; and did they stoop so low as to teach the people as truth things they knew to be false? See, too, the statue of Isis found in her temple; she also delivered oracles from her place on high at the back of the sanctuary. But what can be the object of these two holes, one at either end of the raised altar on which she stood, just large enough for a man to creep through and find space to stand upright in, with a small opening at the top close to the statue of the goddess? Could the voice of the oracle have come from the opening, and not from the lips of the Immortal?"

Diana was worshipped by fugitive slaves. As goddess of secrecy

[1] "Dr. T. Lauder Brunton draws our attention to the interesting fact that the statue of Diana has the same peculiar grin upon the face that you find in the Ægina Marbles, and it has the attitude, somewhat modified, of an Egyptian statue with the foot advanced, although the hands are not held rigidly at the side. We find the intermediate stage between the Diana and the Egyptian statue in the Apollo of Tegra in the Egyptitic at Munich."

and of sorcery she would be the patroness of witches and wizards, of those who shunned the day and intercourse with mankind. Minions of the moon, all the Children of the Night were under her protection. Leland suggests "that it is pleasant to think that, in ages when there was such enormous oppression of the unfortunate, the victims had, if not a god, at least a goddess to whom they could pray."

"These *local* religions lasted for a while as a reality, and lingered some time longer as survivals; but they could not long satisfy the wants of mankind, for they laid down no rule of conduct and raised neither hope nor fear for the future. This curious phenomenon of the worship of the Cæsars, which rapidly spread over the whole Empire, mingling with or superseding the older religious forms, showed that the world was open to a new and real religion; it put the finishing touch to the destruction of the old local worships; it established a connection between the government of the world and its religion; it was in a certain sense the foreshadowing of the acknowledgment of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire."

"Paganism," writes Dr. Farrar, "again and again wrestled with Christianity and put forth all its force. It strove to rival the new faith by ritual splendour and orgiastic rites and the extreme sensuality of superstition. It strove to put forth Pythagoras or Socrates or Apollonius of Tyana as parallels to Christ, and Stoicism and Neo-Platonism as substitutes for the truths of the Gospel. It kindled its expiring lamps with sparks from the incorruptible fountain of wisdom, and turned its back on the Sun of Righteousness, from which they were derived. Waging deadly war against all who called themselves Christians, it tried to burn them at its stakes, to crucify them on its countless gibbets, to devour them by its herds of wild beasts, or at least to daunt them by its horrible tortures. On every field Christians met and conquered them with the two sacred and invincible weapons of martyrdom and innocence. These obscure sectaries—barbarians, Orientals, Jews, slaves, artisans—fought against the indignant world, and won; they

ennobled and purified the world. Wrestling with the Pagan curse of corruption, they made pure the homes, and the conversation, and the amusements, and the literature, and the inmost hearts of all who faithfully accepted the truths they preached. Wrestling with the curse of cruelty, they suppressed infanticide, they sanctified compassion, they put down the cruel and ghastly scenes of human slaughter in the amphitheatre, they made the wretched and the sick and the outcast their special care, they encircled the brow of sorrow with the aureole of sanctity. Wrestling with the curses of slavery and selfish exclusiveness, they taught the inalienable rights of humanity, they confronted tyranny, they inspired nations with the spirit of liberty, they flung over the oppressed a shield of adamant, they taught that all men were the children of God. Intellectually, socially, politically, in national life and in individual life, in art and in literature, Christianity has inspired all that the world has seen of what is best and noblest, and still offers to the soul of every man the purest hope, the divinest comfort, the loftiest aspirations. .

"The abolition of slavery among Christian nations; the extinction of gladiatorial games and the cruel shows of the amphitheatre; war rendered more merciful; womanhood honoured and elevated; childhood surrounded with an aureole of tenderness and embraced in the arms of mercy; education extended; marriage sanctified; the bonds of serfdom broken; hospitals built; the eternal and inalienable rights of man everywhere asserted; pity for the prisoners; compassion even to the animal world; the Gospel preached to the poor,—these are some of the *Gesta Christi*, some of the triumphs of Christianity"

Side-lights have shown how intense was the hatred, that permeated all ranks of society, towards the Christians in the Roman Empire. Tacitus and Suetonius, Lucian and Aristides, attest it, and still more fully does the shout of the mob, "*Christianos ad leones!*" How early it developed itself is evident from the policy of Nero, who sought to avert the rabble's fury from himself owing to a great disaster by offering up to it these unhappy sectaries, and continued the procedure as a permanent measure under the form of a general

prosecution of Christians as a sect dangerous to the public safety. The Christians, as offspring of the Jews, came in for the same aversion which that race has always met with in the Western hemisphere, with the addition that they did not receive the time-honoured position and secular privileges of the followers of Moses. Mommsen has shown how the conviction that the Christian secret meetings were orgies of lewdness and mediums of every crime got hold on the popular mind with all the terrible vehemence of aversion that resists all argument and heeds not refutation. Tacitus excused the Emperor who condemned the Christians ("members of the new and noxious sect") for false crimes—among others, magical arts, incendiarism, interference with family life, with the relation of husband and wife, parent and child—by admitting their baseness of conduct without requiring it to be proved.

On the other hand, it seems only fair to state that Paganism was the keystone of Roman policy, and the *Roma communis omnium patria* the political symbol of their political union. This foundation was sapped, this symbol rejected by the Christians. The severing of the nationality from the creed, the basing of religion on humanity, is the very essence of Christian teaching; the mighty words, "There is no difference between Jew and Greek, between slave and freeman," are the political and social negation of the established order; whilst the contempt of the *dii publicis populi Romani* was in itself high treason, so that it was a sheer impossibility in principle for any Roman statesman to accord even toleration to those guilty of it. Mommsen very aptly compares Christianity at this stage with republican opinion in a monarchical country. There is nothing morally to blame in it; nothing inconsistent with the highest views of patriotism and public duty; nevertheless, even the most liberal monarchy cannot acknowledge a republican party. Self-defence rules the world. As long as Imperial Rome continued its stay in the Eternal City and maintained the conditions of national government, it rightly regarded the Christian creed as its slayer.

In a later epoch we find the Christians increasing in number and influence, confronted in literature by Pagan writers of high standing,

and victorious in the end. The great final result of the Roman Government, the union of all the widely different nations under it in a uniform body of *Cives Romani*, required, in replacement of their different creeds, a religion adapted to the new order of things in the United Empire; and thus the Christian religion became the religion of civilized humanity, the destroyer of the Roman religion, its substitute and its heir.

No Christian Church has been found in Pompeii, but it is quite likely, as Bulwer Lytton represents, that there were Christians in the city, who were objects of scorn and hatred.

Bells were used by the Romans to call to the sacrifice. They were employed to notify a departure from this life, doubtless from a belief that the sound frightened away evil spirits. It is singular that the same impression in regard to church bells and the fairies still exists. The "passing bell" of the Church is partly founded on the same superstition. Bells were used in the early Christian Church, as they had been before used in the Pagan temples, to gather the faithful together. This was done in the fifth century by St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania. They would no doubt have been used prior to this period had not persecution rendered silence necessary. Another motive, however, for their introduction was the belief that the soul of the departed might be benefited by the prayers of the faithful. Bells were employed to give warning when the public baths were opened or closed. They were used during visible eclipses of the moon, which were thought to be the effect of magic, and were suspended at the doors of apartments to summon servants.

The priests of the Roman religion did not form a separate class; they were in no way the teachers of the people, no special training being needed. Their duty consisted only of performing the sacrifices due to the gods according to the traditional rites. In the temple the priest pronounced from a book the prayers, which the people recited, standing towards the east with their heads veiled. He began, as the Greek priests did, with the admonition "*Εὐχώμεθα*"—"*Oremus*," "Let us pray." The people invoked the gods by name;

and the ignorant, to avoid mistakes, were accustomed to add, "*Sive tu Deus es, sive tu Dea*"—"Whether you are a god, or whether you are a goddess."

According to Petiscus the most important part of worship in antiquity was the *sacrifice*, which was offered on the altar to the god by the priest. Sacrifices were the tribute which man paid to the gods for those gifts first received from them. They were therefore inseparable from primitive worship, which was founded on the supposition that the gods are beings like to men and demand as their due part of all natural produce. The husbandman would offer harvested corn, the herdsman firstlings of his flock, the merchant treasures from abroad, and the warrior spoils won on the field. The poet, the artist, and the athlete would dedicate their prizes in the temples and shrines of those gods to whom they considered that they owed success.

As to the ritual of these services, it was, according to Professor Wilkins, for the most part bright and simple. There was not, on the one hand, any deep sense of sin that needed atonement, such as meets us in some of the Greek beliefs, or any desire for moral purity and growth. The blessings which were sought were mainly such as would lead to wealth and comfort in this life. But, on the other hand, there was little terror or gloom in the worship. It consisted mainly in songs and dances, followed by a sacrifice to the gods; and this really meant a feast to the worshippers, which would give them a welcome change from their usual vegetable diet. When those who were taking part in the worship had bathed and robed themselves in their snow-white *togas*, and placed on their heads garlands of the leaves sacred to the god in whose honour they were gathered, a crier bade all keep silence, and the piper, whose presence was indispensable at any solemn sacrifice, blew a strain on his pipes. All present veiled their heads; the sacrificer repeated a prayer, dictated by the priest; and the victim, adorned with garlands and ribbons, was led to the altar. Thrice incense and salted meal were sprinkled on its head; it was then killed by the attendant, and the blood caught in a basin and poured upon the

altar. The interior of the body was again sprinkled with incense, wine, and meal, and burnt in the flames.

A temple, in the restricted sense of an edifice set apart for the worship of the gods, consisted essentially of two parts only—a small apartment or sanctuary for receiving the image of the god, and an altar standing in front of it, upon which was placed the offering of the suppliant. The general form—whether circular, square, or oblong, whether covered with a roof or open to the sky, whether plain and destitute of ornament or graced by stately colonnades with elaborately-sculptured friezes and pediments—according to Professor Ramsay, depended entirely upon the taste of the architect and the liberality of the founders, but in no way increased or diminished the sanctity of the building. It was by no means essential that all edifices erected for public worship should be temples. Thus the Ædes Vestæ, perhaps the most holy shrine in the religion of the Roman, was not a temple. Whenever circumstances permitted, a temple was built east and west—the opening opposite to the sanctuary being on the west side, so that those who stood before the altar with their eyes fixed upon the god looked towards the east. In those temples that were unroofed some form of *velarium*, or awning, made of textile material, would be drawn across, to keep out sun or shower.

The temples, the same writer informs us, were not only used as places of worship, but as picture-galleries, as museums of statuary and precious objects. The people loaded the statues of their gods with valuable ornaments, and decorated the walls with hangings of every hue and description.

The Temple of Apollo was highly celebrated for its oracles, since this deity was especially the god of prophecy. Here the medium would be a priestess, who, while in a state of ecstasy, uttered the oracles, which were incomprehensible to ordinary people, and were translated by the priests, who usually gave the answer in poetic form, and mystically arranged that the verse should have a twofold meaning. Prayer and sacrifice preceded the sacred ceremony: goats were chiefly offered. This would be the temple mostly attended by the Greek settlers and slaves.

At the Temple of Jove or Jupiter, who was the chief deity of the Romans, the god revealed his will or the events of the future by signs instead of words, which the priest had to interpret. It is probable that those who desired an oracular answer had to hand in their questions, scratched upon a tablet. If we are to judge of the answers which have been found in some of the excavations, the questions did not always have a religious import. Thus a person enquires whether a child which his wife is about to bear is really his own; another enquires whether it would be profitable to rear sheep; a third asks who has stolen the cushions he has lost.

The Temple of Æsculapius was dedicated to the god of medicine. His worship was adopted by the Romans from the Greeks. The priests practised the healing art with the knowledge in part handed down from the god himself, and in part due to divine revelation, which was said to be continually renewed.

Enough has been said to illustrate the religious rites of the Pompeians. The ruins of their temples, their altars, and their relics are still preserved to us. "The sound of music no longer floats through their pillared aisles; the victim no longer bleeds on the altar; the crowds of excited worshippers have ceased to bend before the marble image of their fabulous divinity; the old creed has died out, the old worship passed away; and the gods of Egypt, Greece, and Rome are but as vain shadows, which the brush of the artist and the pen of the scribe seek at times to recall to a transient life."

SUPERSTITION.—Cicero spoke only too truly when he said that the mind which is haunted by superstitions can never be at peace. The world will never make the most of its chances of happiness until it has learnt to separate rigidly between that which is and that which is not. Men have not shed their ignorance as fast as they have grown into fresh knowledge; their encasement of superstition has not been cast away before they have tried to fit themselves with the armour of truth. The infinite variety of human character as it is known to us, forcing itself as it does on our notice with its loves, its ambitions, jealousies, despair, with its torpidity and its energy,

does not satisfy us, and so we weave for ourselves gossamer existences outside the world we understand, and play with shadows, ghosts, witches, and omens. All things that are unreal and impossible have a fascination for many minds, often far beyond the charms of whatever is present and tangible; they love the companionship of dreams that are compounded of stuff that is unearthly.

It has been well said that there never was a nation which from its very beginning stood at a high level of mental culture. Nations, like individuals, are not born educated and experienced; the latent power of the mind must be gradually developed during childhood and youth. So our primitive forefathers, when they felt that they were surrounded by forces mightier than themselves, simply allowed their minds to invent beings vastly superior to themselves, who put forth and controlled those forces. As in their own sphere they knew nothing higher than man, they thought of their gods as individuals almost perfect and more powerful than themselves, and thus arose the practice of exalting men to the rank of gods and paying them divine honour, each claiming his proper tribute of worship, love, and fear. All natural occurrences, says Petiscus, were ascribed to one or other of these mighty mysterious existences, and, with a thrill of veneration, men strove to win their kindly favour by services and gifts such as they would be likely to approve.

It is in this way that we derive that mass of legendary lore which teaches us what the ancients thought about the creation of the universe, the phenomena of Nature, the gods, and the heroes. These ideas took different forms, according to the condition and stage of culture of the ancient people among whom they were current. Such stories, like the nations to which they belonged, underwent a long process of change, and at intervals attempts were made to invent new meanings corresponding more nearly to the stage of contemporary culture. The farther mythology advanced on this path, the more was the real origin of the gods forgotten, and the more spiritual did the conception of them become. More and more of the old stories and beliefs had to be given up, to reappear with an habiliment of newer legends, and from this arose contradictory

versions, confused and whimsical interpretations, which could not fail to result in the break-up and downfall of Paganism.

One of the most instructive lessons taught to us by the story of the Roman life is, says Baring-Gould, the difficulty, the impossibility, of establishing a moral law without religion. Augustus cast about for means of regeneration after the pattern of high honour, moral purity, and severe simplicity. He tried to restore the old healthy tone of the early Republic by enactments, but law could not effect what he desired. He appealed to patriotism; he appealed to the antiquarian sense; and then, when these proved inadequate, to religion. But religion was dead; it was without moral force; it was a sentiment, a superstition; it was no revelation. Not till the time of Juvenal—as shown by his grand thirteenth Satire—did men reach a solid basis; and not till the torch of Christianity was held aloft was the conscience enlightened and instructed. Every motive for a good life had been suggested, and, save in a few individual instances, none had succeeded. In the distress of men seeking for a basis of principle on which life might be ruled, Christianity found the minds of many ripe for its reception. That at last was given without which the world had staggered on in growing doubt and yet eager desire—a revealed moral code strong enough to restrain passion, lofty enough to raise man to meet God face to face, sharp enough to mould his heart and mind, and powerful enough to transform and regenerate society.

There are people who think that our first parents were tainted with superstition; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that the serpent was regarded, at this early period, as something more than an ordinary earthly reptile. If they looked with suspicion on the serpent, it is natural to suppose that their children would learn to view this creeping creature as endowed with supernatural powers, by which it could bring about evil, or perhaps good. The augur pretended, according to Grant, to foretell future events by appearances in the heavens, such as thunder and lightning, from the singing or flight of birds, from the feeding of fowls, from the movements of quadrupeds, and from uncommon accidents. The birds, which gave omens chiefly

by sound, were ravens, crows, owls, and cocks—and even feeding chickens (*pulli*). The eagle, the heron, and the dove were esteemed as heralds of good; while the owl, the swallow, and the jay were regarded as inauspicious. The eagles and vultures gave omens by flight. Omens coming from the left were generally regarded as lucky.

Drawing of lots was frequently employed by those wishing to pry into futurity. It was supposed to be lucky to be born under a certain star, and unlucky to come into the world under another. Astrologers were consulted regarding one's natal hour. Fortune-tellers and books of fate were resorted to on the most trivial occasions. Great attention was paid to dreams, and persons of disordered mind were supposed to possess the faculty of presaging events. Omens of futurity were also drawn from the appearance of the entrails of animals offered in sacrifice to the gods. The priests and others, when engaged in acts of piety or important business, took care, when turning, to move to the right. The use of charms and incantations originated in the worship of the heathen gods.

The Roman astrologers, in reading the heavens, had recourse to a semicircle which they called Position, by which they represented the six great circles passing through the intersection of the meridian and horizon, and dividing the equator into twelve equal parts. The spaces included between these circles were styled the Twelve Houses, which referred to the twelve triangles marked in their theme, placing six of these houses above and six underneath the horizon. The first of the houses under the horizon towards the east they named the House of Life; the second, the House of Wealth; the third, the House of Brothers; the fourth, the House of Parents; and so on to the twelfth house, each having reference to a particular subject. All matters relating to diseases, marriage, death, religion, honour, friendship, and woe could be foretold by astrologers.

Amulets and charms were in great variety and held in high estimation, chiefly on account of their supposed virtue in exciting or conquering the passion of love, or preserving the wearers from misfortune or disease.

The belief in the baneful effect of the "evil eye" and of envious

commendations was very prevalent. Virgil's shepherd attributed to the malicious glance of an enemy the diseased appearance of his flock. Pliny relates that the Thessalian sorcerers destroyed whole harvests by speaking well of the crops. The priests used their lustral water for sprinkling and purifying the people. The *Dies Lustricus*, or Lustral Day, was a day of great ceremony. The child on such occasions was handed backwards and forwards around a fire on the altars of the gods; after that it was sprinkled with the water mixed with dust. There were public lustrations for purifying cities, fields, or people defiled by crime or impurity.

The Romans had great belief in Brizo, the goddess of visions. Pliny and others attached immense importance to dreams. Xenophon remarks, that in sleep the souls of men appear to be more unfettered and divine than when the eyes are not closed in slumber and are unable to look into futurity. Socrates, Cicero, and others express belief in the prophetic powers occasionally manifested by the dying.

Lord Lytton speaks of "the influence of the evil eye," and how the superstition flourished in Naples even amongst ladies of the very highest rank. He remarks that the *malus oculus* was not always different from the eyes of other people; but persons, especially of the fairer sex, with double pupils to the organ were above all to be shunned and dreaded. The novelist facetiously remarks that in all countries, even in the North, the eye has ever been held the chief seat of fascination; but nowadays ladies with a single pupil manage the work of destruction pretty easily—so much do we improve upon our forefathers! Writing sixty years afterwards, the charming American authoress Clara Erskine Clement asks, What Neapolitan from the lowest to the highest is not superstitious? The belief in the evil eye, fascination, *jettatura*, is all-prevailing, she adds. The theory is that certain people have the quality of fatal fascination, and exert it, both intentionally and involuntarily, against any person or object on which they cast their eye. How to avoid this danger is a serious problem; and so sincere is the belief in this power and its prevalence that almost every ill that can possibly happen is attributed to the evil eye. Children are thought to be especially susceptible

to this influence, and no matter how scantily clothed and fed the little Neapolitans may be, they have, almost without exception, some sort of an amulet to protect them from the *jettatura*. If one loses anything, it is supposed that a *fascinator* has cast an eye on it; or if a fragile article falls and is broken, it has been done by the power of the *jettatore*: in fact, no one who accepts this theory can be comfortable without the proper amulet or charm, which performs its office by fixing the attention of the evil eye, and thus receiving the fatal glance which would be so dangerous to the wearer of the amulet.

These amulets have various forms, the most common being the horn of an antelope or its antlers, a sprig of rue, a crescent moon with a face in it, and very frequently there is a hand with the index and little finger extended and the other fingers doubled down. The charms are made of coral, silver, or gold, and are worn in some conspicuous place about the person. Amulets in the form of horns and crescents are put on animals as they are taken to be blessed on St. Anthony's Day, when the certificate of the blessing is tied on the creature, to remain as long as the wear and tear of its life permit.

A most curious and interesting amulet is made of silver and called the *cimaruta*—a sprig of rue—which combines seven different symbols. The rue was called the "herb of grace" in ancient days, and various magical qualities were ascribed to it—as in *Paradise Lost*, when the Archangel Michael wished to have Adam clear of sight: "Then purged with euphrasy and rue the visual nerve, for he had much to see." The sprig of rue may be said to make the foundation of the *cimaruta*; and combined with it is the serpent—at once the symbol of wisdom and of healing, as well as of evil. Evil it has symbolized for many ages and among many people. But, as the sign of Æsculapius, it was doubtless deemed to possess the quality of healing, when used in this wonderful amulet. The half-moon stood, no doubt, for luck, as it is does all over the world—even among ourselves, when we curtsey to it and endeavour to give it our right shoulder or turn our silver over as we see it. The key and the heart are symbolical of prudence and affection; whilst the hand grasping

a horn—which frequently makes an amulet with no other combination—is to suggest strength holding fast on luck, of which the horn has long been the sign.

It is curious to note that not one of these emblems is essentially Christian. Although the serpent is sometimes placed beneath the feet of the Virgin Mary, it symbolized evil in the earliest ages; and though the key is now given to St. Peter, it was also in the hands of Isis and Diana. It is probable that the entire form of this amulet is an absolute survival from ante-Christian days.

Two other amulets of similar character, the *sirena*, i.e. the siren, and the *cavallo marino*, or sea-horse, are much in favour with Neapolitan peasants. As Naples was founded by and bore the name of the siren Parthenope, it is fitting that her likeness should be thought to protect one from evil; and the figure of a crowned siren who holds her two fishy tails in her hands, so that the fins on the ends are above her head, while five little tinkling bells hang beneath her, is a representation that suggests Parthenope with all needful exactness. The sea-horse amulet is also a relic of past ages, since one was found at Herculaneum, and the horse itself is frequently repeated in the pictures of Pompeii. There are amulets shaped like the sea-horse alone with its customary fish-tail; others have winged horses, with little bells hung below, as in the *sirena*. The most elaborate of all have a siren seated on two winged horses; the heads being turned to the right and left, the two backs coming together afford a sort of cradle-seat to the goddess, the wings rising on each side of her—she holds her tails high above her head, as usual, and a bell is hung in the mouth of each horse, while a third is suspended from the bottom of the amulet.

The gestures of the Neapolitans make a language almost as expressive as speech. Every emotion has its appropriate sign; they convey the expression of their admiration, defiance, or any other feeling by the use of the hand only. The most common gesture is that in which the hand has the index and little finger extended and the rest bent downwards. That it has long been in use is proved by its representation in Pompeian pictures. The modern Neapolitan

uses this gesture incessantly,—first and foremost when he sees a person whom he believes might, could, would, or should cast the evil eye upon him; also if he receives a letter, message, or telegram that disturbs him. If a slight accident happens, he makes it at the person who chances to be nearest to him; or he makes it if he is jostled, or if any one steps on his toe, or even if he sees a person looking at him in the street.

To such an extent was the practice of necromancy carried in the time of Nero that an edict of banishment was published against all magicians, but the practice lost nothing of its popularity. On the contrary, the very semblance of persecution appeared to give it increased vitality, for a spirit of rivalry was established between magicians and the priests who officiated in the temples of Æsculapius, which were still famous for miraculous cures, while both were sustained by the entire faith of the people. Credulity performed the office of faith, and thus an unresisting acquiescence in supernatural agencies characterized the first age of Christianity.

"Religion," Max Müller tells us, "is the perception of the infinite; and the definition would cover superstition too. We delight in travelling with surmise, clear thought being left behind, into the region of shadows and unrealities. It is when the blur of the later evening descends upon the mountains that they loom large, solemn, and brooding over us, and the superiority with which we singled out every spur of rock in the sunlight shrinks in us. So the twilight of superstition has its own attractions, and perhaps its uses."

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE, DIVORCE, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

"Whichever you do, you will regret it."—SOCRATES.

TO the Roman, marriage was a religious obligation which he owed alike to his ancestors and to himself. Believing that the happiness of the dead in another world depended on their proper burial, and on the periodic renewal by their descendants of prayers and feasts and offerings for the repose of their souls, it was his duty above all things to perpetuate his race and his family cult. A *justum matrimonium*, or true marriage, could be made only between Roman citizens (for the woman also reckoned as *civis Romana*) of the legal age, not too nearly related, and with the full approbation of the fathers who might hold *patria potestas* over the bridal pair. The marriageable age, fixed by law at fourteen for the husband and twelve for the wife, was practically later, for the boy was never married until he had received the gown of manhood, the girl rarely before fifteen or sixteen. The forbidden degrees of relationship originally included all within the sixth, which was carrying the limit still further back than those tables of the law which adorn the walls of old English parish churches, and whose prohibitions begin with the statement that a man may not marry his grandmother. These degrees of relationship included all for which the Latin language had names, and all which had the *jus osculi*—that is, within which it was allowable for man and woman to kiss. Polygamy was entirely prohibited.

On the authority of Plutarch, it appears that the ancient Romans did not marry συγγενίδας—that is, if we may render it so,

women of the same *gens*, persons bearing the same name and accounted of the same stock. No man could marry a woman of the same clan-name with himself. This exogamous prohibition still prevails in China and among the Hindoos. It is certainly clear that Romans did not marry women connected with them by blood. It was long before they intermarried with cousins. It is suggested that these early men had already discovered that children of unsound constitutions were born of nearly-related parents—a point upon which modern science has almost satisfied itself as being correct. In the present day wide prohibitions of marriage are obsolete, the broadest views being held by savages, the most contracted by civilized nations.

Of love as an element in marriage the Roman maiden knew little. The choice of a husband gave her small concern, and custom would almost have precluded her making his acquaintance before the wedding. She was won, but not wooed. She was the instrument of an arrangement, which on one side was a mere family bargain, but on the other was of national importance. In the first century, a man's daughters being regarded as his property, he parted with them only on recognized commercial principles.

When a man had resolved to demand a woman in marriage, he communicated his wish to her father or guardian, whose consent was indispensable. The ceremony of betrothal, termed *sponsalia*, was performed by the exchange of the words *spondesne spondeo*; and was usually celebrated during a festival, on which occasion the *sponsus*, as a pledge that he would keep his word, frequently presented a ring to his *sponsa*, who offered him some gift in return. The ring was of iron and given as a pledge of fidelity, and was worn on the ring finger of the left hand. If a man made a gift to his betrothed and then broke off the match, he lost the right of recovering what he had given. By a regulation of Augustus, engagements were limited to two years, during which period either party might sue the other for breach of promise; it also declared that no *sponsalia* should be valid if the marriage did not follow within two years.

Rings may be considered as the earliest kind of useful ornament. Originally they bore the seal or signet of the owner, and were used for securing property by stamping the signet on plastic clay spread on the object. The devices engraved on these signet-rings were of endless variety. Each person adopted a separate subject, often the likeness of himself or the emblem of one of the Olympic divinities—Jupiter, Mars, Apollo. Of the goddesses, Minerva, Venus, and Juno were favourites; while animals of all kinds also occur, such as lions, horses, dogs, etc.

The people wore rings on the fore-finger by way of ornament; afterwards they added some on the little finger; so that all the fingers had them except the middle one. At length, through a refinement of luxury, they used to change them according to the seasons, and had light rings for summer, and heavy ones set with larger stones for winter. Rings were always removed at dinner. The favourite form of the engagement-ring in Italy to-day is a slender circle of gold wire with two hearts or two hands joining.

The iron ring was often set with adamants, the hardness and durability of both materials being intended to signify the lasting nature or the perpetuity of the contract. Other rings than those signifying betrothal were of gold, copper, or brass; they often had upon them inscriptions or devices, such as the figure of a key to signify the wife's domestic authority. "May you live long!" and "I bring good fortune to the wearer" were inscriptions in common use. Sometimes a stone was inserted in the ring, upon which was engraved an intaglio representing a hand pulling the lobe of an ear, with the word "Remember" above it. Gold rings have been found in the form of a serpent, with the head pointing along the finger and the body coiled around it in several folds. It was believed that this reptile had the power of killing others with a look, and, as master of the life of others, it was reputed immortal and sacred to the gods.

The hollow rings of the Romans were used to contain poison, and Pliny relates the story that, after Crasseus had stolen the gold treasure from under the stone of the Capitoline Jupiter, the custodian,

to escape torture, broke his ring in his mouth, and expired immediately from the effect of the poison secreted in it.

In Pliny's day it was fashionable to wear but one ring, and that on the little finger; whereas in Horace's time to sport three rings at once on the left hand was the highest adornment of the finished "exquisite."

The use of the ring as an emblem of marriage probably originated among the Egyptians, whose gold, before coinage came into vogue, circulated in the form of rings; and the Egyptian at his marriage placed one of these pieces of gold on his bride's finger as a token that he entrusted her with his property. We may presume, therefore, that the early Christians saw no harm in following this custom; in our marriage ceremony the man in similar fashion places a gold ring on the bride's finger when he says, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

The essence of a Roman marriage was consent—the consent both of those who came together and of those in whose power they were; but after marriage the dissent of either party, if formally expressed, could dissolve the union. There seem to have been three forms of marriage. One was the civil form, which was usually merely a mutual consent before witnesses. In the second form of marriage, by purchase (*coemptio*), the wife became so closely assimilated to property that the full rights of possession could not be acquired until the usual period of prescription had passed; and a title by prescription could be acquired only by a year's continued possession. Accordingly it became quite usual for the wife to return for three days every year to her father's house, the result of which was that she never came under the *manus* of her husband. She then remained a member of her father's family, and the husband acquired no legal power over her. In a *coemptio* marriage an imaginary sale took place on the part of the parents or guardians, in the presence of five Roman citizens. The third form, used only by the higher classes, was by *confarreatio*. This was a religious ceremony, and took place in the temple.

Confarreatio was the oldest as well as the most dignified and

imposing of the Roman marriage rites. It was long the exclusive privilege of the patricians, and none but the descendants of such a marriage could ever become *flamines majores* (priests of Jove, Mars, or Quirinus) or Vestal Virgins. Naturally, therefore, this was the favourite form in the highest social circles; while marriage by *usus*, as the simplest and least costly, would prevail, roughly speaking, among the lower orders. Marriage by *coemptio* was commonly practised by the intermediate classes. But it is plain that, with the progress of what are now called advanced ideas, the solemn and ceremonious marriage by *confarreatio* went more and more out of fashion.

On the night before her bridal the maiden laid aside her *toga prætexta*, a simple robe, trimmed with purple, and made up apparently widthwise of the cloth; her mother dressed her for the first time in a long white garment with vertical seams, called a *regilla*, and confined her flowing hair in a scarlet net. The bridal dress was bound with purple and worn with an embroidered girdle. The bride's hair was arranged in tresses, and parted symbolically with the head of a spear. Over this was worn a crown or chaplet of flowers, and over this again was thrown the *flammeum*, or pink veil, which fell over the shoulders. On the feet were yellow sandals.

The wedding ceremonies proper began in the stillness of the early dawn with the taking of the auspices, this being usually done by a professional diviner, who was not a minister of the State religion. A victim (commonly a sheep) was then slain for the wedding sacrifice, and the skin was spread over two stools or chairs, upon which the bridal pair were to sit during a portion of the religious rites to follow. The guests now assembled; the marriage contract was attested in the presence of ten witnesses, and the bride signified her willingness to come into the *manus* of the bridegroom, and, at least theoretically, to assume his name, by repeating the ancient formula, "*Quando tu Gaius ego Gaia.*"

The wedding party then adjourned to some temple or public altar, where an offering (in early times always a bloodless one of spelt-cakes and fruit) was made to Jove; and the *Flamen Dialis*

offered prayers to Juno and to Tellus and other gods of the soil. During the offering the bridal pair sat side by side; during the prayers they moved slowly around the altar, attended by an acolyte bearing a basket which contained what were called the *utensilia* of the bride, probably her spinning implements and certain marriage gifts. Standing before the altar, the woman held out her right hand to the man, whilst in her left hand were three wheat-ears. They then partook jointly of a cake made of *far* (*farreus panis*), whence the term *confarreatio*, which cake may be said to be the forerunner of the bride-cake used at the present day. The ceremony over, the guests offered their congratulations, and the marriage feast began. When night came on, the bride was conducted to the house of her husband, pretended force being used to drag her from the arms of her mother. This, no doubt, was a symbol that remained long after such a necessity had ceased, and is explained by the hypothesis that the capture of wives was once a stern reality. She was accompanied by a torchlight procession. Before her was carried a cake; the bride herself bore a distaff and a spindle with wool, to indicate the duties she was about to undertake. The whole line of the procession rang with shouts of "*Talassio!*" possibly the name of an old god of marriage, and with songs of no very seemly sort. The bridegroom meanwhile scattered walnuts to the boys of the crowd as a sign that his puerile days had come to an end.

Arriving at the house, which was adorned with garlands and flowers, the bride was carried across the threshold, in order that she might not knock against it with her foot, such a circumstance being considered of evil omen. Her husband received her with fire and water, which she was compelled to touch, and which was probably a symbolic purification. On reaching her husband, the bride saluted him with these words: "*Ubi tu Gaius ego Gaia*"—"Where you are master I will be mistress"; "*Filia matris in domo, domina sum tamen domi*"—"Daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in my own." When a Roman woman first entered her husband's home, the keys of the storerooms were handed to her. Hence the form of divorce in the Twelve Tables

was that the husband took away the keys; and the wife, when she separated from her husband, sent them back. The keys of the wine-cellars were not entrusted to the wife, and Fabius Pictor relates a story of a married woman having been starved to death by her relatives because she picked the lock of the closet in which the keys of the wine-cellar were kept.

Except in the case of a widow, a Roman marriage never took place on the eve of a festival. February was unfavourable to marriage, because the Parentalia, or festival in honour of the dead, was celebrated upon certain days in it. It has been considered unlucky to be married in May ever since the time of Ovid. In ancient Rome there was held in May a festival called the Lemuria, or Feast of the Lemures, which was a ceremony in honour of the spirits of departed souls. It became with the Romans what we should call "bad form" to have matrimonial feasts at the season of a solemn ritual; it was, no doubt, thought to be an insult to the dead to marry at such a time. These Pagan superstitions, it is believed, are still retained in Italy; and we have an ancient proverb cited by Ray, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive." Nor could marriages be celebrated on the three days of the year when the under-world was supposed to stand open—August 24th, October 5th, and November 8th; nor on the *kalends*, *nones*, or *ides* of any month. Religious holidays in general were considered inappropriate for the marriage of young girls, though widows often chose them.

Inge tells us that rich wives were not much sought after by wise men. Their complete emancipation made them difficult to manage, and many a hen-pecked husband acknowledged the truth of Martial's epigram—

> "*Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim*
> *Quo ritis? Uxori nubere nolo meæ,*"

and exclaimed with Juvenal—

> "*Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives.*"

Accordingly, since rich and poor wives were both objectionable, the

majority of men never married at all. So strong was the aversion of matrimony that neither taxes on bachelors nor rewards to fathers had any effect.

> "Marriage is such a rabble rout,
> That those who are out would fain get in,
> And those that are in would fain get out."—CHAUCER.

In the thirst for incessant change and zest of licentious pleasures, marriage was despised and so often avoided that Augustus sought to arrest a tendency so destructive to the State by the means mentioned above—*viz.* taxes and pecuniary disabilities on the unmarried.

Women, as Seneca says, married in order to be divorced, and were divorced in order to marry, and counted the years, not by the Consuls, but by their discarded or discarding husbands; and Juvenal speaks of those who were divorced before the nuptial garland had faded, and whose chief distinction it was to have had eight husbands in five autumns.

The Romans were allowed only one wife at a time. In the earlier and better days of the Republic divorce was almost unknown; before its close it was of daily occurrence. The divorce, however, of such persons as had been married by *confarreatio* was not an easy matter, and could be accomplished only by important religious ceremonies; but in other cases the process was easy, the usual form being to take the keys of the house away from the wife and to turn her out of doors. Infidelity, drunkenness, and sorcery were the usual causes of divorce. Some of the reasons given appear in our day somewhat singular. One Roman repudiated his wife because she had once been to the public games without his knowledge; another defended himself for taking the same step by saying, "My shoes are new and well made, but no one knows where they pinch me."

But that the ladies readily entered the matrimonial state again is evident from the case related by St. Jerome, that there existed in Rome a wife who was married to her twenty-third husband, she herself being his twenty-first wife. Cato considered it a commendable proceeding to transfer his wife Marcia to his friend Hortensius.

When the latter died, leaving the lady a very handsome jointure, Cato was delighted to take her back again.

To-day the Italians are quite as "practical." At Feletto, near Udline, Laigi Sesti had been for three years the promised spouse of Luigia Brenna, a daughter of the mountain-lands, whose age was seventeen when the wedding-day was fixed. She was therefore fourteen at the time of her (presumptive) first offer. A lovely girl, she grew more beautiful as the three years sped. Before this period was ended a rich man proposed to her, whereupon she, her father, and her mother sent for the penniless Sesti, and informed him that the marriage was "off." Sesti at once asked for 500 f. as a *solatium* to his wounded feelings. But the parents and daughter beat down the price to 250 f., for which amount Sesti abandoned his claim to Luigia, and immediately advertised himself as "a young man with a dowry of 250 f." in search of a wife.

It seems probable that, where a divorce was desired, a domestic trial was held before the friends of both parties, who usually dealt with the question of the wife's dowry. The theory on which Roman marriage was based admitted the utmost facility of divorce: the consent and conjugal affections of the parties were regarded as the essential part of a marriage, and this was necessary for the continuance as well as the creation of a marriage. Accordingly, either party might declare his or her consent to put an end to the connection. No judicial decree and no interference of any public authority were necessary to dissolve the marriage: the general practice was apparently to deliver a written notice assigning a reason.

Single or married, sooner or later, death called away the Roman from his labours or his enjoyments. Too often the last scene was hastened by over-indulgence. The reckless life which most men of fashion led was not conducive to longevity, and additional dangers beset the favourites of fortune in the avarice or enmity of their enemies or the impatience of greedy relatives.

When at the point of death, the Romans gave directions which they desired their heirs to follow; naturally they wished that their

friends should be ever mindful of them. In the same manner revenge for real or fancied wrongs was urged upon surviving friends and kindred or servants, and was usually considered a sacred obligation. The dying man delivered his ring to his heir; his friends and kindred stood around his bed, eager to catch his last words, for the ancients believed that the spirit about to leave the body was gifted with a knowledge of future events.

At the last solemn moment the nearest relative tried to catch in his mouth the dying one's expiring breath; and as soon as life had become extinct, all who were present called out the name of the deceased. The receipt of no response being taken to prove that death had supervened, they exclaimed, "*Vale!*"—"Farewell!" A small coin, called the *obolus*, was placed in the mouth of the dead, to enable him to pay Charon, the ferryman who conveyed the souls of the departed over the Acheron and Styx, the rivers of the lower world.

The death was first announced to the *libitinarius*, an official of the Temple of Venus Libitina (the goddess of death), who inserted the name in the register of deaths. The register of births was kept at the Temple of Venus. The *libitinarius* furnished for payment the utensils and slaves necessary for the preparation and burial of the corpse. Clad in a *toga* and adorned with the richest garments, the body was placed on the *lectus funebris*, a bed made of ivory or resting on ivory legs, over which purple blankets embroidered with gold were spread. Flowers and foliage adorned the bed, but not the body itself, as was the custom among the Greeks. The *lectus* was put in the *atrium* of the house, with the foot turned towards the door, and a pan with incense was placed by its side. Branches of cypress and fir trees were fastened in front of the house as signs of mourning.

Incense was burned all about, either in trays or upon miniature altars, and flowers were used in profusion. The insignia of office of the deceased, if he had filled public offices, were displayed, and the crowns, if any, which he had won in the public games, or which had been decreed him by the senate for triumphs upon

the sterner field of war. The lying-in-state lasted from three to eight days, during which time the corpse was visited by kindred, clients, and friends.

Turning now to the more sombre but not less important subject, the rites of interment, we find there were then, as there are now, two forms of disposal of the dead—cremation and burial. Burial and cremation have shared public favour in well-defined cycles; a period of cremation has succeeded a period of burial, and *vice versâ*, throughout history.

Funerals took place at night, because the rites of religion were celebrated by day, and it was pollution for the priests, or for anything connected with worship of the deities of the upper world, to touch anything connected with death. It was also enacted by Roman law that no one should be burned or buried within the city. The corpse, placed on a litter or bier, was accompanied by rope torches coated with wax or tallow. These torches continued to be used long after the necessity for using them had ceased.

The practice, now far more than two thousand years old, is still retained in the Roman Church, large candles being substituted for rope torches. St. Chrysostom assures us that it is not a modern revival, and gives a beautiful reason for its being retained. "Tell me," he says, "what mean those brilliant lamps? Do we not go forth with the dead on their way rejoicing, as with men who have fought their fight?"

If the interment or cremation was private, the remains were quietly taken away. A herald summoned those who were expected to join the procession by the solemn and immemorially ancient formula, "*Ollus quiris leto dætus. Exsequias, quibus est commodum ire jam tempus est. Ollus ex ædibus effertur.*" The order of the procession was thereupon arranged by a master of ceremonies, called a *designator*, and it closely resembled a triumphal march.

If the person had been of importance, he was awarded a public funeral. Musicians—pipers, trumpeters, and corneters—playing, in honour of the dead, doleful strains, alternating with livelier passages,

headed the procession, followed by persons wearing masks, representing the ancestors of the deceased. After them came hired mourners, who united lamentations with songs in his praise, and actors, one of whom set forth the actions and imitated the words of the deceased. Behind the body walked the relatives, dressed in mourning, the sons with their heads veiled, the daughters wearing their hair dishevelled and beating their chests. As the procession wound through the Forum, it stopped, the bearers set down the *lectus* before the *rostra*, the cavalcade formed a semicircle round it, and an oration was delivered celebrating the praises of the dead. The orator, when the exhausted virtues of the recently deceased no longer afforded him subject for eulogy, turned to his cereous ancestry, and recalled the celebrated deeds and exploits they had performed—which had led to the honours whereby they had been distinguished. He showed that, animated by the example of his predecessors, each in succession proved himself not unworthy of his ancestors. This *laudatis funebris* was probably given, as many funeral sermons of the present day, on the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The speaker would pass over the dark side of his friend's character, whilst he described the brighter ones in very glowing colours. After the oration, usually given by a near relative, the procession wound on through the city to one of the gates, and so without the walls, where the body was burned or buried in the public burial-ground. The latter place was called *puticulæ* (pits), from the trenches kept ready dug to receive the bodies. When the body was to be burnt, it was placed on a pile of wood of great size; pitch was added to quicken the flames, and the blaze was fed by Egyptian gums and oils. The pile was usually lighted by the nearest relative; and when the body was reduced to ashes, these were quenched with wine and collected by the same relative, and, if the grief was real, bedewed with tears and placed in the necessary urn.

The ceremony being now completed, the last farewell was given to the deceased in the well-known formula, "*Ave anima candida,*" etc. Finally those assembled were purified by the sprinkling of consecrated water; and the *Ilicet* having been pronounced, the

assembled multitude departed on its way back to the city. A period of mourning followed, and was concluded by an offering to the *manes* and a funeral feast, after which the black robes were laid aside, and the ordinary activities of life resumed. If there were funeral games, these too were celebrated, usually on the ninth day.

For nine days after the funeral, while the family were in mourning, and employed about certain solemnities at the tomb, it was unlawful to summon the heir, or any near relative of the deceased, to a court of justice or in any manner to molest him. On the ninth day, the *novendiale*, a sacrifice was performed, with which these solemnities were concluded. For thirty days the friends kept themselves at home, avoiding every entertainment and amusement, cutting neither their hair nor their beards, and avoiding altogether the wearing of ornaments.

Feasts and services in commemoration or worship of the dead were numerous and religiously observed, some being public and some private. To the former belong the Parentalia, which extended from the 13th to the 21st of February inclusive. We seem to hear an echo of the priestly functions performed on these occasions in the voice which entreats weekly in every church in Italy the charity of common prayer for those "whose anniversaries occur about this time." Of the private services in memory of the departed, feasts like the so-called Rosalia occurred in the spring or early summer, when flowers are most abundant.

It is well to remember that Christians always attached great importance to sepulture. As Boissier remarks, the body being destined to come to life again, and share the soul's immortality, they thought it should be taken care of after death and given an honourable asylum whilst waiting for the great awakening. "Soon," said Prudentius in his burial hymn—"soon the time will come when heat shall revive these bones, when blood shall gush anew in these veins, when life shall resume this abode which it has left. These bodies, long inert, which lay in the dust of tombs, shall spring upwards once again to join their former souls"; and he added in admirable lines,

"Earth, receive and keep in thy maternal breast this mortal spoil which we confide to thee: it was the dwelling of a soul created by the Author of all things; 'twas here a spirit lived, quickened by the wisdom of Christ. Cover this body which we place within thy breast. One day He who created it and fashioned it with His hands will ask thee for His work again." No one being excluded from this hope, the Christians took equal care for the interment of all the faithful. They would have been horrified to imitate the Pagans, and fling the bodies of poor people into common graves. We see that it was forbidden among them to place two bodies one above the other; each was to have its own place wherein to repose alone until the last day. The treasury of the Church was spent in helping the poor to live and in properly burying them.

"Who knows but this which we call death be life,
And this our life be death?"[1]

But here at Pompeii "there are touching proofs," says Mrs. King, "that human nature in those days was much the same as human nature to-day, and that family affection was strong and grief keen, as it is now. An epitaph written by a Pompeian over his wife's tomb records that she had never caused him grief, except by her death—a touching tribute to the happiness of their married life."

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

Even the customs required by etiquette strongly resembled our own, observes the same writer. When in our day an acquaintance dies, we send a wreath or an empty carriage to follow the funeral, neither of which will leave any trace in the future. The Pompeian equivalent was more emblematical of regret, less ponderous, and is found by hundreds in the tombs. They sent tear-bottles—filled not always, we may presume, with tears, or it would argue a wide difference in the human nature of that day and the present—and

[1] A motto taken from Euripides, and inscribed on the wall of Montaigne's study.

these tear-bottles were deposited in the tomb with the urn containing the ashes of the deceased.

In the tomb of Navoleia Tyche is an elegant structure, divided into apartments, with the walls lined with *columbaria*, pigeon-holes or niches for holding the urns which contained the ashes of the dead after cremation. It is very evident that these apartments were intended for relatives who visited and even at anniversaries held feast there, and inscriptions show that tears were expected to be shed over the ashes of the dead, which were to be mixed with aromatic spirits. For the purpose of receiving these tears a hole was sometimes left in the cover of the urn. One lady presuming that her husband would visit her tomb, and have her name inscribed, concludes with :—

> "*Et quicumque tuis innor* [sic] *labetur ocellis*
> *Protinus inde meos defluat in cineres.*"
>
> "And whatever moisture falls from your eyes,
> Let it fall from thence upon my ashes."

In the interior of this tomb lamps were placed in a corner. A Salernitan inscription says, "May a golden earth cover his ashes who has put a burning lamp into this tomb!"

The tomb was thought of as at least the temporary dwelling-place of the dead, and was often very richly furnished. The walls were frescoed ; there were lamps and candelabra, both for illumination and decoration, and vases of beautiful shape and workmanship adorned the walls. The warrior had his weapons beside him, the civil officer his badges, the belle of fashion her ornaments and toilet articles, the child its toys. All these things helped to give the tomb a homelike appearance, both on the grievous day of burial, and on those subsequent days when religious services were held there in memory of the dead.

As between burial and cremation, the former was the ancient Oscan and Latian practice, and the innate prejudices of the Latin race appear always to have been in its favour ; but the two customs flourished side by side from an early historic period. The underlying

thought in burial appears to have been that of deep rest on the bosom of the common mother; in burning, that of consuming the corruptible flesh in sacrifice, whilst the spirit ascended in vapour to the heaven out of which it came.

In the early ages of Rome the rites of burial and burning seem both to have been in use. Afterwards the former appears to have prevailed for some time, but about the beginning of the Christian era the body was almost always burnt. On the establishment of Christianity, the old fashion was brought up again, burning being violently opposed by the Fathers of the Church, probably on account of its intimate connection with Pagan associations and superstitions. Nearly all the tombs hitherto found at Pompeii are of crematory periods; for, in the first century, the Christians as mentioned above, had but recently reintroduced burial. That they adhered to this method of sepulture is abundantly evident from the catacombs of Rome and Naples.

Seven days elapsed between the death and the funeral of the great if they were to have a public funeral, when the whole of the people were summoned to it by the town-crier, the ceremony being often closed by theatrical and gladiatorial exhibitions and a sumptuous banquet. In the case of a poor person the funeral would be at night, and in a very modest style. The rich often erected handsome vaults and tombs. Outside several of the gates of Pompeii are the tombs, public and private, of its former inhabitants. "Some of these," says Marriott, "date back to Samnite times; others, beyond the Herculaneum Gate, are perhaps even Oscan; but the principal mausoleums are Roman. In these latter are found cinerary urns, containing the ashes of the dead. A beautiful and sad spot is this long cemetery beyond the gate on the road leading to Herculaneum. As the street leaves the city, it widens and continues down the hill, between rows of tombs. On one side are the ruins of an inn and several houses; farther on, however, are tombs. For many who have seen this spot it possesses a strange fascination, and we easily realize Lytton's pathetic and beautiful description of the funeral of Apæcides, the young priest of Isis."

"Those ancient roads
With tombs high verged, the solemn path of Fame,
Deserve they not regard, o'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war,
So many pomps, so many wondering realms?"—DYER.

To perpetuate by means of sepulchral inscriptions the memory of relatives and friends, and to record the sentiments of love and esteem, of grief and hope in the face of death and eternity, is a custom common to all civilized ages and nations. As we have already mentioned, such praise of conjugal happiness and commendations of female virtues, as modesty and chastity, prudence, diligence, frequently occur at Pompeii, and prove that there were many exceptions to the corruption of society as painted by Juvenal and the satirists:—

"Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break—
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter."

If the tomb was fitted to contain many ash-urns, it was known as a *columbarium*, or dove-cote. Farrar has pointed out that the *columbaria* which enshrined the urns and ashes of the Pagans were family burial-places; but as the great and deep idea of the community of the faithful came through the Christian religion, so the cemeteries were devoted indiscriminately to the final resting-place of all alike. They were a visible witness to the sacredness which Christianity attached to the mortal body, and also to the all-embracing unity of brotherhood in the great family of God. In their absolute simplicity, and the oblivion to which they consign the differences of human rank, they show how completely the Christians had learnt the spirit of their Lord's words, "My kingdom is not of this world." The place of burial, even of a slave, was sacred, and desecration was liable to serious punishment; the avenging goddess Nemesis was supposed to pursue even beyond the grave. If the body or bones were moved, death would be the penalty.

The Romans believed, in common with the Greeks, that, if the body remained unentombed, the soul wandered for a hundred years

on the hither side of Styx, alone and desponding, unable to obtain admission to its final resting-place, whether among the happy or the miserable. If, therefore, any person perished at sea, or otherwise in such circumstances that his body could not be found, a cenotaph, or empty tomb, was erected by his surviving friends, which served as well for his passport over the Stygian ferry as if his body had been burnt or committed to the earth with due ceremonies. Hence it became a religious duty, not rashly to be neglected, to scatter earth over any unburied body which men chanced to see; for even so slight a sepulture as this was held sufficient to appease the scruples of the infernal gods.

The Roman law which established the inviolability of tombs did not make exceptions either of persons or creeds; whether the deceased had been pious or impious, a worshipper of Roman or foreign gods, or a follower of Eastern or barbaric religions, his burial-place was considered by law a *locus religiosus*, as inviolable as a temple. In this respect there was no distinction between Christians, Pagans, and Jews; all enjoyed the same privileges and were subject to the same rules.

When a heathen people, remarks Baring-Gould, regard an image as a symbol of a deity, that nation has mounted to a high intellectual plane. At this period the Romans were long past that stage. Articles of ornament, rings, seals, bracelets, necklaces, buckles, brooches, lumps of bronze and terra-cotta, tools, a variety of children's toys, have been found enclosed with their dead. Their images were symbols and not idols, and thus the wooden figures found in the graves of children were wooden dolls, precisely like the dolls made and sold to-day. The instincts of Nature prompted the bereaved parents, whether Pagan or Christian, to deposit in the graves of their kindred and friends those things which were constantly used by them. Possibly the idea prevailed that the future life in the world beyond the veil was a continuation of the occupations and amusements of the present, but free from sin and imperfection; but more probably the articles were deposited because the sight of them, if left in evidence, would rouse painful thoughts.

It is interesting to trace the steps by which the Romans passed from the idea of death as a sleep to that of death as the beginning of another life. Perhaps the typical conception of the Romans was that the shadow lived in and about the tomb, and depended upon the living for some of the enjoyments which gave zest to the bygone years. Hence the tombs of the dead are placed along the highways. The inscriptions appeal to the traveller for his interest and sympathy. There was a practical reason why the needs of the dead should be satisfied. If they were not fed, they became spectres. This seems to be the meaning of the funeral feast and the feasts of the dead. The gladiatorial games which were given at the funerals of Roman nobles were perhaps a relic of the slaughtering of human beings, in order to provide the dead with their blood. Homer has preserved traces of this savage conception. The shades come to drink the blood of Odysseus's sacrifice that their life may be renewed from time to time, and with it understanding.

It is evident that fear was the prevailing sentiment even towards the shades of ancestors. From all time the hour of darkness has been the heyday of the ghosts. "At night," they say, "we wander far and wide, for night frees the shadows from their prison. Our laws bid us return to the Lake of Forgetfulness at daybreak." It was important, evidently, that the deceased ancestors should not be seen, as they were thought to be always eager to gain over new recruits for their mystic community. This danger seems to have begun from the moment of death. The Roman who put the torch to the funeral pyre of his kinsman did so with averted eyes. Thus, adds our last-named authority, whether he performed the last offices for the deceased or went out at midnight to charm the souls of his ancestors forth from the dwelling, he avoided looking upon them. The ghosts in their turn did not appear when they were likely to be seen by many. In fact, they shrank from being seen about almost as much as the living from seeing them.

In celebrating feasts in remembrance of the departed, the Romans offered sacrifices and libations to them. For the latter, milk, wine, and especially blood, the smell of which was thought particularly

agreeable to the *manes*, were used. Perfumes and flowers were also thrown upon the tomb, or it was crowned with garlands. Roses and lilies were in special request for this service; parsley and myrtle were also used. Legacies were sometimes left to defray the expense of an annual feast, certain dishes being considered appropriate—as beans, parsley, eggs, lentils, with meat, followed by a cake called *libum*. On these occasions the guests appeared in white dress; an appearance in black would have been looked upon as an insult to the memory of the donor of the feast.

The most cultivated of the Roman Emperors, Marcus Aurelius, in his *Meditations*, says: "The end of life is the same as if a *prætor* who has employed an actor dismisses him from the stage. 'But I have not finished the five acts, but only three of them.' Thou sayest well; but in life the three acts are the whole drama. For what shall be a completed drama is determined by Him who was once the cause of its composition, and now of its dissolution; but thou art the cause of neither. Depart, then, satisfied, for He also who releases thee is satisfied."

EPILOGUE.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

TURN where we will, we see strewn upon the fields of history monuments which bring home to our minds the inevitable fact that the nations of the earth gradually develop, flourish but for a time, and then decay. As it is with human beings, so it appears to be with communities—the inexorable laws of Nature must be carried out; and as with men, so with nations, the greater the offences against Nature, the sooner the end arrives.

We gaze upon the ruins of a bygone day that are to be seen on the banks of the Nile, and try to picture to ourselves the mighty government which centuries ago flourished there. We look upon the seven hills of Rome, and learn with wonder that the city which stood thereon once stretched out its arms in an embrace which well-nigh encircled the whole globe. Nothing conveys a loftier conception of the grandeur, wealth, and civilization of the Roman Empire at its most flourishing period than the remains of its provincial towns. It is not the public edifices of Rome herself, unequalled as they are for vastness and magnificence, which impress us most with her former power. They are such monuments as we might expect of those who peopled the capital of the world. But it is the third or fourth-class towns—such as Pompeii, with its two theatres, its amphitheatre, its temples, its *basilica*, and its Forum, all upon a scale of singular splendour, adorned with hundreds of statues in bronze and marble, with exquisite paintings, and with the most precious marbles—that fill our minds with wonder, and enable us to form some conception of the greatness and power of that mighty people.

Pompeii has an interest entirely independent of the archæological, advantages to be derived from the exploration of its remains. The most commonplace mind is carried back irresistibly to the times and scenes stereotyped in the deserted streets and the tenantless but almost unviolated homes of this city of the dead. The very stains and tracks of the goblet may be seen on the drinking-tables in the wine-shops, as if the noisy groups which used of old to gossip or quarrel over their cups were still seated round them. Propertius's curious allusion to the practice of *bella depingere vino* finds here almost a literal commentary; for the straggling lines and blotches still fresh upon the marble at Pompeii might be the handiwork of some veteran of the Dacian or Marcomannic War, "fighting his battles o'er again," and, in the excitement of his narrative, tracing out with the dregs of his Massic or Calenian wine a plan of the movements and positions of the hostile armies. And numberless other equally curious details,—the shrivelled olives in the jars; the wine or conserves encrusted upon the *amphoræ*; the lady's box of cosmetics; the loaded dice of the gambler; the carpenter's tools laid ready to his hand; the surgeon's case of instruments; the apothecary's phials; the names still legible over the shop doors; the loaf with the baker's name and the very impress of his elbow; the skeleton with the irons upon his ankles; the purse still grasped in the bony hand of the fugitive; and, saddest of all, the impress of that fair young female form still delicately visible in the indurated mass of ashes which overwhelmed her;—all are so many links connecting the past with the present—so many evidences of real and tangible existence—in the presence of which we forget the long interval of ages that separates us from the days to which they belonged.

Nothing in Nature or Art surprises and fascinates like this close glimpse of Græco-Roman life unfolded as if by enchantment in all its details. To the classical scholar it is a vivid illustration; to those whose minds are a blank page on the subject it opens a new horizon, it imparts a new enthusiasm which has all the freshness of first love. In Théophile Gautier's pretty story, *Arria Marcella*, the hero, Octavien, who visits Pompeii, falls into a trance, and dreams that the

lovely form of which he has seen the impress on the hardened mass in the Neapolitan Museum has come to life again and loves him. When he clasps her in his arms, she turns into a handful of ashes; but the vision clings to him all the rest of his days. He marries. His wife finds that she is not his only love. She ransacks every secret drawer—in vain. Could she be jealous of Arria Marcella, the daughter of Diomed, the freedman of Tiberius? So it is with us when we visit Pompeii. We cannot at first believe that we are in a dead city, so fresh does everything seem—the carriage ruts on the stones, the inscriptions on the walls, the paintings in the houses. Yet we recognize more fully how elaborate and complex was the old civilization, how wonderful and in many ways how admirable, and how "advanced." And we can hardly help thinking of the loss that humanity sustained when it was bereft of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," and musing on the many centuries it took to build up a new order of things out of the ruins of the old. We cannot refrain from calling to mind how the sciences and arts were swamped and lost in the Dark Ages that followed. The leaders of science of the first century were men of wide culture, with a marked enthusiasm for natural knowledge. Whilst they vied with each other in the collecting of books and taught their students in all the known sciences by practical instruction, evidence is not wanting to show how near they came to the verge of great discoveries. They were, for instance, acquainted with the power of transparent spherical bodies to produce heat by the transmission of light, though not with the manner in which heat is generated by the concentration of the solar rays. Pliny mentions the fact that hollow glass balls filled with water would, when held opposite to the sun, grow hot enough to burn any cloth they touched, whilst Seneca speaks of glass balls which magnified minute objects to the view, and nearly stumbled upon the discovery of the composition of light, for he mentions the possibility of producing an artificial rainbow by the use of an angular glass rod. We have shown how the physicians of that day treated a cataract, trephined the skull, cut boldly for stone, or

reduced a fracture or dislocation without the aid of an anæsthetic; indeed, we are probably correct in saying that these doctors had a more extended and more scientific grasp of their work than the practitioners of the sixteenth century. "Darkness," observes an authority, "gradually overwhelmed the enlightenment of these ancient scientists; philosophy gave way to mysticism, reason was swallowed up by superstition, and enquiry was strangled by authority; men engaged in endless speculations, and tried by fire and sword to settle questions which could not be solved by reason; intellectual training was almost limited to dialectics, and men could argue so nimbly and with such faultless logic from phantom premisses as to justify the later witticism that language was given to conceal our thoughts. Under these blighting influences science withered almost to death." If we are now "wiser than all the ancients," if there are more culture, knowledge, better security for life and property, more of the comforts and conveniences of life to-day than there were in the time of the early Cæsars, it is well perhaps after all to remember that the advantage has not been with us for so very long.

The discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum present a terrible weight of evidence that among the Romans the most ruthless cruelty was ever combined with the grossest licentiousness. If virtue, as Tacitus and Pliny tell us, was not to be found in Rome, it is certain that Pompeii was not the place to look for it. "The foulest epigrams of Martial, the grossest descriptions in Petronius and Apuleius, are illustrated in the remains of these cities in sculptures and pictorial representations which cannot be described, hardly alluded to. What must have been the tone of conversation and sentiment and the standard of morals in a community where such abominations were tolerated, not to say favoured! There is much in the character and history of the Roman people which we may justly admire—their energy, their perseverance, their constancy in adversity, their political wisdom, and their executive and legal ability. But we are not called upon in so doing to overlook the most obvious moral distinctions and insist that the influences which formed their civilization were as

efficacious in training the individuals to excellence as in making the nation powerful."

Eighteen centuries have passed since the curtain was rung down and the players passed from view. "The reinvention of transparent glass has revolutionized the building of houses; the compass has developed navigation; the printing-press has dispersed literature; gunpowder, breech-loaders, and rifle-cannon have increased men's strength in war; mechanical inventions innumerable, such as railways and electricity, have added to and multiplied his comforts. The movement of the planets, the causes of the eclipses, the attraction of matter and other laws of the universe, are known to us. And every science has revealed to us secrets that were hidden from the Pompeian. But all this science, all this knowledge, mechanical invention, and material progress, has not been an unmixed advantage. The habits of men now are pretty much the same as the habits of the Pompeians were: our knowledge and our enlightenment have effected no change in the spirit of man; our inventions and our comforts have not made us less ambitious, less greedy of gain, and less fond of pleasure."

We have endeavoured to give a few glimpses of Pompeian and Herculanean life and as it were to bridge over this chasm of eighteen hundred years. How imperfect and how far from our ideal has been this attempt no one is more conscious than ourselves; still, we have essayed to depict the lights and shadows which would interest those who participate with us in the love of "what is old." The subject deals with what was doubtless the most civilized period of ancient Rome, and is deeply interesting as showing the decay and approaching extinction of Pagan idolatry and the dawn of Christian life; while it will be allowed that history has recorded few greater or more painful calamities than the destruction of these wonderful cities.

Let us stand aside, as it were, from our picture and ask ourselves, "Were the people we have described more enviable or more happy than people at any other period in the world's history?" We trow not, though it may be granted that the Roman knew better the art

of *living* than we understand it—that he knew better how to make the most of all the pleasures under the sun, from the noblest art to the vilest indulgences. Inge reminds us that Rome had outlived her ideals ; her patriotism and her religion had alike become obsolete : with all its brilliancy, her civilization lacked the vital spark ; it was soulless, faithless, and essentially unprogressive. Do we not feel that our civilization is the higher of the two, and that we would not, as our author says, if we could, exchange our restless moral consciousness, our troubled political activity, our busy competitive industry, for the unabashed hedonism, the selfish indifference, and the wasteful indolence of the first century?

Scholars and artists have mourned for ages over the almost universal destruction of the works of ancient genius. An American divine gives his reason for this: "I used myself to wonder why it had pleased God to blot out of existence these magnificent productions. It seemed to me strange that the pall of oblivion should thus be thrown over all to which man, in the flower of his age, had given birth. But the solution of this mystery is found, I think, in the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We there discover that every work of man was so penetrated by corruption, every production of genius was so defiled with uncleanness, that God, in introducing a better dispensation, determined to cleanse the world from the pollution of preceding ages. As when all flesh had corrupted His way He purified the world by the waters of the Flood, so when genius had covered the earth with images of sin He overwhelmed the works of ancient civilization with a deluge of barbarism, and consigned the most splendid monuments of literature and art to almost universal oblivion. It was too bad to exist, and He swept it away with the besom of destruction."

Of Pompeii it may be said that nothing in its history is equal in interest to its last scene. The fate of the gay Campanian city has been curious. Some cities have secured enduring fame by their commerical opulence, as did Tyre ; by their art-wonders, as Athens has ; by their world-wide power, as in the case of Rome ; or their gigantic ruins, as in that of Thebes. Of others, scarcely less famous

for their wealth and empire, the site is almost forgotten ; their very names have almost passed away from the memory of men. But this third-rate provincial town owes its celebrity to its very destruction. Had it not been overwhelmed by the ashes of Vesuvius, the student and antiquary would never have been drawn to it as to a shrine worthy of a pilgrim's homage. The terrible mountain, whilst it destroyed, has also saved Pompeii, and in so doing has saved for us an ever-vivid illustration of ancient Roman life.

It is not so much the intrinsic value of the relics and ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii that attracts the student of history, as the fact that in them we find a clue to the civilization of the period of which we may take the latter city as a miniature. For, as Bulwer Lytton has shown us, within the narrow compass of its walls was contained, as it were, a specimen of every gift which luxury offered to power. In its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its Forum, its theatre, its circus, in the energy yet corruption, in the refinement yet the vice of the people, we behold a model of the whole Roman Empire at that day. It was a toy, a plaything, a show box, in which the gods seemed pleased to keep the representation of the greatest monarchy of earth, and which they afterwards hid for a time, to give, to the wonder of posterity, the moral of the maxim that "under the sun there is nothing new."

The past of Italy embraces a civilization of which we are heirs in as great a degree as the Italians. When the sword of the Northern barbarian overthrew the political power of Rome, the language, laws, and institutions of the Empire won a victory no less signal over those of its conquerors. From this mutual conquest have sprung such intimate relations between the ancient and modern civilizations that we must be acquainted with the former before we can understand the development of the latter. Nothing, then, is without interest to us which can throw light upon Roman history or upon the institutions and the manners of the peoples under Roman sway.

"Turning now to the contemplation of life in its various phases at the present day, and coming down the course of ages studded here and there by the milestones of progress, we cannot but note

some of the principal features which distinguish us from the ancients. It must be admitted that in some respects we have eclipsed all preceding generations. To cite only what steam and electricity have done for us would be sufficient proof of this. But has not our advancement in this direction been marked by our retrogression in another? Do not our greater achievements tend rather to the cultivation of love of ease and luxury than of morality and rectitude? With all our boasted ascendency, have we not as many paupers, as many criminals, to deal with as were ever seen at one time in Rome or Athens? Is there not in the conduct of some of the present generation a blatant self-assertion—we might also say a flippant irreverence—that was utterly unknown to the Jews or Gentiles? What is the cause? Whither does it tend?

"Some think that the tendency of the times is to underrate the civilization of the ancients. The great searchlights of the present are all turned upon the future, and their reflected rays but feebly illuminate the ever-receding past. Flushed with the triumphs which our country has won in almost every field of science, we are inclined to look on bygone ages as primitive in their acquisition of knowledge. This is imprudent and unwise. Human nature changes not essentially in the lapse of years, and truths unearthed by philosophers of antiquity are none the less truths to-day. 'Man,' says Carlyle, 'is perennially interesting to man.' This is true of contemporary individuals, but it is true also of those between whose lives and our own times innumerable ages intervene. For while it is natural to regard our own days as conventional and commonplace, distance and duration of time seem to invest the people of antiquity with a peculiar charm. How fortunate, then, that across the ever-widening interval that separates us from those days of 'olden glory' some well-authenticated records of their grandeur have reached us! It is for us to remember that these records are fraught with deep significance—that when we handle pages of the life-thoughts of the illustrious dead, we may do more than brush away the accumulated dust of centuries. From them we may derive salutary lessons."

In this respect, and in relation also to the early period of Western civilization, whether as regards religion, laws, manners, or customs now utterly passed away, the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii possess unique interest. The ruins of the East, of Egypt, Greece, and Italy are portions of a whole, the fragments of successive ages of continuous mental development; but the remains of Pompeii may be considered as a perfect monument of a city which went down into the grave whilst the sound of revelry was in its streets and the pulse of vigorous life was beating strongly in its veins. Here society presents itself as it lived and moved and had its being. Knowledge, arts, public pursuits, social customs, depraved manners, and moral degradation—the individual and the community—here alike are shown in the deep shadows of a once bright day.

Signs are many that "the love of what is old" is not characteristic of any one section of the community or of one cast of opinion only; it is broader even than patriotism, and belongs to humanity. All unite in desiring to preserve whatever traces of the past are left to us. Nay, we go far afield and search the world for signs of other times than our own. Men carry their lives in their hands while they penetrate into fanatical Arabia and steal the Queen of Sheba's inscriptions, and her enigmatical hieroglyphics have yielded the secret they guarded for ages; they burrow into the sand-heaps of the desert that once were towers dedicated to science and literature; they mock the security of the Pyramids and disturb Pharaoh in the sealed seclusion of his six-thousand-year-old grave—temple and tomb alike give up their booty, and the daily life of the people stands revealed—so great is man's passion for what is old and what may afford a glimpse of the past.

For, after all, the love of the antique is so ingrained in our nature that it flourishes vigorously. The touch of tenderness for whatever has weathered the gales of time seems to be inherent in us. To the writer, a care for the past appears truly educative and ennobling. It carries men away from themselves and introduces them to a wider thought. With the conception of antiquity comes a sense of solemnity, mystery, tenderness, and of large relationship. We

realize better the greatness of the scheme of things and our own insignificance in the midst of it.

It is true that, compared with "the good old times" that lie behind us, we are richer and, on the whole, happier, with better forms of happiness. In the general diffusion of the good things of this life we present a striking contrast to the toiling multitudes of earlier ages; our specific gains are great, and in the best of all directions, for they affect the lives of the majority. But in the realm of abstract knowledge it is strange how short a distance the bounds have been advanced. More and more, men are coming to see that the present is by no means so far ahead of the past as they have been led to suppose. We realize that in the kaleidoscope of life the coloured pieces merely fall into new shapes, the groundwork being the same—that the relics of the past are guides and prophets for the future.

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